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THE
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O F
M A R I A N N E:
O R, T H E
A D V E N T U R E S
O F T H E
Countefs of ***

By M. *De M A R I V A U X*.

Translated from the Original *French*.

The SECOND EDITION, Revised and Corrected.

V O L. II.

L O N D O N:

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M D C C X L I I I.



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THE
SEVENTH PART
Of the LIFE of
MARIANNE.

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PRAY, Madam, remember this. The Second Part of my Life was so long a coming, that at last you was persuaded it would never come. The third was expected a great while; and you doubted my sending it to you. The fourth came pretty late, but you expected it; and mean while called me lazy Body. As to the fifth, you had no Notion of it's coming, when you saw it. The sixth came so very fast that it surprized you; perhaps you have not read half of it; and, behold, here is the seventh.

Now, tell me, what Character you would give of me upon all this? Am I lazy? But my Diligence witnesses the contrary. Am I then diligent? My former Sloth insists upon the Negative.

What am I then in this Respect? Why! I am what you see I am; I am what you are perhaps yourself; what we all of us are in general; in short, what my own Humour and Fancy make me to be; sometimes worthy of Praise, and sometimes blameable in the same Thing: And is not all the World so?

I have seen in a great many People Imperfections and good Qualities which I depended upon, though I was quite out. I had Reasons to think them generous, and they were niggardly: I looked upon them as stingy, and they proved generous. Formerly, you

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could

could not bear the Sight of a Book, and now you are a reading for ever. You will, perhaps, by and by, shake Hands with your Books, and I relapse into my dear Laziness again.

However, let us go on with our History. We left off at the sudden and unexpected Apparition of Mrs. *De Miran* and *Valville*.

No body had suspected they should come; so that no Order was given as to that. The only Caution they had used was to finish my Affair in the Morning, and to chuse for that Purpose the Time that was least subject to Visits.

Besides, they thought that Mrs. *De Miran* would be at a Loss how to get Intelligence about me: That she should not know that the Minister had any Share in my Adventure; but you remember very well the Visit I had received but two or three Days before, of a certain long legged meagre spare-bodied Lady: You know likewise that I had acquainted Mrs. *De Miran* with it immediately; that I had made her the Picture of the Person, and that she had wrote to me, that from my Description she knew the Spectre again.

Now this very Thing was what made my dear Mamma suspect the Authors of the Rape; and what guided her in her Quest of her Daughter.

My History must needs have been vented: Mrs. *De Fare* had infallibly babbled it out: The tall lean Lady had been let into it: She was ill-natured and vain-glorious; her Way of speaking to me in the Convent intimated very bad Intentions. , Very likely it was she had set the whole Kindred against me, and engaged them to bestir themselves, to avoid the Affront Mrs. *De Miran* was ready to put upon them by making me one of the Family: Nor could my sudden vanishing away be any Thing, but the Result of some Intrigue they had concerted together against me.

But had they discarded me of their own Accord? (for they possibly had done it only by Cunning:)

or

or was their Plot supported by, or destitute of Authority ?

A Coach had been sent to take me : Now, what was the Coachman's Livery ? What was the Figure and Gait of the Woman that said she was sent by my Mamma on Purpose to take me out of the Convent ? All these Questions were so many Points on which Mrs. *De Miran* and her Son made the strictest Enquiries.

The Nun who looked then to the Turning-Box of the Convent had seen the Coachman, she remembered the Livery ; she had likewise seen the abovementioned young Woman, and retained her Features, that were remarkable enough ; for her Face was broad and tawny, with a wide Mouth, and a long Nose ; all which Things were very easy to be known again. But then my Mamma and her Son presently remembered they had seen her at Mrs. *De—*'s, the Minister's Wife, and their Relation : She was one of her Women.

As to the Coachman's Livery, the Nun said it was a yellow silk Lace upon a brown Cloth, which they knew again for that of a Magistrate that was a Relation of my Mamma, and with whom they were almost every Day.

What could they infer from all this, you will say ? They inferred not only that the Family had had an Hand in the Affair, but also that the Minister himself supported them, since Mrs. *De—* had charged one of her Women to come and fetch me ; the Thing could not be more of course.

However, they had all these Informations only the Day after I was cheated out of my Convent. Not that Mrs. *De Miran* had neglected to come the Day before in the Afternoon, as you know she wrote to me she should ; but because, when she came, the Nun, that was the only Person from whom she could get any Intelligence, was gone abroad about several Jobs for the House, so that they were obliged to come again the next Day in the Morning : They even did it,

but late, it being near twelve o'Clock when they came, because my Mamma could not go out sooner, on Account of some Indisposition.

My sad Case had gone to her very Heart, and given her the utmost Grief and Uneasiness. She was (as all the Nuns of my Convent told me afterwards) every whit like a Mother that has lost her Daughter.

She fainted the Moment she heard of what had happened to me; they helped her, but she cried all the while.

I own I love her, said she, speaking of me to the Abbess, who repeated it to me: My Heart is set upon her, Madam, I have taken an Affection for her; and, indeed, there is no doing otherwise with the Girl. What a Heart! What a Soul! What a noble Way of Thinking! You would indeed be amazed at it! You know she has nothing in the World that she can call her own; and yet it is hardly credible how noble, how generous, and disinterested that dear Child is: It is not to be conceived; and I do value her still more than I love her. I have seen Instances of her Disposition, that have moved the very Bottom of my Heart. You must know that it is me, my Person only, not the Helps I afford her, she loves; and is not this admirable in her Situation? I think she would chuse to die rather than displease me in the least; she is scrupulous in this Point, even to a Fault: And if I should cease to love her, she could no longer have the Courage of receiving any Thing of me. What I tell you is very true; and yet I lose her, for where shall I find her again? What have my unworthy Relations done with her? What Place have they carried her to?

But, Madam, replied the Abbess to her, why should they take her from you? Why should they be angry at your Goodness and Charity for her? What Concern have they to oppose it?

Alas! Madam, said she; it is because my Son has not been vain enough to despise her: It is because

cause he has had Reason enough to do her Justice, and Generosity, Equity, and Sense enough, to find out all her Worth and Merit: It is because they were afraid he should love her too much, and I should myself grow too fond of her, and approve of the Love of my Son who knows her. We have not Time enough to tell you where and how he came to see her; but what I now tell you is the Cause of the Vexation she experiences from them. A fatal Accident has let them into the whole Secret, Thanks to the Indiscretion of one of my Relations, who is the silliest Woman in the World, and who never could forbear giving Loose to her wretched Talkativeness. In the main, it is not without some Reason they mistrust my Fondness for her; for, there is no Man of Sense, to whom I should not think I had given a Treasure, had I married him to the dear little Creature.

O! what Love was intimated by all this! Pray judge of it from the Candor and Freedom with which she spoke: She now comes out with every Thing; she no longer hides her Sentiments: And that prudent Woman who had required so much Reserve, Wariness, and Circumspection from us hitherto, is now so much overpowered by her Sensibility and Affection for me, that she herself forgets to be silent, and is the first that reveals our Secret; all slips from her dear disconcerted Mind. O! the delightful Confusion; which all my Love for her, amazing as it was, yet could never repay! the Remembrance of it still fetches Tears out of my Eyes: I protest I actually melt in Tears. Lord! how my Soul was beholden to hers!

Alas! that dear Mamma, that charming Soul exists no longer for me, and our mutual Tenderness subsists no where but in my Heart!

Let us leave this Topick: I always dwell too long upon it. When the Nuns told me all these Particulars of my dear Mamma's Affection for me, she so wholly engrossed all my Thoughts, that I quite lost Sight of *Valville*, whose Despair she must have sup-

ported by the Bargain. As he was overwhelmed with his Grief, she had forbidden him to appear in the Convent; so that he kept in the Coach while she was asking the Nuns her Questions. Upon what she had got from them about me, heavy and indisposed as she was, she ran full Speed to the Minister's, not doubting but she must go thither for Intelligence, and to find me out.

Of all the Persons of the Family, that with whom she was most intimate, and whom she loved best, was Mrs. De——, the Minister's Wife, who loved her much too. This Lady had indeed consented to be accessory to the Plot of the Family: Nevertheless, my Mamma was persuaded she had not done it without the utmost Reluctance; and she never doubted but she should bring her over to her Party, so soon as she had spoken.

Nor was she mistaken in her Opinion of this Lady; who, in Reality, refused to favour the Undertaking, and seemed to be of Opinion, that I must be let alone, as you are going to see.

Now, as I said, Mrs. *De Miran* and *Valville* came all of a sudden into the Room we were in. It was Mrs. De——, not the Minister, my Mamma had asked for; and the People of the House, who had been warned of nothing, and knew not what was a doing in this Room, let my Mamma and her Son pass, and in the mean time opened the Door to them.

I think I have told you already, that they both cried out with Surprise when they saw me: One saying, How! art thou here, Daughter? and the other, Ha! Mother, 'tis herself!

At the Sight of Mrs. *De Miran*, the Minister smiled with an affable Countenance; though, as I thought, he could not help being concerned a little; all because he was very good, and had been told how fond she was of the little Thing. As to the Relations, they saluted her with the utmost Gravity, cast a few cold and critical Glances upon her, and then looked another Way.

Valville

Valville almost devoured them with his Eyes ; but he had been charged to hold his Peace ; my Mother having consented he should come thither only on those Terms. The rest of the Company appeared very attentive and curious ; and indeed the opening Scene began with very great Expectations.

It was Mrs. *De*—— spoke first. How do you do, Madam, said she to my Mamma ? I own we did not expect you, and I am afraid you are a going to be very angry with me.

And why so ? replied suddenly the long-legged Relation (for I don't remember her Name, and have retained only the Oddness of her Figure) why should Madam be angry with you, answered she in a Tone still sourer than her Looks ? Does one disoblige her in doing her Service, and saving her the general Blame of her Family ?

You may pass what Judgment you please upon my Actions, Madam, replied Mrs. *De Miran*, in an unconcerned manner ; but I shall not mend my Conduct upon your Opinion of it : Our Characters are so opposite, that we can never be of one Mind. I do not approve more of your Sentiments than you do of mine, but I don't trouble you with it ; and I beg you would do the same.

Valville was as red as Fire all the while ; his Eyes were sparkling with Rage ; his quick and short breathing shewed how impatiently he struggled with himself not to break out, and that his Heart went pit a pat.

Sir, continued Mrs. *De Miran*, addressing to the Minister ; it was Mrs. *De*—— I intended to wait upon this Morning, and here is the Subject of my Visit, added she, pointing at me. I was informed that one of Mrs. *De*——'s Women came Yesterday to the Convent, where I had put this young Person, in order to fetch her thence under my Name ; and I hoped in my coming here to Day, that Mrs. *De*—— would tell me what this means ; for I own I don't understand it. Has one been pleased to make a Game of my Uneasiness ?

finess? What could be the Intention of those that contrived subreptitiously to take from me this Child, for whom I have a Concern? The Plot was not of Mrs. De ——'s Contrivance, I am sure; I know how to distinguish her from those, who, at most, prevailed upon her to consent to have some Share in it: Nor do I accuse you of any Thing, Sir. You was also persuaded into it, and that is the whole of the Matter. But what Pretence could one use for that Purpose? What Ground could so strange an Attempt have been made upon? What is this young Lady guilty of?

Lady! cried again the nameless ill-natured Kinswoman, in an ironical manner; methought I heard People say, that her Name was *Marianne*, or Mrs. whatever you please; for, as one does not know her Origin, one is sure of nothing with her, unless one is pleased to guess: But may be, it is a little Compliment you pay her, on Account of her being indeed pretty enough.

At this, *Valville* could refrain no longer, and he looked upon her with a scornful jeering Smile, that went to her Heart.

My little Cousin, said she to him, in a Pet, what I now say, is not to your liking; we know it well enough; but I think you might forbear laughing at it. How now! my huge Cousin, replied he; and if I think it comical, why should not I laugh at it, pray?

Hold your Tongue, *Valville*, said Mrs. De Miran; as to you, Madam, added she; I beg you would let me speak my own Way, and as I think it proper. If this Lady had to deal with you, you might give her what Name you would; for my Part, it is my Pleasure to stile her Lady and Madam: However, I shall call her *Marianne* whenever I please; nor will this be any Precedent or Trespass against the Regard I think it my Duty to have for her; the Care I take of her, gives me Prerogatives which you have not; but it will never be on any other Account that I shall
use

use her in the familiar Manner you do, and fancy you have a right to do it. Every Body has his own way of thinking, and yours indeed is not mine. I never will abuse any Person in Distress. God has been pleased to hide from us who she is; I shall not decide that Question: I see, indeed, that her Condition is deplorable; but, at the same time, I cannot think this a Reason why she should be humbled; the one is not a necessary Consequence of the other; far from it. Reason and Humanity (not to mention Religion) incline us to have a Regard for such as are in her present Case. We have a Reluctance to make the State of Humiliation, to which Providence reduces them, a Pretence to abuse and bring them low. A contemptuous Carriage with them is always very unbecoming; and their Misfortunes always stand to them in lieu of Pedigree with generous Minds; especially when they are like this Lady, and in a Case as dismal as hers. For, since you say you are informed of what happened to her, you must needs have been told, that there are probable Signs, almost equivalent to a Certainty, that her Father and Mother, who were killed in a Journey, when she was but two or three Years of Age, were Foreigners of the greatest Distinction. This was the Opinion entertained of them at that time. You must have been told, likewise, that they had with them two Footmen and a Chambermaid, who were killed with the rest of the Attendance; that this young Lady, whose little Dress shewed that she could not but belong to People of Quality, favoured much the Lady that was assassinated. That no Soul doubted then, but she was her Daughter; and that all I now say, has been certified by a virtuous Gentlewoman, who did then take her to her Charge; who brought her up; who being at her Death-bed declared every one of these Particulars to a godly Monk, called Father St. *Vincent*, whom I know, and who, on his Part, will freely repeat the whole to all the World.

When she was in this Place of her Narration, the unconcerned Part of the Company, I mean those that were not of the Family, seemed to be moved; and even some of the less obstinate Relations, especially Mrs. De —, were softened by this Recital; and a gentle Whisper was raised in my Favour.

Therefore, Madam, said my dear Mamma all of a Breath, you see very well that all the Presumptions are in her Favour; that this is over and above sufficient to justify my styling her Lady and Madam; and that I cannot refuse her these Titles, without running the Risk of using her ill. I then cannot be thought here to pay her any Compliment; I only give her her Due, as I am in all Reason bound to do; unless I should add new Injuries to those Fortune has already done her; a Thing which you would not yourself advise me to do, and which, in Reality, would be, unpardonable and barbarous, and the Result of a pitiful Pride, especially (I must say it again, and you cannot but confess it) especially with a young Lady of her sweet Disposition. I am sorry I must speak it before her, but you oblige me to tell you that her Person, which looks pretty in your Eyes, is, indeed, of all her Accomplishments, that which distinguishes her least; and I can assure you, that on Account of her lovely Character, of the good Qualities of her Mind, and the Nobleness of her Proceedings, she is as good a Lady as any Girl, of what Rank soever, can be. Now you must own, that these are Considerations that command some Regard; at least they are so in my Opinion. Nor are her good Qualities owing to her having been conversant with the World, or to her Education, which was as plain as could be; her Virtues must needs run with her Blood; and this, I think, is the main Point.

Doubtless it is, added *Valville*, who slipt these few Words. And had Men thought it proper never to bestow the Titles of Madam and Mistress, but upon such as have all the Endowments of the Mind, Lord! how many of our Madams and Mistresses would
dwindle

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dwindle into so many *Molly's* and *Katy's*! But by good Fortune, no body killed their Father or Mother, and one knows what they are.

The Company could not help laughing. Once more, *Valville*, I charge you to be silent, said Mrs. *De Miran* to him, in a pretty smart Tone.

However, continued she, resuming her Discourse, I protect her, I have been kind to her, and intend to be so again: She stands in Need of my Favours, and there are no honest Souls that would not envy the Delight I find in bestowing them upon her, and wish they were in my Place. This is the most laudable Thing I ever could do; and it would be a burning Shame to find Fault with it, unless there are Laws that forbid one to be of a generous, compassionate Disposition; unless it is to be thought a State-Crime in the rich, to have a Concern for one who is more worthy than any to be relieved, and rescued from her Misfortunes. This is all I am guilty of; and till I can be convinced that it is a Crime, I come here, Sir, to demand Satisfaction for the audacious Attempt made against me, and for the deceitful manner in which you and Mrs. *De*—— have been imposed upon. In short, I come to fetch a Girl I love, and whom you would love as much as I do, if you but knew her as well.

She stopt there. All the Company held their Peace, while I melted in Tears, and cast upon her Glances, which intimated all my tender Emotions for her, and which affected all the By-standers. The only one that remained unshaken, was that inflexible Kinwoman, whom I have not named, and whose Mien was still as rough and unrelenting as it was at first.

Love her, Madam, said she to my Mamma, shaking her Head; love her, if you will, no body hinders you from it: But, pray, don't you forget that you have Kindred and Relations, who ought not to suffer for it; at least let their Honour be no way at Stake; 'tis all they desire from you.

Lord! Madam, replied my Mamma, you don't know what you are at; you are quite out. It does not belong to you, nor any body else, to rule my Sentiments in this Affair. I am neither under your Tuition, nor under theirs. I shall always grant them the Privilege of giving me Advice, but never that of making me Reprimands. It is you, Madam, that suppose them to act and speak; and I am persuaded that none of them would own what you are pleased to father upon them all.

I beg your Pardon, Madam, I beg your Pardon, cried the cross waspish Woman; we are acquainted with your Designs, and all of us scandalized at them too: In short, your Son is too fond of this little Girl; and what is worse, you suffer him to do it.

And if I indeed suffer him, who can forbid him to do it? Who else shall call him to any Account, replied Mrs. *De Miran*, in a cold manner? Nay, more; I'll tell you that I should have a very bad Opinion of my Son, and value his Character very little, if he himself had not the utmost Value for this little Girl, as you are pleased to call her; whom I do not however hold for so very little, and who will be thought so, only by such as shall not perhaps be raised above her by any thing but their own Pride.

At these last Words, the Minister, who had listened to the whole Dialogue, always smiling, and looking downwards, began to speak, in order to prevent Replies.

You are in the right, Madam, said he to Mrs. *De Miran*, much in the right. One cannot but approve of your Kindness for this sweet young Lady. You are generous; a respectable Quality indeed! The Misfortunes she has undergone, are well worthy your Notice; nor does her Physiognomy contradict the Virtues and rare Accomplishments you take her to be endowed with; her Looks are perfectly agreeable to your good Opinion of her; and it is neither your Care nor your good Will for her, that give us Uneasiness. I intend myself to have a Share in the
Good

Good you are willing to do her. The only Thing we are alarmed at, is a Report that Mr. *De Valville* not only values her much, (which is very just) but loves her much too, (which the young Lady's Beauty makes very probable.) In short, they talk of Marriage which is resolved, and which, they say, you consent to, because your Love for her overpowers you; and this is what makes the Family uneasy.

And that Family, I think, has a Right to be so, said the four-faced Cousin. Pray, Madam, let me make an End, replied the Minister, without raising his Voice, though in a pretty serious Tone, I have not said all, and this Lady is well worthy one should talk Reason to her.

I own, said he, going on, that, from what you tell us, it is probable, that this young Beauty is of noble Extraction; but the dismal Catastrophe you have mentioned, has cast upon it a Veil of Darknes, which has something shocking in it, which you would infallibly be reproached with, and which our Customs will not allow us to set so light by. I am, however, intirely of your Mind as to the Regard you have for her; I shall never be the Man that refuses her the Title of Lady and Madam; and I do, as well as you, think that it is even due to her present Condition: But, pray observe, that you and I think so out of a Sentiment of Generosity, that will, perhaps, be approved by no body; which at least, no body is obliged to have; and which few People will be capable of. I must own, with you, that they will be in the wrong; but none of them will be sensible of it. They will object, that nothing is certain in a Case like this, and you will have nothing to say to them; nothing that can clear you in their Opinion, if you carry your Generosity to an Excess, such as would be the Marriage talked of, which I give no Credit to. I even don't doubt but you will readily remove all Suspicions on this Point, and I have found an easy Method for that. I have contrived to provide for this Lady in an advantageous Manner, by
marrying

marrying her to a young Man born of very honest Parents, who has already some Stock of his own, whose Fortune I shall increase, and with whom she will find herself in a very reputable Situation. I even sent for this Lady, for no other Purpose, but to propose to her this Match, which, advantageous and creditable as it is, she nevertheless refuses; so that I thought it proper, in order to persuade her into it, to have Recourse to some little Severity, especially as her Good was concerned. I even went so far as to threaten to remove her from *Paris*. Nevertheless, she persists in her Obstinacy; and do you think that reasonable? Pray then, Madam, join here with me. Your Favours have given you some Authority over her, endeavour to bring her to a Resolution. Here is the intended young Man, added he.

He pointed at Mr. *Villot*, who, though not ungentle, nevertheless, did then, as much as possible, look like a poor little insignificant Man, whose Part and Business was to creep and obey; to whom it did not even belong to have a Spirit, and whom one might at any time desire to withdraw, without doing him any Injury.

This is what he, at that Instant, seemed to be with his Figure; which was only submissive, not bashful.

He is a sweet tempered well behaved Lad, replied the Minister; and he will live with this Lady, as with one to whom he shall be beholden for the Fortune which I promise to him for her Sake; this I have charged him of all Things never to forget.

To this, the Son of Mrs. *De* ——'s foster Father made no other Reply, but by almost prostrating himself, and bowing down to the Ground.

Are you not satisfied, Madam, said the Minister again to my Mamma? Don't you approve of what I am a doing? She shall remain in *Paris*: You love her; she never will be out of your Sight; and I give you my Word I never understood it otherwise.

Upon

Upon this, Mrs. *De Miran* cast her Eyes on Mr. *Villot*, who thanked her for it, with a second Prostration; although the Manner in which he was looked at required no Gratitude.

Methinks, said my Mamma, shaking her Head, that this is a Match very little sortable; and I never will believe it can be to *Marianne's* liking. You say, Sir, and I indeed flatter myself, that I have some Ascendant over her; but I must tell you, that I never will use it on this Occasion: It would be making her pay too dear for the few good Offices I have done her. However, let her decide the Question, she is her own Mistress. Come, Madam, added she to me, advise with yourself: Do you accept of Mr. *De* —'s Proposal?

I have already declared my Mind upon it, Madam, replied I to her, in a doleful, submissive, but resolute Tone. I said I chose to remain what I am, and have not altered my Mind. My Misfortunes are indeed very great; but what's still worse is, that I am born with a Heart which it were properer I should not have, and which, nevertheless, it is altogether impossible for me to conquer. I never could, with this Heart, love the young Man offered me; no, never in my Life. I am conscious I never could use myself to him; I should look upon him as a Man no way fit for me; that Thought would be for ever dwelling on my Mind; and though I should blame it ever so much, and think myself ridiculous to have it, yet should I still have it; in which Case I never could make him happy, nor be myself at Rest and easy. Besides, I could not forgive myself the sorry Life an Husband should lead with me, who would love me perhaps, and still be the Object of my utmost Reluctance; who, in short, should have had all the Affection of another Woman, had I not, without any necessity, loaded him with the Burden of me, and my Antipathy for him. Let then this Marriage be no longer talked of. However, I thank Mr. *De* —, who had the Kindness to think of it for me; but, indeed,

indeed, it is more than I can prevail with myself to consent to.

Tell us then what Resolution you take, replied the Minister; what do you intend to make of yourself? Do you chuse to be a Nun? The Thing has already been propos'd to you, and you shall chuse what Convent you please. Come, think of some Condition that may make you easy; I am sure you would not suffer Mrs. *De Miran* to be teized any longer on your Account; and so take a Resolution.

No, Sir, said my Hater, no; nothing will do for her; one loves her; one shall marry her; it is all agreed upon; the sweet Charmer will not bate an Inch on't; unless some Remedy is applied to it, she is cocksure: Madam calls her her Daughter already, as I am told.

At this Discourse, the Minister made a Gesture of Impatience that stopt her Mouth. and I resuming the Discourse; You are mistaken, Madam, said I. As to the Apprehension one is in, Mr. *De Valville* should love me too much, and marry me; and Mrs. *De Miran* have the Complaisance to consent to it too; the Family might be quite easy on this Point. 'Tis true, Mrs. *De Miran* was so good to stand to me in lieu of Mother (here I sobbed most bitterly) and I am bound (if not a Monster of Ingratitude) to cherish, love and respect her, as much as the Mother from whom I received my Life; I owe her the same Dutifulness, the same Reverence, and I think sometimes that I owe her much more. For, in short, I am not her Daughter; and yet it is true, as you just said, that she used me as if I had been hers in Reality. I am no way related to her; nor should she have been any way in the wrong to have left me in the Condition I was in: She might, otherwise, have been contented with barely having for me a transient ordinary Compassion, and with telling me *I shall be your Friend*. But, far from it her Kindness, her Cares, and tender Regard for me, are beyond all Expression and Conceit: I cannot think of them, nor cast my Eyes upon

upon her, without melting in Tears of Love and Gratitude ; without telling her in my Heart that my Life is hers ; without wishing I had a thousand to give her if she stood in need of them to save her own : And I thank God, that I have now an Opportunity of saying it publickly. It is the utmost satisfaction to me, the greatest I ever could enjoy, thus to be able to give a Loose to the Transports of my Tenderness, of my boundless Zeal and Admiration. I am, indeed, but a Stranger, an unfortunate Orphan, whom God, who is Master of us all, has given over to all imaginable Disasters : Nevertheless, Madam, though I should hear that I am a Queen's Daughter ; though I should inherit a Kingdom ; I should refuse the whole, if I could have it at no other Rate but that of parting from you. Were I to lose you, I, indeed, could not live. I have a hearty Affection for none but you ; you are the only Tie I have in this World, you, I say, that have received me so charitably, you that have the Generosity to love me so much, notwithstanding all the Efforts of your Family to make you ashamed of it ; notwithstanding my being despised by all the World.

Here, among the Torrents of Tears I was shedding, I saw several of the Company turning their Heads to wipe their Eyes.

Mr. De — looked downwards, and wanted to hide that he was moved. *Valville* was motionless, staring at me passionately, and had quite forgot all that was about us, and my Mamma let her Tears flow very freely, without caring one should see them.

Thou hast not said all, *Marianne* ; come out with the Rest, and don't talk any more of me since it moves thee so much, said she giving me without any Ceremony her Hand, which I kissed as freely : Come out with the Rest. —

Yes, Madam, replied I ; and then to the Minister again. You told me, my Lord, that you would remove me from *Paris*, and send me a great Way off, if I did refuse to marry this young Man, and you are still

still Master so to do : But I have one Thing to reply, which ought to free all the Family from any further Apprehensions about a Marriage between Mr. *Valville* and me, viz. that it will never be concluded. This I can warrant ; I shall give my Word of it, and I may be trusted to on this Point. 'Tis true, Sir, I did not assure you of it at first, before Mrs. *De Miran* came into the Room ; but I hope, Sir, you will excuse me for it. What hindered me from doing so, was, that I did not judge it proper nor generous for me to renounce Mr. *De Valville*, while Menaces were used to compel me to do it. I thought it would be a Piece of Baseness and Ingratitude in me, to shew so little Resolution on this Occasion, after Mr. *De Valville* himself has had the Courage to love me so tenderly, from his very Soul, and as one he respected ; notwithstanding the Situation he saw me in, which was most discouraging, and which he has not so much as taken notice of, except to love and regard me much the more.

This was my Motive, my Lord. If I had promised you not to see him any more ; he should have had Reason to think I did not much care for him, since I should have refused to endure being persecuted for his Sake ; whereas my Intention was he should know the contrary, and be convinced that his noble Heart has indeed conquered mine. I should be much ashamed it were otherwise. This, perhaps, is the last Time I shall see him, and I lay hold of the Occasion publicly to acknowledge and repay his Goodness to me, and at the same Time to tell Mrs. *De Miran* as well as him, that what Fear and Menaces could not compel me to do, I now do it out of meer Gratitude for them both. No, Madam ; no, my generous Mother ; no, Mr. *De Valville*, I never will be the Cause of the Reproaches you would be exposed to, if I should remain with you. I shall not suffer that two Persons that are so very dear to me, should for my Sake be covered with the Shame People say I should bring upon you. The World disdains and re-
jects

jects me : We never shall be able to change it, and we must humour it's Prejudices. The World is unjust, you are pleased to say ; but it does not behove me to say the same ; I should be too great a Gainer by that : I only say that you are very generous, and that I never will abuse that Fondness which makes you scorn the Customs of the World for my Sake. And it is certain, on the other Hand, that I could not live for that Blame that would reflect upon you both on this Account ; and I should be unworthy of your Favours if I did not spare it to you. Otherwise, I must, alas ! have imposed on you ; and I should not indeed have the Character I bear in your Minds. Nor have I any other but the Method I take, to shew you, that you have not been deceived when you thought so of me. Mr. *De Climal*, through Piety, left me something to live upon, and that's sufficient for a Girl who is nothing ; for one who, when she leaves ye, shall leave all that did and could make her love this World ; for one who, after that, will no longer care for any Thing, nor regret any Thing, and who is going to shut herself up for Life in a Convent, where I must only be ordered to see no body, except this Lady, who is as a Mother to me, and of whom I beg not to be deprived suddenly, if she is willing to see me sometimes. These are all my Designs, my Lord, unless you are pleased, in order to secure me still better, to send me a great Way from *Paris*, as you said at first you would.

A Torrent of Tears closed my Discourse : *Valville*, dejected and as pale as Death, seemed ready to faint, and Mrs. *De Miran*, I thought, was going to answer me, when the Minister prevented her, addressing to the Relations with a brisk Gesture, and in a lively Tone.

Ladies, said he to them, do you know any Reply to what you have heard ? For my part I know none ; and I declare I won't meddle with it any more. What would you have me remedy ? Must I help the Value Mrs. *De Miran* and doubtless we all of us have for Virtue ?

Virtue? Shall we hinder Virtue from having Charms? You would not be of that Mind, nor I neither, and Authority has nothing to do here.

Leave us, *Villot*, said he of a Breath speaking to Mrs. *De* ——'s Foster-Brother: Madam, continued he, I return you your Daughter, and all the Power you have over her. You stood to her in lieu of Mother; nor could she find a better one, and she deserved to find you. Go, Madam, said he to me, I beg you would forget all that passed here; let it be as if it had not happened; and never be uneasy about your knowing who you are: The Nobleness of your Extraction is uncertain, but that of your Mind is beyond all Dispute; and, were I to chuse, I would prefer the latter.

He was withdrawing at these Words; but a sudden Transport seized me, which stopped him, and which was not that of a Fool.

I threw myself at his Feet with a Swiftneſs that was more eloquent and more expreſſive than all I could have ſaid: Nor was I able to utter a ſingle Word to thank him for the Sentence full of Good-nature and Virtue he had juſt pronounced in my Behalf.

He raiſed me preſently, with an Air that ſhewed that my Action moved and ſurprized him agreeably; I even ſaw it pleaſed all the Company.

Riſe, my lovely Fair, ſaid he to me, you owe me nothing, I aſſure you; I only do you Juſtice; ſhe'll never be ſatiſfied till we all love her, added he to the Ladies, nor is there doing otherwiſe with her. Carry her back with you, Madam, ſaid he to my Mamma, carry her back, and take Care of your Son if he loves her: For after the noble Qualities we have ſeen in this ſweet Child, I would not answer for him, nor for any Body elſe. Do as you ſhall think proper, 'tis your own Buſineſs.

To be ſure, ſaid Mrs. *De* —— his Wiſe, and if Mrs. *De Miran* has been put to the Trouble ſhe had to Day it is none of my Fault, I did all I could to ſpare it to her.

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If so be, Ladies, replied the naughty Kinswoman rising, I think there remains nothing more to do for you but to salute your Cousin, embrace her beforehand ; you may do it without any Risk ; for my part I must be allowed to dispense with that, notwithstanding the incomparable Nobleness of her Mind ; I am not otherwise apt to be moved by romantic Virtues. Adieu, you little Adventurer ; you are as yet no more than a young Lady of Quality, they say, but, to be sure you will not stop there, and we shan't be badly off, if you prove not a Princess by and by.

Instead of replying, I advanced towards my Mamma, whose Feet I would also embrace, but she hindered me, and I took her Hand which I kissed and bathed with Tears of Joy.

My wild Enemy went out in a Passion, and as she was going, don't you come, Ladies, said she to two of the Company ?

On this, they got up, but more out of Complaisance for her, than Hatred for me. It was plain they did not approve of her Raving, and followed her only for Fear of displeasing her. One of them even whispered this to Mrs. *De Miran* : *She brought us here, and would never pardon us if we did stay.*

Valville, who was come to himself again, no longer looked at her but with a Smile, which was the only Triumph he would make of her miscarried Undertaking. Is your Coach below, Madam, said he to her, or will you have us put you down ? Let me alone said she, your being so glad raises my Pity.

This said, she courtesied to Mrs. *De —*, not casting her Eyes on my Mamma who was courtesying to her, and then ran away with the two above-mentioned Ladies.

She was hardly out of the Room, but the rest of the Company flocked round me, and there was none that did not say something obliging to me.

Lord ! how I am angry with myself for having been accessary to this Intrigue, said Mrs. *De —* to my Mamma ! How ill I take it of them, for having
teized

teized me into it! We could not be more in the wrong than we were; is it not true, Ladies?

For God's Sake, cried they, don't mention that any more, we are all ashamed of it. How lovely she is! We have nothing so sweetly pretty in *Paris*. Nor perhaps so truly valuable, replied Mrs. De —, I cannot express my Uneasiness during all this Dialogue, and I am well pleased with Mr. De — (she spoke of the Minister her Husband) vastly pleased indeed: He never did any thing as yet that pleased me so much, and what he just said is most wonderfully equitable.

I own, said the young Gentleman whom I had seen in the Antichamber and who was there still; that with any other Judge but him, my Heart would have gone pit a pat; but with Mr. De —, I doubted not a Moment of what would happen. I ought, for my part, to beg his Pardon for having been in Fear for the Lady, said then *Valville* who had hitherto listened to them with an Air of inward Satisfaction and Modesty.

They all laughed at his Reply, but they did it with Discretion, and without speaking to him. It was late; my Mamma took her leave of Mrs. De — who embraced her in the most friendly Manner, to make her forget as it were that she had afforded help to her Enemies; she even did me the Honour to embrace me too; a Favour which I received with all due Respect, and away we went.

We were hardly got to the Antichamber, when the same Woman that was sent to take me out of my first Convent under my Mamma's Name, and who came that very Morning to take me out of that she had carried me to the Day before; when that Woman, I say, came to us, and told us that she was ordered by the Minister, if we pleased, to carry us directly to the last Convent, to desire the Nuns to return me my Equipage, which they might hesitate to do if we went without her; unless Mrs. *De Miran* should chuse to defer going thither till the Afternoon.

No, no, said my Mamma, let us finish this Job without Delay, come, Mistress, we shall indeed want you to go thither, for I have forgot to ask the Way ; come, I shall take Care that you are brought back afterwards.

The Woman then followed and stepped into the Coach with us : But you easily guess, that the Familiarity she had used me with when she came to fetch me could no longer do ; and I saw that she was ashamed a little of the difference there was with Regard to her, between this and the other two Ridings we had already together : Every Body has his own little Pride ; we were no longer hail-fellow-well-met, and it gave her some Confusion.

I did nothing to encrease it. My Joy was too great, and I had just triumphed in too glorious a Manner, to have any Thought of being ill-natured and vain, nor was I ever the one or the other.

Our Conversation was very reserved all the Way, on Account of that Woman's attending us. Something was said, that made her tell us that Mrs. *De Fare* was the Occasion of all this Uproar, though she had at the same Time refused to join with the other Relations in the Measures they had taken against me, so that she had not been a Blab purposely to hurt me, but meerly to have the Pleasure of being indiscreet, and of revealing a Thing that would be thought surprizing.

She told us likewise that Mr. *Villot* was in the utmost Despair that he should not be my Husband ; I left him crying like a Child, said she ; upon this, I cast my Eyes on *Valville*, who seemed to me not to be over-pleased with the Recital of Mr. *Villot's* Lamentations ; and then we replied nothing, my Mamma and I, and let this little Article drop the more as we were come to the Door of the Convent, where I stepped down with this Woman.

There is no need for me to appear, said my Mamma, and I even think it would suffice that Mrs. Such a One should re-demand your Clothes, without making

making any Mention of us, and without telling that we are here.

Give me leave to appear, said I to her ; the Kindness with which the Abbess has used me, requires that I should thank her, and I can't dispense with that and not be an ungrateful Wretch. Well said, Daughter, replied she, thou art in the Right, and I knew not this ; go, Child, but make Haste, and tell her that I stay for thee, that I am fatigued, and that I cannot for my Life come down ; be as speedy as thou canst, 'twill be better for thee to come again to see her.

To make it short then, I went into the Convent, and they returned me my Trunk or Box, which you please. All the Nuns I had seen, came to rejoice with me for the good Turn my Adventure had taken. The Abbess gave me the sincerest Tokens of her Affection ; she could have wished, I might have passed the Rest of the Evening with her ; but the Thing was impossible. My Mamma is at the Door of your Convent in her Coach, said I to her : But she is out of Order, she begs to be excused, and I must needs leave you.

How ! cried she, that tender Mother, that Lady whom I so much value, is here in the House ! Lord ! How glad I should be to see her, and speak well to her of you ! Go, Madam, go back to her ; but pray try to persuade her to come for a single Instant. If I could go out, I would run directly to her Coach ; and if it should be too late, tell her I beg she would come here once more with you : Go, my dear Child, said she, and away she sent me. A Servant of the House carried my little Bundle : All this passed within half a quarter of an Hour ; I was going to forget that the Abbess ordered the Nun that looked to the Turning-Box to go and give her Service to Mrs. *De Miran*, who, on her Part, desired the Nun to assure her that we should come again to see her one of these Days ; and then we set out, for what Place, do you think ? Go Home said my Mamma ; for they have
dined

dined in thy other Convent, and we shall carry thee again thither in the Evening, not that I am willing to leave thee long there: But it is fit thou shouldst dwell a little more in that House, though it were only on Account of what happened to thee, and of the Uneasiness I myself expressed about it.

We went on while she spoke, and are arrived by this into the Yard of my Mamma's House, whence she dismissed that Woman of Mrs. *De* — who had followed us, and then we walked in and went up Stairs.

A certain Housekeeper who was at Mrs. *De Miran's* when I was carried thither, after my Fall coming from Church, and whom, if you remember, Mr. *De Valville* called to pull off my Stocking, was no longer in the Family, and of all the Servants, there remained but one of Mr. *Valville's* Footmen that knew me; it was the same that followed my Hackney Coach to Mrs. *Du Tour's*, and who besides had seen me again several Times already, having delivered two or three of *Valville's* Letters to me in my Convent. Now that very Man was sick, so that there was nobody in the House that knew who I was.

What makes me mention this to you is, that while we were going up Stairs, I was reflecting, notwithstanding all my Joy, that I was going to meet again in this House the abovementioned Housekeeper, and some Footmen, that would not fail knowing me again.

Ah! they will say, (these were then my Thoughts) it was this little Girl that was brought here, and who hurt her Foot: It is that little Linen-draper, whom we took for a young Lady, and who desired to be carried to Mrs. *Du Tour's*.

And this, to be sure, I did not like at all: I was afraid, besides, *Valville* would be ashamed of it a little: He would not have mattered it perhaps, as he loved me so much; but, by good Luck, we were exposed to neither of the Inconveniences I had dreamt of, and I at leisure relished the Satisfaction of seeing myself

myself at my Mamma's, and of being there as if I had been in my own House.

Now, Daughter, said she, come and let me embrace thee while we are without Controulers. All this Affair has taken the best of Turns. People suspect our Designs, they foresee them, and even did not seem to disapprove of them. The Prime Minister has acquitted thee from thy Word by returning thee to thy Mother, and, thank God, they will no longer be surprized at any thing that passes. Dear Child, thou toldst me the tenderest Things this Morning, but, indeed, I greatly deserve them for all the Vexation thou didst cause me ; thou hadst no small Share of it neither, is it not true, Child ? Didst thou reflect on all the Trouble I should have ? What were thy Thoughts of thy Mamma ?

All this she told me sitting in an Elbow-chair ; we were Face to Face, and giving myself over to a Transport of Gratitude, I prostrated myself suddenly at her Feet, kissed her Hand, and fixt my Eyes upon her.

My dear Mamma, said I to her, you see now Mr. *De Valville*, his being very dear to me is no longer a Secret, I publickly acknowledged it before all the World, but yet he can't hinder me to tell you, that you were a thousand Times more in my Thoughts than himself : My dear Mamma, her *Tenderness* and *Good-nature* ingrossed them all. What will she do or not do, said I to myself ? I was wholly taken up with you ; in short, my dear Mamma never went a Minute out of my Mind. I knew not whether you would succeed in extricating me ; but my most hearty Wish was, that my Mamma might be very sorry for not seeing her Daughter any more ; I wished an hundred Times more for her tender Love than for my own Riddance ; and I should have endured any Thing but being abandoned by her. I was so entirely taken up with what I tell you, it caused me such an Agitation of Mind, that I could not help having some little Uneasiness, which I now accuse myself

myself of, though it hardly lasted a Moment. I, nevertheless, thought of Mr. *Vakville* too; for, if he should forget me it would be a great Grief to me, nay, greater than I can tell; but the main Point is that my Mamma should love me, her Affection is most necessary to me, and it goes before all in my Heart: For she has done me so much good; I am so much beholden to her, and I take so much Delight in being dear to her! Don't you think I am in the Right, Sir?

Mrs. *De Miran* listened to me smiling. Get up, Huffy, said she to me abruptly; you make me forget that I must scold you tightly for your Imprudence of Yesterday Morning. Pray, let me know why you suffered yourself to be thus carried away, by a Woman that was a perfect Stranger to you; who comes to fetch you without a Note from me, and in a Coach, besides, which is not mine? Where was your Wit, when you overlooked all that, especially after the suspicious Visit you had received of that great Skeleton which you so well described to me? Did not her Menaces intimate some bad Design? Ought they not to have given you some Jealousy? You are a giddy-brain'd Huffy, Madam, and pray, during the Time you are still to stay in your Convent, remember I forbid you ever to go out of the House otherwise than with the Woman you just saw (she spoke of a Chambermaid I had but just seen) or upon a Letter from me when I don't go and fetch you myself, do you hear?

At this, the Meat was brought up: We dined; *Vakville* eat very little, and I too, my Mamma took Notice of it: It made her smile. Joy takes one's Stomach away, I suppose, said she to us in a jocular Manner? Yes, Mother, replied *Vakville* in the same Tone; there is no doing so many Things at once.

When Dinner was over, Mrs. *De Miran* went into her own Room, and we followed her thither. She went thence into a small Closet and called me. I went to her directly. Give me thy Hand, said she to me; let us see whether this Ring will fit thee. It

was a Brilliant of great Price. I see a Picture, (it was her own) said I while she tried the Ring, which I should love a thousand Times more than this Ring, fine as it is, and better than all the Jewels in the World. Let us make an Exchange, Mamma, said I, resign me the Picture, and I will return you the Ring.

Have a little Patience, replied she, I will take Care it is placed here in your Room when you are in it, and that you will soon be. Where do you put your Money, Marianne, continued she, you have nothing for that Use, I think; she in the mean time opened a Drawer, here, said she, here is a Purse that is very well worked, make Use of it.

Thank you, Mamma, replied I: But where shall I lay all the Love, all the Reverence and all the Gratitude I have for you? Methinks I have more than my Heart can hold.

This made her smile. Do you know what you must do, Mother, said *Valville*, who had remained at the Door of the Closet, and who was in a Kind of Ecstasy for the Joy of hearing us speak with this sweet jocular Familiarity to each other? Let us with all Speed put your Daughter in the Room where you design to place the Picture; she will bear the better all her Love for you, and be more at Hand to come and ease herself, by venting that Love in your Bosom.

'Tis what we are going to discourse upon this Moment, replied Mrs. *De Miran*; let us leave this Closet; I will shew her the Apartment I was in when your Father was alive.

We went directly to a large Antichamber, which I had already seen, and where there was a Door facing that through which we came into it. This Door carried us to the Apartment they wanted to shew me. It was more spacious and better furnished than Mrs. *De Miran's*, and, as well as hers, looked upon a very fine Garden. Well, my Dear, said she, how do you like being here? Won't you think Time very long in this House, and regret your dear Convent, added she smiling?

This

This made me cry out of meer Ecstasy ; I rushed into her Arms quite transported. What a delightful Place this will be, replied I ! pray, consider that this Apartment will lead me into my dear Mamma's ?

I had hardly uttered these few Words, when the Porter's Whistle * informed us that a Visit was coming.

Lord ! cried Mrs. *De Miran*, how sorry I am ! I was going to ring to desire the Servants to tell I was not at Home. Let us go to my Apartment again : We followed her accordingly.

A Footman came in : He announced a Couple of Ladies, whom I knew not, and who had never heard of me neither. They looked at me much, taking me perhaps for a Relation of the Family, and came to pay us one of those indifferent Visits, which among Women amount to no more than being half an Hour together, and then exchanging a few trifling, tedious Compliments, and then going away, without caring in the least for each other.

I shall only observe, merely to amuse you, for I write to no other Purpose, that of these two Ladies there was one that spoke very little, that took hardly any Share in what was said, and did nothing but shake her Head, to vary the Attitudes and make them becoming ; who, in short, thought of nothing but her dear self and her Charms. I must own, indeed, that she should have had some, had she been less filled with the Vanity of having them : But that Vanity spoiled all, and hindered her from having any natural Beauties. There are a great many Women like her, who would be very lovely, if they could forget a little that they are so. This, I am sure, went backward and forward from Place to Place, for no other Purpose but to shew herself, and say look at me ; she indeed lived for nothing else.

* In *France*, when People of Quality receive Visits, the Porter at the Door whistles, to give the Servant's Notice of it.

I believe she found me pretty, for she did not look much at me, and cast on me none but side Glances: I could guess that she affected to look upon me as one that was insignificant, and not to take any Notice of my being there, wholly to make one think that she found nothing in me but what was very common.

One Thing however betrayed her Secret, for she had her Eyes ever on *Valville*, to observe which of the two should be looked at most by him, she or I; and this, in one Sense, was indeed looking at me, and being afraid of my having the Preference.

The other Lady was older, and a very sedate, though at the same time a very shallow Woman: I mean, one that spoke gravely and with Dignity of a Coach she had bespoken; of an Entertainment she had given; of a Story the Marchioness Such a one had told her; and then it was the Dutches of What d'ye call 'um, who began to recover, but who had taken the Air too soon; she had indeed scolded her much for it, and told her it was a burning Shame: And then it was an haughty Repartee she very apropos made the Day before, to that Mrs. Such a One, who used to forget herself now and then because she was rich, who made not the proper Difference between herself and Women of a certain Distinction; and a thousand other Things equally insipid and vain, that were the Topick of that Conversation, during which there came other no less tiresome Visits.

So that it was late when we got rid of them, and there was no Time to lose for carrying me back to my Convent.

We shall see one another To-morrow or the Day after, said my Mamma, I shall send for thee; let us go without Delay; I want to take a little Rest, and I shall go to Bed the Moment I am come Home again. As for you, Son, you must stay here, we don't want your Company. *Valville* complained much, but he obeyed her Commands, and we slept into the Coach.

We were soon got to the Convent, where we saw the Prioress a Moment in her Parlour. My Mamma acquainted her with the End of my Adventure, and I went into the Convent again.

Two Days after, Mrs. *De Miran* came again about Noon to fetch me; you know she had promised me she would. I dined at her House with *Valville*; our Marriage was the Topick. They were at the same time upon a Bargain for a considerable Post for *Valville*: He was to be invested with it very soon, three Weeks were the outside of the Time they must stay for it; and it was resolved that we should be married so soon as this Affair should be concluded.

Nothing could be more positive; *Valville* was almost mad for Joy; I knew no longer what to say in mine; it made me speechless, and I did nothing but look at my Mamma.

This is not all, said she to me, I set out this Evening for my Country-Seat, where I intend to stay eight or ten Days, to rest myself of all the Fatigue I have had since my Brother's Death, and I have a Mind to take thee along with me, while my Son shall go for some time to *Versailles*, where his Presence is necessary. Thou hast brought nothing from thy Convent for this short Absence, but I shall provide every Thing for thee.

Lord! What a Delight that will be! How! Ten or twelve Days together without leaving your Company, replied I! For God's Sake, Mamma, don't alter your Mind.

She went directly to her Closet, to write Word to the Abbess that she took me with her down to the Country; the Letter was sent directly, and we set out two Hours after.

Our Journey was short; the Place we were going to being hardly three Leagues from *Paris*. *Valville* stole away three or four Times from *Versailles*, to come and see us there. He was not invested so soon as we thought with the above-mentioned Post. Difficulties came across that made this Affair to linger,

though we expected it's Conclusion every Day. We returned from the Country, my Mamma and I, and I went to my Convent again, where she reckoned I should not stay above a Week more. However, I remained there above a Month, during which I, as usual, came now and then to dine with her, and sometimes at Mrs. *Dorfan's*.

All this while, *Valville* was always as eager and loving as ever; but about the End of that Interval he was merrier than he used to be: In short, he was still as full of Love as before, but at the same time he was more patient in bearing the Incidents that prolonged the Conclusion of his Affair. And what I now tell you I only recalled it a great while after, when I revolved in my Mind all what had preceded the Misfortune which happened to me afterwards. Nay, even the last time that I dined at my Mamma's he was not there when I came, and did not return Home but a Moment before we sat at Table. A troublesom Man had detained him, he told us, and I believed it the more, because, in any other Respect I saw nothing altered in him; and truly he was still the same Man; only a little more unsettled than usual, as Mrs. *De Miran* had told me before he came in; it is because he is tired with seeing his Marriage always deferred, added she.

The last Time she was carrying me back to my Convent: pray Mother let me be one of the Company, said *Valville* to her, who had been charming that Day, who, methought, never had loved me so much, who never had told it me in a more graceful, more gallant and more witty Manner. (Ah! so much the worse;) all this Gallantry and Wit were ominous. His Love must in all Likelihood have been less serious and violent, and he told me so many pretty Things for no other Reason, but because his Heart began to dictate less tender Expressions.

However, he had a Desire to follow us; Mrs. *De Miran* refused it at first, and then consented; Heaven had decreed it should be so. Well, if I must grant it,

it, I must, said my Mamma, but it is on Condition that you will remain in the Coach, and not shew yourself, while I shall go and see the Abbess a Moment. From this single Piece of her Complaisance for him at that Time it is, that the most poignant Grievs I ever had in my Life, are now ready to spring.

A Lady of great Distinction was come the Day before to my Convent with her Daughter, whom she intended to put there as a Boarder, till she returned from a Voyage she was ready to make to *England*, to inherit an Estate fallen to her by the Death of her Mother.

It was not long since this Lady's Husband died in *France*. He was an *English* Lord, whom his Zeal for King *James* had obliged, like many others, to leave his Country. His Widow, whose Portion had been his only Resource, was going to sell it, together with her new Estate, with an Intention to return to *France*, where she chose to settle.

Accordingly, she had agreed with the Abbess, that her Daughter should come into the Convent the next Day, and she had just brought her thither when we came; so that we found their Coach in the Yard.

We had scarce alighted, when we saw these two Ladies coming down from a Parlour, where they had a short Conversation with the Abbess.

They were already opening the Door of the Convent to receive the Daughter, who casting her Eyes on the opening Gate, and on a few Nuns that waited for her, and then looking at her Mother that was crying, fainted on a sudden, and dropt motionless into her Arms.

The Mother, almost as weak as her Daughter, was ready herself to fall on the last Step of the Stairs they just came down, had not one Footman of theirs run full Speed to hold them up both.

This Accident, which we had been Witnesses of, Mrs. *De Miran* and I, made us cry out, and we hastened to them to afford them help, as well as to the

Footman himself, who had had much ado to hinder them both from falling.

Your Help! Ladies, for God's Sake, your Help, cried the Mother all in Tears, and in the Tone of one in the utmost Distress! I believe my Daughter is a dying!

The Nuns that were at the Gate of the Convent, and all in a Fright, called the Nun that looked to the Turning-Box. This ran as fast as she could, and opened the Door of a little By-place or Room, where she lay, and which, by good Luck, was near the Stair-case of the Parlour.

This was the Place to which they endeavoured to carry the Lady who had swooned away; we entered into it with her Mother whom Mrs. *De Miran* held up, and who we were afraid should faint as well as her Daughter.

Valville moved at the Scene, which he had perceived as well as we from the Coach where he remained, forgot that he must not be seen, got out of the Coach without any Reflection, and came into that little Room.

They had laid the young Lady on the Nun's Bed, and we were unlacing her Stays, the Nun and I, that she might breathe more freely.

Her Head rested on the Bolster: One of her Arms hung out of the Bed, the other lay on her Body, and both (I must own it) were of a most delicate Form.

Imagine a Pair of Eyes which had a singular Charm in their being shut.

I never saw any Thing so moving as that Face, which was however the Picture of Death; but it was such an Image of it, as was affecting rather than frightful.

Had you seen this young Beauty, you would have chosen to say *she lives no longer*, rather than to say *she is dead*. I can't give a better Idea of the Impression she made, than by desiring you to distinguish the two Expressions, which seem to signify but one and the

the same thing; though they are of different Meaning, when feelingly understood. These Words, *she lives no longer*, only took her Life away, without giving her the Deformities of Death.

Those Stays unlaced, that beautiful Head thus hanging, those delicate Features whereof you lamented the Charms which however were not gone, though you fancied they were, those beautiful Eyes so gracefully shut, all, in short, made her the most affecting Object I had ever seen; no Situation, that I remember, could be fitter to soften all Hearts, than that she was in at that Time.

Valville was behind us, who had his Eyes fixt on her. I looked at him several Times, without his taking any Notice of it. I was a little surprized, but went no further, and inferred nothing from it.

Mrs. *De Miran* was looking into her Pocket for a Bottle full of a Spirit that was of the utmost Efficacy in Cases like this, but she had left it at Home.

Valville who had the Fellow to it, suddenly broke through us all with great Vivacity, removing us as it were, and kneeling before her, he tried to make her snuff some of the Liquor in the Bottle, and poured some in her Mouth, which, together with the Agitation we gave her Body, made her open her Eyes half; she cast them languishingly upon *Valville*, who told in I don't know what tender affectionate Tone, which was odd enough I thought, come, Madam, take some, snuff it up again.

He even (with a Gesture doubtless involuntary) took one of her Hands, which he pressed with both his. I presently took it from him, without knowing why.

Softly, Sir, said I, we must not worry her so. He did not listen to what I said, but all this appeared on either Side to be nothing but the Result of an eager Desire of being helpful to the young Lady. He was going again to make her snuff up some of his Elixir, when she sighed, opened her Eyes quite, lifted up the Hand I held, and let it fall again on the Arm of

Valville, who took it, and was still on his Knees before her.

Oh! my God! said she, where am I! *Valville*, mean while, always kept that Hand; he pressed it, methought, and did not think of rising.

The Lady being at last come to herself again, fixt her Eyes more earnestly upon him, and softly took her Hand from him, without ceasing to look him in the Face: She presently guessed from the Bottle he held in his Hand, that he had been striving to help her. I am very much obliged to you, Sir, said she to him, where is my Mother? Is she here still?

This Lady was at the Bed's Head, sitting in a Chair where they had put her, and where she had not hitherto been able to do any thing besides sighing and crying.

Here I am, dear Daughter, replied she, with something of a foreign Accent. Lord! My dear *Vartbon*, how you frightened me! Here are Ladies whom you are much beholden to, as well as this Gentleman.

Now, you must observe, that this Gentleman remained always in the same Posture. I repeat it, because I was tired to see him so. The young Lady having recovered herself quite, cast her Eyes upon us first, then fixt them upon him, and then taking Notice of the little Disorder she was in on Account of her having been unlaced, she appeared a little out of Countenance, and put her Hand on her Breast.

Rise then, Sir, said I to *Valville*, it is now over, the Lady has no farther need of being helped. 'Tis true, replied he in a Kind of Absence, and without ceasing to look at her. I would fain get up, said she leaning on her Mother, who helped her as well as she could. I was going myself to lend her my Arm, when *Valville* prevented me, and stretched forth his with Precipitation to help her up.

So much Eagerness on his Part was not indeed to my Liking, but I never could have given any Reason why I did not approve of it. I even think I should never have owned it displeased me: That little secret Spite

it caused me, made me act as I did without knowing it myself: How could I have guessed at my Motive? *Valville*, a thousand to one, was as downright as myself in this Affair.

However, something extraordinary must needs have passed within him; for you have seen the rough Manner in which I had spoken to him two or three Times, and he had taken no Notice of it, he was not surprized at it as otherwise he certainly should have been: Or else he endured it as one who deserved it, who did himself Justice unknown to himself, and who was guilty at the Bottom of his Heart; and so he was, but he knew it not. Let us now proceed.

The Nuns were still waiting till the young Lady came into the Convent. She thanked us, both Mrs. *De Miran* and me, very gracefully indeed, but with a modest Countenance, for the good Office we had done her. Methought she was a little more puzzled in her Compliment to *Valville*, and she spoke to him casting her Eyes downwards. Come, Mother, added she, To-morrow is the Day of your Departure, you have no Time to lose, and I must enter the Convent. On this, they embraced one another, but not without shedding new Torrents of Tears again.

I have passed in Silence all the kind Compliments of Mrs. *De Miran* and the foreign Lady to each other. The latter had in a few Words told my Mamma the Reasons that obliged her to leave this young Lady in the Convent.

Daughter, said my Mamma to me, when she saw them embracing for the last Time, since you are going to have the Honour to be this Lady's Companion; endeavour to gain her Friendship; and never neglect to do any Thing that can be of any Comfort to her.

This is an extreme Goodness, Madam, replied then the foreign Lady. It encourages me in my Turn to take the Liberty to recommend her to you; to which Mrs. *De Miran* replied that she begged Leave of the Lady to have her Daughter at her House when she should

should send for me ; which was accepted of by the other with all imaginable Tokens of Gratitude.

These two Ladies knew one another by Name, so that they knew also the mutual Regard they owed to each other.

Valville said nothing to all this, and only looked at the young Lady, on whom I found his Eyes fixed more often than on me, contrary to what he used to do ; this, (though I was not pleased with it) I attributed to the meer Impulse of Curiosity.

And how could I have suspected him of any thing else, he, who loved me so much, who had given me so many great Proofs of it the same Day ; he, whom I loved so much myself, to whom I had told it so often, and who was so vastly pleased with being sure of it ?

Sure, did I say ! Alas ! he was perhaps but too much so ! One would hardly believe it ; but tender nice Souls are much liable to the Fault of slackening in their Love, so soon as they have entirely obtained yours. The Desire of pleasing you supplies them with a World of Charms, and prompts them to extraordinary Efforts in which they delight : But so soon as they have pleased you, they are immediately unemployed.

However, the young Lady, in Return of the Affection *Mrs. De Miran* bid me to have for her, came to me with a good Grace, and clapt me about the Neck, asking me my Friendship. This Transport of hers, to which she gave herself over in the most lovely and most downright Manner, moved me much. I had not perhaps myself done the same ; not that she did not appear to me most worthy of being loved : But my Heart had no fellow-feeling for her ; nay, I felt within me such a Stock of Coldness as I should have conquered with great Difficulty, but which could not withstand her Caresses ; I returned them to her with the utmost Sensibility, and had a most sincere Concern for her. She at last tore herself from her Mother's Breast, and kept into the Convent, whence I called to her

her that I was going to follow her thither, so soon as we should have seen the Abbess, with whom Mrs. *De Miran* wanted to speak a word.

The Mother stepped into her Coach still bathing in Tears, and set out for *England* the very next Day.

Mrs. *De Miran* went for a Moment to speak with the Abbess, then saw me enter into the Convent, and then went to *Valville* again, who had stepped into the Coach where he was staying for her. He had left us the Moment we went to the Parlour of the Abbess, and I did not find him less tender than he used to be. The only Fault he committed was, that he forgot to ask Mrs. *De Miran* what Day we should see one another again; and this Forgetfulness I recalled a quarter of an Hour after I had re-entered the Convent. But we had been all in a Hurry; the Accident of the young Lady had given us Distraction, and ingrossed all our Thoughts. Besides, did not my Mamma say at Home, that I was to return to her the next Day or the Day after, and was not that sufficient?

Thus I excused him, and even accused myself of being a punctilious Body, for the Observation I had at first made upon his want of Memory.

The Abbess, the Nuns, and all the Boarders of my Acquaintance, made me the kindest Reception: I told you already that they loved me, and so they did; especially that Nun whom I have already mentioned, and who had vindicated me so well of the Haughtiness and Banter of that young and pretty Boarder I have also told you of. So soon as I had thanked them all, for the Joy they had expressed at my Return, I went in Haste to my new Companion. All her Clothes and Things had been brought the Day before, and a Nun was then busy about ranging them, whilst she was in a deep Melancholy musing, by a Table whereon she was leaning.

As far as she could perceive me, she ran and rushed into my Arms, expressing the utmost Satisfaction at my coming to see her.

It would have been very difficult not to love her. She was downright, ingenuous, and loving in all her Ways; in short, her Soul was as charming as her whole Behaviour. Nor can I refuse her this Due, notwithstanding all the Grief she has caused me.

I took the tenderest Affection for her. Her Inclination for me, she said, had begun the Moment she saw me first, and the only Comfort she had in leaving her Mamma was to hear that I should live with her. Pray, promise me that you will love me, and that we shall be inseparable, added she with a Voice, with a squeezing of my Hand, and with Looks whose Sweetness went to the very Soul, and commanded Persuasion; so that we knit the strictest and tenderest Friendship with each other.

She was a Foreigner in some Shape, though born in *France*. Her Father was dead, her Mother was actually going to *England*, where she might possibly die, they had perhaps bid one another the last adieu; any Day might bring the News of her being an Orphan. I, myself, was one: My Disasters were far greater than those she had to fear: But I saw her in Danger of being exposed to part of mine. I therefore reflected that her Condition might soon bear some Resemblance with my own, and this Thought made my Love for her still the stronger. Methought I saw in her one who was more really my Companion than any other.

She trusted her Grief in my Bosom. We mutually softened one another, and in this Effusion of the tender and generous Sentiments to which we gave ourselves over, she told me the Disasters of her Family, and I told her mine; to my Advantage indeed, though (I would not have you mistake me) not out of any vain Disposition, but (as I told you already) from a Result of my then State of Mind. My Recital became interesting; I most candidly made it in a noble, lofty and tragical Strain: I spoke as a deplorable Victim of Fatality might have done, as a romantic Heroine who said nothing but what was true; but
who

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who adorned the Truth with every thing that could render it moving, and give me all the Off-set of a respectable Unfortunate.

In short, I imposed on her in nothing; nor was I indeed capable of it: But I painted in great, and was (even unknown to myself) induced by my own Sentiments to carry it with that Stateliness and Sublimity.

But then my fair *Varthon* listened to me with great Concern; she pitied and sighed with me, mingling her Tears with mine, for we shed Torrents of them: She cried over me as I did over her.

I gave her the Account of my Arrival at *Paris* with the Vicar's Sister who had expired there; and I treated the Character of that Sister with the same Dignity I had treated my own Adventures.

She was in my Recital a Woman of so much Loftiness in her Sentiments, her Virtue was so amiable! She had brought me up with so much Tenderness and Regard, and was so much above the Condition in which the Vicar and she lived together in the Country! (and this still was true.)

Next to this, I related the Situation I was left in after her Death; and what I said upon this Subject would have melted down a Flint.

Father St. *Vincent*, Mr. *De Climal*, whom I did not name (my Regard and Tenderness for his Memory would have hindered me from doing so, though I should have had ever so great an Itch of naming him) the Injury he had done me; his Repentance; the Satisfaction he made me; *Du Tour*, to whom he put me so unfitly for a Girl like me: All, in short, came in it's Place as well as Mrs. *De Miran*, to whom I did not think of giving any other Name in this Part of my Narration, but that of a Lady whom I had met; flaying to name her till I should be out of that romantic Strain I had begun with. I had not omitted my Fall at my coming out of Church, nor the young lovely Gentleman of noble Extraction to whose House I had been carried: And I had perhaps, in the Sequel

quel of my Story, told her that this young Gentleman was the same who had helped her in her Fainting Fit, that the Lady she had just seen was his Mother, and that I was to marry her Son in a short time, had not a Lay-Sister come into the Room to tell us it was time to go to Supper: Which hindered me to proceed and acquaint Miss *Vartbon* with every Thing, for she was not as yet apprized of all, I having left off at the Place where Mrs. *De Miran* had found me in the Church; so that this young Lady could not apply any thing of what I had told her, to the Persons she had seen with me.

We then went to Supper. While we were eating, Miss *Vartbon* complained of a violent Head-ach, which increased to such a Degree that she was forced to leave the Table and go to her Room again, whither I followed her. But as she wanted Rest I left her after having embraced her, and nothing of what had passed during her Fainting came to my Mind again.

I got up the next Morning earlier than usual, to go to her Chamber. She was ready to be let Blood. I fell a crying, thinking that this Bleeding foreboded some great Illness; she squeezed my Hand and endeavoured to remove my Fears. It is nothing, my Dear, said she: Only a slight Disorder occasioned by my having been in great Agitation of Mind Yesterday. It has caused me a little Fever, that's all.

She was in the right to say so. The Bleeding calmed her Agitation; she was better the next Day; and this little Disorder of her Health, which had given me so much Concern, served me only to convince her of my Affection for her, and to increase hers for me, which the dismal State I myself soon fell in afterwards, put to a much harder Trial.

She was but just got up in the Afternoon, when I going to take my Work that was upon her Table, was seized with such sudden Dizziness as forced me to call for Help.

There

There was in her Room none but herself and that Nun who loved me, and whom I loved. Miss *Varthon* was quickest, and hastened to me.

My Dizziness ceased and I sat down; but it began again now and then. I felt some Difficulty to breathe, then grew heavier by Degrees, and then sunk entirely.

The Nun felt my Pulse, and shewed some Concern, but said nothing that might alarm me. She advised me to go to Bed, and Miss *Varthon* and she carried me directly to my Chamber. I would have fain resisted the Illness, and persuaded myself that it was nothing; but I could not hold out any longer; I was quite sunk; they were forced to put me to Bed, and I desired them to leave me alone.

They were scarce gone out of my Room, when a Note of Mrs. *De Miran's* was brought me, which was but two Lines, viz.

"It has not been in my Power to see thee these two Days, don't be uneasy at it, Daughter, To-morrow about twelve I shall come and take thee along with me."

Is there no other Note, Sister, said I to the Nun, after I had read it before her? (I asked this because I thought *Vakville* might very well have wrote to me too, and that it was his Fault if he had not done it; but there was no Message from him.)

No, replied the Lay-Sister to my Question; this is all the Nun that looks to the Turning-Box has received from a Footman who is waiting for an Answer: Have you any thing to say to him, Madam?

Pray, bring me a Pen and Ink, said I; and, weak and low as I was, I made the following Reply.

"I return a thousand Thanks to my Mamma, for her Kindness in letting me hear of her; I wanted much her dear Letter. I am just gone to Bed, being a little out of Order; I hope it will be nothing, and I shall be ready for To-morrow. My most humble Duty to my dear Mamma.

I could

I could not have wrote a Word more if I would, and two Hours after I had such a burning Fever, that I began to be a little light-headed. The Fever redoubled; and this together with a Complication of other Accidents, made them despair of my Life.

I was at last quite raving. I knew again neither Miss *Varthon*, nor my Friend the Nun; nor even my Mamma, who was permitted to come in, and whom I did not distinguish from the Rest any otherwise than by the vast Attention with which I looked at her without speaking to her.

I remained pretty near in the same Condition for four Days together, during which I knew neither where I was, nor who spoke to me. I had been blooded without knowing any thing of it. The Fever abated the fifth Day; the Symptoms were less; I came to myself again, and the first Sign I gave of it was, that, seeing Mrs. *De Miran* at the Head of the Bed, I cried out: Ah! Mamma!

She was stretching out her Hand at that Moment, to caress me, I put my Arm directly out of the Bed to lay hold of it, and brought it to my Mouth, and kissed it for a long while.

Miss *Varthon* and some of the Nuns were about my Bed; the former seeming to be overwhelmed with Sadness.

I must needs have been very ill, said I to them in the weakest Tone, and I must needs have given you a World of Trouble. 'Tis true, Daughter, replied Mrs. *De Miran*, there are none in the Room, but what have given you Proofs of their Good-nature, but, thank God, you are now out of Danger.

Miss *Varthon* came near me, squeezed the Arm I had out of the Bed with great Friendship, and said something tender to me, which I answered only with a Smile and such a Glance as shewed her my Gratitude. Two Days after, I was quite out of Danger, and I had no Fever at all; the only Relicks I had of it was an extreme Weakness which lasted long. Mrs. *De Miran* was permitted to see me only on Account
of

of the very great Danger I had been in, and she forbore entering into the Convent so soon as it was over: But I was going to forget one Thing, *viz.*

That, the Day after that I had known my dear Mamma again, I considered that it was not impossible I should a second time grow as bad as I had been already, and not recover from it.

I next thought of that Deed of Gift which Mr. *De Climal* had left me. Whose Property would it be if I should die, thought I? Doubtless it would be lost for the Family, and Equity as well as Gratitude requires that I should return it to them.

There was but one Lay-Sister in my Room, while I was busied with this Thought. Miss *Varthon*, who hardly ever left me, was not come, and perhaps not up yet. The Nuns were in the Choir, and I saw myself at Liberty.

Sister, said I to the Nun, my Life has been despaired of these last Days; my Fever is much abated; but there is no Certainty that it will not seize me again with the same Violence; therefore, lest the worst should come to the worst, do me the Favour to lift me up a little, and to give me a Pen and Ink, that I may write a few Words which I must write by all Means.

Oh! Jesus! Maria! What would you now be at, Madam, said the Lay-Sister to me? You frighten me. You seem to have a Mind to make your Will. Do you know that you offend God Almighty, to indulge Thoughts like these, instead of praising him for the Favour of your Health recovered? Ah! Sister, replied I, don't refuse me this, I pray, it is only a few Words; an Instant is enough to write them.

Oh! my God! replied she getting up, I make Conscience to do it. Lord! How you make me tremble with your few Words; now; are you well, added she sitting me down? Yes, said I, bring me the Ink-horn.

Mine was furnished with all that was necessary, so that I made Haste before any body should come, and wrote as follows.

" I

“ I give and bequeath to Mrs. *De Miran*, to whom
 “ I am indebted for all I have, the Deed of Gift
 “ which the late Mr. *De Climal* her Brother was so
 “ charitable to give me. I also bequeath to the same
 “ Lady all I am possessed of, to dispose of it at her
 “ Will and Pleasure.” And then I signed *Marianne*,
 and kept the Paper, putting it under my Pillow, with
 an Intention to deliver it into my Mamma’s Hands
 when she should come. My little Codicil had not
 been wrote a Quarter of an Hour when she arrived
 at the Convent.

Well, Daughter, said she feeling my Pulse, how dost
 thou do? Methinks thou art still better than Yesterday,
 and I believe thou art cured, the recovering of thy
 Strength is all thou wantest at present.

I then took my little Paper and slipt it into her
 Hand. What dost thou give me there, cried she?
 Let’s see: She opened and read it, and fell o’ laughing.
 What a mad Thing thou art, my poor Dear, said she!
 why, thou makest Legacies, and art in better Health
 than myself! (This she said not without some Reason;
 for she was much altered) come, come, thou lookest
 much like one that shall not need make her Will
 this great While, and I shall not be alive by that
 Time, added she tearing the Paper and flinging it in-
 to the Chimney; keep what’s thine for my Grand-
 children, I hope thou shalt have no other Heirs.

And why do you say you shall not be alive, my
 dear Mamma? At this Rate, ’twould be better for me
 to die at present, replied I with Tears in my Eyes.

Hold your Tongue, said she in a seeming Anger;
 is it not the Course of Nature that I should depart be-
 fore you? What means the Hussy? It was the Extra-
 vagance of your Paper that made me say so: Let us
 think of Living, and do you make Haste to recover,
 lest *Valville* should fall sick himself: I must tell thee
 that he is not pleased at all with not seeing thee any
 more, (and you will observe that I had always asked
 her how he did.)

She was saying this, when Miss *Varthon* and the Physician came in. The latter found me very calm and out of Danger, only weak still ; so that my Mamma came no more, and was contented hereafter with sending her People to enquire how I did, or to call herself at the Convent for that Purpose. It was *Valville* that came from her the next Day.

I forgot to tell you that Mrs. *De Miran* had always made very much of Miss *Varthon* during her Visits, and that it was agreed that this fair Stranger and I should go and dine together at her House, so soon as I should be able to venture abroad.

Now, it was with Miss *Varthon Valville* said he wanted to speak, in Order to enquire after my Health, to give my Mamma's Service to herself, and to make her a Visit which Decency and Politeness required he should pay a young Lady whom he ought to have a Concern for since the Service he had done her. Miss *Varthon* was in my Room, when they came to tell her somebody wanted to speak with her from Mrs. *De Miran*, not naming who it was.

Very likely it is about you, said she leaving me to go to the Parlour ; nor did I doubt but I really was the Subject of the Visit or the Message.

However, *Valville* had no other Commission but to enquire after my Health ; and it was he that contrived to ask for Miss *Varthon*, to whom my Mamma had only desired him to send her Service by some of the Nuns, and that was all.

There passed nearly half an Hour before Miss *Varthon* came back. You must observe that I had not resumed the Sequel of my Adventures with her, since that Day I had told her part of them ; and that she was totally ignorant of my Love for *Valville* and my being designed for his Wife. She had been indisposed the very first Day of her coming into the Convent ; my Illness had seized me two Days after ; so that it had not been possible for me to proceed with my Story.

How now ! said she to me coming in with a cheerful Countenance ; you did not tell me that that young Gentleman who was so clever, and who joined with you to help me in my fainting Fit, was the Son of that Mrs. *De Miran* whom I have seen here so often since that Day : Do you know that it was the same Gentleman that waited for me in the Parlour ?

Who ? Mr. *De Valville* ! replied I with a little Surprise ; why, what did he want with you ? You have been very long together. About a Quarter of an Hour replied she : He came, as he told me, from Mrs. *De Miran*, to know how you did, she had also commissioned him to give her Service to me, and he thought on his Part that Politeness required he should pay me a Visit.

He was in the right, replied I thoughtful enough : Did he give you no Letter for me ? Did not Mrs. *De Miran* write to me ? No, said she, there is no Letter at all.

On this, some of the Boarders, who were my Friends, came in and made us change our Conversation.

However, I wondered why Mrs. *De Miran* had not wrote to me ; not that her Silence made me uneasy, or that I expected a Letter from her ; for she needed not write, as I had seen her the Day before ; besides, she heard I was every Day better and better, and it sufficed that she should send to enquire if I continued mending.

But, my Amazement was, that *Valville*, from whom I had (perhaps in Occurrences of lesser Concern) received so many Letters which he joined to those his Mother sent me, or who had so often wrote me a few Lines at the Bottom of this Lady's Letters, had not on this Occasion, so much as thought of giving me the like Tokens of his Regard.

I own, said I to myself, that in the highest Degree of my Illness, his Letters might have come unseasonably : But, after my having been upon the Brink of Death, he might (now that I am in a Way to recover)

write to me, and yet he neglects to do it; in short, he does not give me the least Token of his Joy.

Possibly he thought it proper, in the languishing Condition I am in still, not to send me any separate Note; but he might, methinks, have desired his Mother to write me one, that he might join a few Lines of his own Hand to it, and he thinks of nothing.

This Negligence of his vexed me. I did not know him again in it. What's become of *Valville*, said I? Sure this is no longer his Heart; I was most sincerely grieved, and could not cease being amazed at it.

I have refused to this very Day, said Miss *Vartton* to me while my Companions were a talking, to go and dine with a Lady who is an intimate Friend of my Mamma's, and to whom she recommended me: You are too sick as yet for that, and I would not by any means leave you; but, this Morning, before I came into your Room, I sent her Word at last by a Footman that came from her, that I should go to her to-morrow; however, added she, if it can please you, I shall desire her to excuse me: Come, speak out, shall I stay? My Choice would indeed be to stay with you, let me tell you.

No, said I, taking her Hand in an affectionate Manner, I beg of you to go: You must not disappoint her Desire of seeing you; only be so good to come from thence but half an Hour sooner than otherwise you would do, and I shall be very well satisfied.

Ay, but I should not be so myself at that Rate, replied she, and you will give me leave to shorten my Visit a little more, I don't intend to be upon Nettles so long as you would have me.

Let us then pass on to the next Day. Miss *Vartton* went to her Mother's Friend, whose Coach came to fetch her so very soon that she was quite angry at it, and all that still on Account of me with whom she was at that Time. However, she came from thence much later than I expected. I have not been my own

Mistress, said she to me, they kept me in Spite of myself; nor was indeed any thing more credible than this.

A few Days after, she went thither again, and then again, and over and over: She could not for her Life do otherwise, she said, unless she had a Mind to break with the Lady, and I did not doubt it: But methought she always brought thence a thoughtful absent Look that was not usual to her; I told her my Notion; she said I was mistaken, and I thought of it no longer.

I then began to be able to get up, though weak enough still; my Mamma sent every Day to the Convent to know how I did: She even wrote to me once or twice; but of *Valville's* Letters, not one.

My Son is very impatient to see thee again; my Son is angry with thee to be so long a recovering; my Son was to write a few Words in this Note, and I expected him for that; but it grows late, he is not come yet, and it will be for another Time.

These were all the News I received of him; I was offended and provoked at it to such a Degree; that I left making any more mention of him in my Replies to my Mamma. I told her in my last, that I found myself strong enough to go to the Parlour, if she would be so good to come and see me there the next Day.

My only Illness is now, that I do not see my dear Mamma, added I: Let her therefore complete my Recovery, I beg it of her. I doubted not but she would come, and so she did; but we, neither of us, guessed the vast Grief and Trouble she found me overwhelmed with the next Day.

I took a Walk in my Room the Day before, with Miss *Varthon*; and we were alone.

You imagined a few Days ago that I was a little thoughtful, said she to me, but you in your Turn, seem to me to be much so. Something lies heavy on your Mind, and I am much mistaken, if you had not been a crying Yesterday-Morning when I came into

into your Room. I don't ask you, my dear Companion, added she, what is the Matter with you, as I can in my present Situation be of no Service to you: But your Sadness makes me uneasy; I dread it's Consequences; pray, consider that you are but just recovering from a dangerous Illness, and that giving yourself over to melancholy Reflections is not the Way to come to a perfect Health again: Our Friendship requires I should warn you of that, and I don't intend to be inquisitive any further.

Alas! replied I, you do but prevent me I assure you; I had no Intention to hide from you what gives me Uneasiness, my Heart has nothing secret for you; but I have not been long convinced of my having a just Motive of being sad, and I should not have let this Day pass, without trusting you with the whole Matter; I should not have been so far my own Enemy, as to deprive myself of that Comfort.

Yes, Madam, replied I, after a short Pause and fetching a deep Sigh; I have indeed Reasons for being sad; I have already told you the greatest part of my History: My Illness hindered me to tell you the rest, and here it is in a few Words.

Mrs. *De Miran* is that Lady, whom, if you remember, I told you I had met in the Convent; you have been Eye-witness of her Behaviour with me: There is none but would take her for my Mother, and ever since the Moment I saw her first, she has constantly used me in the same Manner.

But, this is not all: That Mr. *De Valville* who came Yesterday to see you. Well! That Mr. *De Valville*, replied she, without letting me make an End, is he against you? Is he displeased with his Mother's Affection for you?

No, said I, that is not the Case: Hear me. Mr. *De Valville* is the same young Gentleman I have also told you of, to whose House I was carried after my Fall, and who from that Moment fell most passionately in love with me; I could not doubt it indeed. Besides, Mrs. *De Miran* knows he loves me and I him

too; she knows he intends to marry me, and notwithstanding my Misfortunes, she herself consents to that Marriage, which was to have been concluded in a very short time. It has been retarded by Chance, and will not perhaps take Place at all; at least I have Reasons to despair of it, from the present Conduct of Mr. *De Valville* towards me.

Miss *Varthon* had ceased interrupting me: She listened with a gloomy Air, cast her Eyes downwards, and did not even look at me. I saw her Side-face only; and attributed this Countenance of hers to the bare Surprise my Recital caused her.

You know what Danger I have been rescued from, continued I, I have but just escaped Death. Before I was ill, his Mother never sent me a Note, but he must also send me one, or write a few Lines at the Bottom of her Letters. And now this very Man, who has accustomed me to see him so very tender and regardful, who ought to have been so much alarmed at my dismal State, whom I could hardly think courageous enough to support his Terrors on my Account; who ought to have been transported with the Joy of seeing me out of Danger, would you believe it, Madam, this very Man has not as yet deigned to let me hear of him; he that loved me so much, has not wrote to me one single Line, not a single Note! Is that natural, pray? What would he have of me, and what could you yourself think of him in my Place?

I made a short Pause there, and so did Miss *Varthon*; but, she always left me somewhat behind her and stood mute, not turning her Head towards me.

No; not one single Letter, repeated I, he that was so lavish of them in much less urgent Cases! Again, I say, would you think it possible? Does then his Love diminish? Is he inconstant? Have I lost his Heart, instead of losing my Life, which I would much rather part with than with his Affection? Lord! How my Soul is troubled! But, heark ye, Madam, one Thought rises suddenly in my Mind; might he

not

not be sick? Might not Mrs. *De Miran*, who knows I love him, hide it from me? She loves me much herself, and may be afraid of giving me Grief: Nay, who knows but you have the same kind Regard for me? Possibly you have been desired, in order to hinder me from suspecting the Truth of the Matter, to suppose that Visit you told me Mr. *De Valville* paid you? For it seems to me altogether impossible he should be so very regardless; and I assure you I shall be less afflicted to hear of his being sick: He is young, Madam, and will resist the Illness; whereas, there would be no Remedy if he was inconstant: This last Motive of Uneasiness is much more poignant to me than the other would be: Therefore; own that he is not well; confess the Truth, for God's Sake; you will make me more easy by half, and I shall be discreet.

And then being impatient of her Silence, I took her Arm, and sat over against her, to oblige her to speak.

But, pray, judge of my Amazement, when instead of an Answer, I heard nothing but Sobs and Sighs, and saw her Face quite bathed in Tears.

Lord! Madam, said I turning pale, you are a crying; what does this mean? (A Question, indeed, which my Heart almost answered before-hand.) I suddenly guessed at the whole: My Eyes were opened; all that had passed during her Swoon came to my Mind again, and let me into the Matter.

We were at that Moment near an Elbow-chair into which she let herself fall: I sat by her, and cried as well as she.

Out with it, said I to her, you little need use any Disguise with me: I think I understand all this. Where did you see Mr. *De Valville*? Oh! the Wretch! Is it possible that he should love me no more!

Oh! that I had been sooner acquainted with what you have just told me, my dear *Marianne*, replied she!

Well, said I always insinuating; what's next? Tell me plainly, did you rob me of *Valville's Heart*? Say rather that I have lost my own, replied she.

How! cried I again, he then loves you and you him, how unfortunate I am!

We are much so both of us, said she. He has not mentioned you to me; I love him, and will not see him any more.

He will not love me the better, replied I shedding Torrents of Tears, he will not love me the better. Oh! my God! Where am I? What shall I do? Alas! my dear Mamma, I shall not then be your Daughter! Is it then in Vain you have been so generous to me! How! You are unfaithful to *Marianne*! You Mr. *De Valville*! You that loved her so much! You now forsake her! And is it you, Madam, that take him from me, is it you that have had the Cruelty to help me to recover! Oh that you had rather let me die! How could you imagine I should be able to live? I have placed my Affections on you both, and you both of you break my Heart and kill me. Lord! I hope I shall not survive this cruel Torture! God of his Mercy will grant me this Favour, and I already feel myself a dying.

Pray, lay nothing to my Charge, said she in the Tone of one in the utmost Anguish; I am not guilty of any perfidious Act; I will tell you all; he deceived me.

He deceived you! replied I; ah! Madam, why did you listen to him? Why did you love him? Why did you suffer him to love you? Your Mamma was but just gone, you was grieved to the very Heart, how could you have Courage enough to love any thing! Besides, he was not my Brother, you knew it very well, and you had found us together; he is a lovely Man, and I am young; could you not easily suspect that possibly we loved one another? Can you alledge any Excuse in your Favour? But let me ask you once more, where did you see him? You then knew one another? How came you to rob me of his Affection?

Affection? Never was a Man so tender as he, nor will he ever meet with any so tender as I was myself. He will lament me, but I shall be no more: He will recal to his Mind how much I loved him, he will mourn for my Death; it will make your Heart ake to see it; you will reproach yourself with having betrayed me, and you will never live happy.

I have betrayed you! Ah! my dear *Marianne*, is it probable I should own to you that I love him, had I not been deceived myself? Nay, is it not plain I shall fall a Sacrifice to all this? Try to calm your own Mind so as to hear me a Moment; you are too generous to be unjust; and yet you happen to be so. My Sincerity will soon convince you of it.

I never had seen *Valville* before the fainting Fit I had at parting with my Mamma. You know he helped me with great Eagerness.

So soon as I was come to myself again, the first Object that struck my Eyes was himself, who was at my Knees; he was holding my Hand. I don't know whether you observed the Manner in which he looked at me: But, weak as I was, I took Notice of it. He is lovely, you own it yourself; I found him so too. He never ceased to have his Eyes fixed on me, to the very Instant I entered the Convent; and, by a woful Fatality nothing of all this escaped my Notice.

I knew not who he was; and what you told me of your History was no Information to me as to that. 'Tis true, I now and then thought of him, but I did it as of one whom I had no Notion of ever seeing again. A few Days after a Nun came to tell me, that one, who was not named, wanted to speak with me from Mrs. *De Miran*. I was with you at that Time. Down I went, and it was he that waited for me.

I blushed when I saw him, he seemed under some Concern, and this gave me some Confusion. He asked me smiling, whether I knew him again, and whether I had forgot my having seen him? He told me that my Swoon had frightened him; that he ne-

ver was moved in his Life by any thing, as he was by the State he had seen me in ; that it was ever present to his Mind ; that his Heart had been struck with it, and then he begged my Pardon for explaining himself so openly upon that Subject.

Whilst she was speaking thus to me, she perceived not that her Words went to my very Heart : She heard neither my Sighs nor my Sobs : She cried too much herself to be able to take Notice of them ; and poignant as her Recital was, my Heart was nevertheless intent upon it, and could not renounce the Pangs and Twinges it felt at every Word she uttered.

For my part, continued she, I was so affected by all he said, that I had not the Courage to stop him. However, he did not tell me in plain Words he loved me, but I was fully sensible that this was all he would intimate, and he did it in such a Manner as I could not reasonably have been offended at.

I have held this here charming Hand with both mine, added he ; I have indeed : You saw me at your Feet when you began to open your Eyes ; I had much ado to leave that Posture, and I still prostrate myself in Thought before you whenever I think of it.

O Lord ! cried I at these Words, he prostrates himself before her ; he then threw himself at her Feet while I was a dying. Lord ! I must needs then be utterly banished out of his Mind, he never told me any thing so tender in his Life.

I don't recal the Answer I made him, said she going on ; all I remember is, that I concluded with saying that I must retire ; that this Conversation had lasted but too long, and he made his Apologies with a submissive and respectful Air, which appeased me quite.

I had risen already ; he spoke of my Mamma, and then of the eager Desire Mrs. *De Miran* had to see me at her House. He also mentioned the Marchioness of *Kilmore*, whom he was sure I knew, and to whom he told me he was also very well known ;
and

and this Lady is the same at whose House I have been three or four Times since your Recovery. He added that he saw one of her Kinsmen very often, and that they were to sup together that very Evening. In short, when I was ready to leave him, Madam, said he, I was going to forget a Letter which my Mother desired me to give you from her. He blushed in delivering it to me; I took it, as I earnestly thought it came from Mrs. *De Miran*: But far from it. He was no sooner gone, but I found it was a Letter of his. I opened it in my coming back to you, with an Intention to let you see it. I nevertheless did not do so, and you will see the Reason I had for it when I have shewed you the Letter.

She then fetched it out of her Pocket. Read this, said she, giving me the Letter. I took it with a trembling Hand, not daring to look at the Handwriting. I, at last, cast my Eyes upon it, and bathed it with my Tears. He writes, said I, but it is no longer to me, it is no longer to the unfortunate *Marianne*!

I was so penetrated with the Thought; it went so closely to my Heart, that I was for a great while almost suffocated with my own Sobs, without being able to begin the reading of this Letter, which was short, and ran thus.

MADAM,

“ I have not been myself ever since the Day of
 “ your sad Accident. I guessed, in my coming here
 “ to Day, that my Respect for you would hinder me
 “ from telling you of it; but I guessed likewise that
 “ both my great Trouble and submissive Countenance
 “ would acquaint you with the same. You have
 “ seen me trembling before you in Reality, and you
 “ would be gone presently. I am afraid this Letter
 “ will likewise offend you. However, my Heart
 “ will not be bolder in it than it was in your Presence;
 “ it trembles still: But I will tell you my Mind
 “ plainly. You have doubtless taken an Affection

“ for Mrs. *Marianne*; and it is likely enough that,
 “ at your leaving the Parlour, you will go and trust
 “ her with your Amazement, and perhaps, alas!
 “ with your Indignation on my Account; and you
 “ will wrong me in the Mind of my Mother, whom
 “ I should acquaint another time with my Secret,
 “ but whom it would not be proper to inform of it
 “ at present, and to whom, however, Mrs. *Marianne*
 “ would tell every Thing. I thought fit to warn
 “ you of this. My Secret slips from my Heart, I
 “ adore you, I did not dare to tell you so; but you
 “ know it; it would not be proper to declare it for
 “ the present, and you are generous.

I shall, my dear Friend, reserve the Sequel of this
 Event for my eighth Part. Going any further with-
 out concluding would be robbing you of the Pleasure
 of having a Concern for it. But, when will the
 History of that Nun you have promised me so many
 times, come? You will say. At last this will be the
 Place for it; I don't think I can any longer mistake
 it; doubtless *Marianne* is going to trust her with her
 Disaster, and she in Return will try to inspire her
 with some Motives of Comfort, in making her the
 Recital of her Adventures.

The End of the Seventh Part.

THE

THE
EIGHTH PART
Of the LIFE of
MARIANNE.

I Laughed most heartily, my dear Friend, at your being so very angry with my perfidious Lover. You ask me when the Sequel of my History will come. Make haste then to send it me, you say, for I wait for it with great Impatience: But pray no more of your Mr. *De Valville*; I beg you would skip all that relates to him; I hate the Thoughts of the Man, and will not hear any more of him.

However, my dear Lady, I must again mention him to you; but be easy about it: I shall, with one single Word, appease your Wrath, and render this Part of my Adventures most sufferable to you.

Valville is no Monster, as you imagine; he is not indeed. Nothing more common, Madam, than Men of the same Stamp. The World swarms with People like him, and it is only a Mistake, (a meer Mistake, I assure you) that raises your Indignation against him to such a Degree.

You imagined you read a Romance, instead of a true History: You forgot that I was telling you the Particulars of my Life; and that Notion caused you to be so much displeased with *Valville*; and I own, that in that Sense you was in the right to say, no more of your Monster! How! an unfaithful romantic Hero! Sure, never would such a Prodigy have
D 6 been

been seen before ! It is a settled Rule that they all of them are true : We are concerned for them upon no other Footing. Besides, nothing more easy than to make them such : It costs nothing to Nature ; Fiction alone is at the Expence of the Whole.

Yes, but — But be easy, I tell you, and come to the Point. I say, you put yourself quite off. I am telling you here Facts, whose Chain is such as the Instability of human Things is pleased it should be ; not a Series of imaginary Adventures, which may be managed at Pleasure. I am giving you the Picture, not of a fictitious Heart framed purposely ; but of the Heart of a Man, of a *Frenchman*, that has been really existent in our Days.

A Man, a *Frenchman*, and a contemporary of the Lovers of our Age ; this, Madam, is the Sum of what he was. He had but these three trifling Difficulties to conquer towards being constant ; and pray mind this, and never lose Sight of it. Be a meer Spectator of that genuine Heart which I now give you, such as it was ; that is, with its good and bad Qualities. You at first found it charming, and at present think it hateful, but by and by you will be at a loss how to stile it ; for I have not done yet, and our Conclusion is still a great Way off.

Valville who takes Fire in an Instant, and loves me with equal Suddenness and Vivacity, (a Love most commonly of short Duration, and much like those Fruits which are soon over, on account of their Prematurity) : *Valville*, I say, a very honest Man in the main, his frothy unsettled Temper excepted ; but a Man utterly liable to every Impression, who meets a languishing, nay, a dying Beauty, which touches his Heart to the quick, and snatches it from me : That *Valville*, Madam, has not renounced me for ever ; he is not at his last Bidding ; his Heart is not worn-out, it is only a little surfeited with the Pleasure of loving me, for having swallowed it too greedily at first.

But,

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But, never fear; he will revive his Stomach for it: He rambles only to take a little Rest; he fetches Breath again: He hunts after a new Beauty; and I shall become one again for him, nay one smarter than ever. He shall see me again, as it were under a Form not known to him yet. My Grief, and the several Dispositions of Mind he shall find me in, will alter me, lend me new Charms, and set me off; it will be the same *Marianne* no longer.

I jest upon it now, and wonder how I could resist it at that Time. Let us now proceed, and resume all the pathetick Strain of my Adventure.

We are now at *Valville's* Letter, which I was reading, and which I at last made an End of, notwithstanding the Sighs that suffocated me. Miss *Varthon* had her Eyes fixed on the Ground, and seemed to be in a deep Study while she cried.

For my Part, I remained almost senseless, with my Head leaning on the Back of my Elbow-Chair: I lifted it up at last, and fell on considering the Letter. Ah! *Valville*, cried I, Death was then the best Thing that could fall to my Lot! Don't grieve in this Manner, Madam, added I, turning to Miss *Varthon*; you will be soon both at Liberty to love one another; I cannot live long; and this, at least, shall be my last Disaster.

At this Discourse the young Lady awaken'd on a sudden from her deep musing; and then addressing to me with a stout Countenance: And why should you wish to die, pray? said she: Whom are you thus grieved for? Is a Man like him worthy of your Vexation and Tears? Is this the Man you professed to love? Is he the Man you took him for? Would you have valued him, if you had known him for such? Would you have placed your Affection in him? Had you accepted of his? 'Tis true you thought him lovely, and so I did once, but we were both deceived. Believe me, *Marianne*, this Man has no Character at all; he has not even an Heart: Having a Soul is the Reverse of his Behaviour. Your *Valville* is a despicable

cable Man. The Wretch! he loves you; he is ready to marry you: You are taken ill: He is told that you are in Danger of your Life: What then? Why, he forgets you: He chuses that very Time to come and tell me he loves me; me, I say, whom he had not seen above a Moment, who had not spoken two Words to him. What Kind of Love has he then had for you? And pray, what must I call that he has for me? How came he to take it into his Head to love me in such a Juncture? How? I will tell you; it is because he saw me a dying. It moved his weak trifling Soul, which can be tied to nothing, and is the Sport of every Thing it sees, that has any Singularity in it. Had I been in good Health, he had not so much as taken Notice of me; it was my fainting Fit made him a false Lover; and you, Madam, that are so capable of raising the tenderest Passions, lovely as you are; you, perhaps, must needs have been unfortunate, and have got a dangerous Fall at his Door, to have been able to fix such a Butterfly for a few Months. I own he looked much at you in the Church; but it is because you are handsome; and he had not loved you perhaps, had it not been for your Situation and your Fall.

He loved me however, cried I, interrupting her, he loved me, and you took him from me; I had not perhaps any other in the World to fear but you.

Let me make an End, replied she, I have not told you all. I own to you that I liked him; but don't you imagine he knows any thing of that; he has not the least Suspicion of it; you are the only one that can let him into what I told you; he is unworthy of being acquainted with it; and indisposed as you doubtless are now against me, I beg of you, Madam, to keep this my Secret, if not out of Friendship, at least out of Generosity. A young Lady of your excellent Disposition, need not love People, to deal well with them; especially when she has no just Motive of being displeased with them. Adieu, *Marianne*, added she rising, I leave you *Falville's* Letter, make

make what Use you please of it. Shew it Mrs. *De Miran*; shew it her Son; I consent to it. What he had the Boldness to write to me, cannot expose me upon any Account; and if my Testimony should happen to be of any Service to you, if you should desire me to appear, and publickly load him with Shame, I am so utterly incensed against him, I so little care to spare him, I so much despise him and his ridiculous Love, that I shall with great Pleasure join with you in your Revenge. For my own Part; I have taken a Resolution, and will not see him any more, unless you should require it of me. I shall even forget that I ever saw him, or if I happen to meet him, I shall not know him again: For flying from him would indeed be doing him too much Honour, he is not worth that Trouble. As for you, I don't take you to be ambitious or selfish; and if you are only tender and reasonable; believe me, my dear, you lose nothing: *Valville's* Affection is not what you ought to care for; he was not born to repay yours, and it is not in him, you are to place it. You must consider yourself as if you had had no Lover. For having a general one, is indeed having none at all. *Valville* was yours Yesterday, he is mine to Day, if I must believe him; to Morrow he will be another's, and will never be that of any Body. Leave him therefore to all the World, whose Property he is, and keep yours, as I do mine, for one that shall be able to give his to you, and never to any Body else.

After these Words, she came to me and embraced me, without my making the least Motion. I looked at her, and no more: I let my Eyes wander upon her: She took one of my Hands, which she pressed with her own. I let her do it, and had not Courage enough to give her an Answer, nor to return her her Careless; I knew not whether I must love or hate her, use her as a Rival or as a Friend.

However I think that, at the Bottom of my Soul, I had some Gratitude for the Demonstrations of Kindness and Sincerity I received of her, as well as
for

for the Resolution she had taken of never seeing *Valville* any more.

I heard her sigh when she left me. I shall not see you again till to Morrow, said she to me, and I hope I shall find you more easy, and fonder of our mutual Friendship.

To all this, no Reply from me: I only followed her with my Eyes, till she was out.

Now I am left alone, motionless as before, and still leaning backwards on my Elbow-Chair, wherein I remained nearly one half Hour and more, and in so great a Confusion of Thoughts and Motions, that I was almost stupified by it.

The Nun I have sometimes mentioned to you, who loved me as I indeed loved her, came into the Room, and surpris'd me in this Heaviness of both Heart and Mind. I did not stir a Bit though I saw her very well, and I think it would have been the same, if all the Nuns and Boarders had come all at once.

There are Afflictions that make us forget ourselves, and under which the Soul has no longer the Discretion to make a Secret of its dismal State; let who will come, we, at those Times, care not to become a Sight to others, as we are in a State of total Self-Dereliction; and so I was at that Moment.

This Nun amazed at my Statue-like Posture, my Silence, and my wild stupid Looks, came to me in a Kind of Fright.

My God! what's the Matter? What ails you, said she? Have you been ill just now?

No, replied I; and then stopt short.

But, what's the Matter then? You look pale, dejected, and are a crying, I think? Did you receive any bad News?

Yes, replied I again, and then held my Peace.

She knew not what to think of my Monosyllables, and of the stupid Air with which I uttered them.

At last, she perceived that Letter which was in my Lap. I was still holding it with a weak Hand, and had bathed it in my Tears.

Is

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Is this the Cause of your Distress, my dear Girl? added she, taking the Letter; May I read the Contents?

Yes. ('Tis I again who make her this Reply) Lord! who does it come from. Alas! — come from! I could say no more, my Tears suffocated me, and stopt all Passages for Words.

They moved her much; I saw her wipe her Eyes; and then she read the Letter. She easily guessed the Author, being acquainted with my Affairs; and found it contained a Declaration of Love; the Person to whom it was directed, was desired not to tell me any Thing of it; Mrs. *De Miran* likewise was mentioned therein, as one who must also be ignorant of the Matter; so that, adding to all this the Affliction I was in, it was plain that *Valville* had wrote the Letter, and I had just been apprized of his Perfidiousness.

Come, Madam, said she; this lets me into the whole Matter. You cry, you are under a Consternation; it is a mortal Blow indeed, and I have an hearty Share in your Grief: You are young, and want Experience: You are born with the sweetest Disposition, with a Soul downright, and void of Artifice; it is impossible this should not go to your very Heart: I therefore beg you would indulge your Grief in this first Instance, and give it Vent by your Sobs and Tears. I am no Stranger to your Situation, I went once through it, (a most sad Trial it was!) I was at first as dejected as you are: But a then Friend of mine, who was nearly of the Age I am now of, and who surprised me in the Condition I see you in, tried to ease my Grief. She talked Reason to me; she told me Things of the utmost Evidence; I listened to her, and at last she comforted me.

She comforted you! Madam, cried I looking up to Heaven, she comforted you! do you say?

Yes, replied she. You don't conceive it can be possible, and I was then of your Opinion.

Come, said this good Friend to me; let us see what it is you give yourself over to despair for?

Why,

Why, for the most frequent Occurrence in Life, for an Accident which is hardly of any Consequence to you. You loved a Man who loved you reciprocally, and who now leaves you, to place his Affection somewhere else; and you call that a great Disaster? But, are you very sure it deserves that Name? Nay, might it not possibly be the reverse? How do you know, that it is not an Advantage to you, that this Man should have ceased to love you? That you never would have repented to have married him? That his Jealousy and ill Temper, his Debauchery, and a thousand capital Faults he may be guilty of and you not know it, would not have made you grieve all your Life-time? You only consider present Time, but, pray, carry your Sight a little further. His perfidious Dealing may be a Favour God of his Mercy has bestowed on you. Providence, which governs all, is wiser than us; it sees what's our Advantage better than we possibly can, and ever loves us much better than we love ourselves, and you are now lamenting for a Thing that may in a short Time become Matter of great Joy to you. You must be fully persuaded, that it was decreed that you never should marry the Man we are now speaking of, and that you was not destined for his Wife; that it is the likeliest Thing in the World, that you will be a Gainer by this, as I myself have been, by not marrying a young and rich Gentleman, who loved me dearly as I did him, and who left me in the same Manner, to love another who is become his Wife, who is miserable in that Condition I once wished myself in; and who, before she was his, would have been so utterly extravagant as to give herself over to Despair, had he left her in her Turn. I love him, you will say, and as I have no Fortune, he would have made mine: Well and good: But was his Perfidiousness the only Thing you had to fear? Was he secure from all manner of Illness? Might he not die? And if this had been the Case, had all been lost for that? Were there no Resources left for you? And does his Unfaithfulness rob
you

you now of the Comforts you might then have had? Have you not all the same at present? You love him? Well; do you think you never will be able to love any Body else, and that all is over with you in this Respect? Lord, Madam, are there no other Men left on Earth, are there none as lovely and rich, nay, richer and of greater Distinction than himself, who will love you more, and among whom there will possibly be one whom you will love more than you ever did the other? What means this Consternation? Nay, at your Age, Madam, Lord! you are so young, you hardly begin to live. Every Thing smiles upon you; God has endowed you with Genius and Wit; with a noble Soul and a sweet Person; you have a thousand happy Prospects before you; and you give yourself over to Despair, because a Man, who possibly will come to you again, and whom you will no longer care for, happens to be false to you!

This is what my Soul was comforting itself with, at the first Instant of my Grief, added the Nun, and I shall repeat the same to you, when you are able to hear me.

Here I fetched one of those Sighs that slip from us, when we are told something which asswages our present Grief.

She perceived it. These Motives of Consolation affected me, said she going on, and they ought to have a still greater Efficacy upon you; whom they suit much better than they did myself. My Soul was speaking to me of my own Resources, and you have more of them than I had. I don't tell you this to flatter you: I was well enough in the main, but had neither your Person nor your Charms and Physiognomy: There is indeed no Comparison. As to the Mind, and the Qualities of the Soul, you have Proofs enough of the Impression you make upon every Body in this Respect: You see the Esteem and tender Love Mrs. *De Miran* has for you: I know not one reasonable Person in our House, that's not prejudiced in your Favour. Mrs. *Dorfin*, whom you mentioned to
me,

me, and who is reputed so good a Judge of true Merit, would be another Mrs. *De Miran* to you, if you would have it so: You pleased every one of those that saw you at her House: It was the same wherever you appeared; this I know very well: I don't reckon myself for any Thing: However, I will not easily take an Affection for any Body: I am difficult to be pleased, and yet I had a Concern for you at first. Lord! who could do otherwise? What is it to you to have a Lover less? A Lover, I say, who dishonours himself in leaving you, who wrongs himself alone, not you, in so doing; and who, in my humble Opinion, is not the most considerable of all the Matches that will offer for you.

Therefore, be easy, *Marianne*, absolutely easy: Nor do you want any great Stock of Reason to be so in the present Juncture. A Grain of Spirit, together with what I have just told you, is more than sufficient to give you Comfort.

I looked at her then, half vanquished by her Arguments, and half softened with Gratitude for all the Trouble I saw her take to persuade me: I even let my Arm fall upon her, in a friendly Manner, that signified *I thank you; it is a sweet Comfort to me, to be in Hands like yours.*

This was indeed what I felt within me, and it shewed that my Grief was abating. We are very near being comforted, when we take an Affection for those who try to assuage our Grief.

This obliging Girl remained one Hour more with me, always telling me the most soothing Things in the World, which she had the Art to make me think very judicious. I really believe they were so, but it was necessary, in order to make me give Attention to them, that she should set them off with that affectionate Tone and good Nature with which she uttered them.

The Bell rung for her to go to Supper: As for me, I had still my Victuals brought me into my Room.

Well,

MARIANNE, &c. 69

Well, said she smiling, I am a going. But, it is no longer that unthinking Child you was when I came in which I now leave ; it is a reasonable Girl, who knows herself, and does herself Justice. Lord ! how wrong you were with your Sighs, and your dejected Countenance ! I won't pardon it to you very soon, I can tell you that, and I shall call you Huzzy a good while longer on that Account.

I could not, amidst all my Sadness, help smiling at this jocular Discourse, which, however, was not without some Force, and which insensibly disposed me to think, that in reality I had exaggerated my Disaster in my own Eyes. Sure, our Friends would never be so very jocular with us, if the Motive of our Affliction was so very weighty ? It is nearly a Thought like this which insinuates into the Mind, when we see our Friends comfort us in this light, free Manner.

Upon this she went away. A Lay-Sister brought me my Supper, and ranged a few Things in my Room. The good Girl was naturally gay. Come, come, said she to me, you are almost as fresh as a Rose already, the Illness is now a great Way off, there is nothing of it left ; won't you take a little Walk in the Garden after Supper ?

No, said I. I feel myself tired, and I think I shall go to Bed so soon as I have supped.

Well ! all in good Time, provided you sleep, replied she ; Sleeping is every Bit as good as Walking. And away she went.

You may judge that I supped but lightly ; for although my dear Nun had calmed my Mind a little, and enabled me to make myself easy, I still remained in a very deep melancholy.

I revolved in my Mind all her Discourses. You hardly begin to live, had she said ; and you are in the right, replied I to myself : My Fate is not decided as yet by this ; I must prepare myself for a great many more Events. Others will love me besides him ; he will be a Witness of it ; and they will
teach

teach how to value my Affection : For I must tell you by the by, that this happens very often in reality.

An inconstant Man is one who thinks he leaves you in a Desert as it were : when he happens afterwards to be replaced by another, then indeed he thinks himself much out in his Reckoning : He did not understand it so : It is an Accident he had not foreseen : He would fain say, Well, is it she ? he indeed knew not you had so many Charms !

New Thoughts succeeded to this in my Mind. Must I then lose him ? said I, Must I lose the loveliest, and (for all one can say) the tenderest of Men ? I never will find another like him. Ah ! Mr. *De Valville* ! the Charms of Miss *Karthon* will never be an Excuse for you ; and I shall perhaps have as many Partisans as she. Upon this I cried, and then went to Bed.

Among that Crowd of Thoughts which revolved in my Mind, there was one which I at last fixt upon.

How ! shall I, who have Reason and Virtue, who have a Character and Sentiments so generally esteemed, besides all the Charms of Youth in its Bloom People say I am possessed of ; shall I be so utterly base as to die of a Grief which possibly will be thought interested, and which, moreover, will serve to feed the Vanity of the Man, who deals so unworthily with me !

This last Reflection roused up my Courage. It had something noble in it, which made me fond of it, and inspired me with Resolutions that made me more easy and calm. I laid my Scheme, as to the Manner in which I should behave towards *Valville*, and speak to Mrs. *De Miran* in this Juncture.

I proposed to act with equal Spirit, Modesty, and Decency, and in a Manner worthy of that *Marianne* which was so highly esteemed ; in short, I resolved to have such a Deportment, as would, in my Opinion, be much properer to cause *Valville* to regret me, if he had any Soul left in him, than all the Tears I could shed ; which often degrade us in the Eyes of

the very Man we regret, and may at least lay a Varnish of Disgrace over our Charms.

Thus enthusiastically enchanted with my own little generous Scheme, I insensibly fell asleep, and did not awake again till late; but then I sighed the Minute I opened my Eyes.

Let the Industry with which we endeavour to encourage ourselves in a Situation like mine be ever so great, we are liable to frequent Relapses; and all those little Bits of Rest, we in a manner create, are vastly volatile. The Soul enjoys them only *en passant*, and knows very well she is no otherwise easy, than by means of a winged Imagination, which she ought to keep up, but which constrains her too much; so that she always comes again to the State which is more natural to her, *viz.* being agitated.

This is what happened to me. I reflected, not only that *Valville* was a false Man, but also that Mrs. *De Miran* should no longer be my Mother. I, not be her Daughter! I, not enjoy the Apartment she had shewed me at her House! O! Lord! is it possible!

Pray, Madam, remember that I might from this Apartment have passed into hers. How delightful that was! She had told me so in the most tender Manner; I had flattered myself with it, I depended upon it, and I must give it over! *Valville* no longer intended this should come to pass; and I had not thought of this Article in my little Scheme of the Night before.

Nay, that Picture of my Mamma, Madam, what will become of it, of that dear Picture which I had begged for, which she had given me her Word would be put into my Room, which perhaps was there already, but alas! to no Purpose for me? What a World of Grief! New Sorrows rushed upon me every Moment.

I expected Mrs. *De Miran* that Day, but not sooner than the Afternoon, and yet she came in the Morning.

My

My Nun, who had visited me a few Minutes after I was dressed, and whose Conversation had given me still more Comfort; that Nun, I say, was hardly gone, when I saw Miss *Varthon* come in.

It was but eleven in the Morning: She seemed to me cast down, but less melancholy than the Day before. I made her a Reception which could be called neither cold nor kind; it had something very languishing in it, and really, I saw her with some Concern, notwithstanding all she had told me. I don't know whether she perceived it. But she seemed not to take any Notice of it.

I thought it behoved me to apprize you of one Thing, said she to me with an open Countenance, through which however some Concern did break, *viz.* that I have just left Mr. *De Valville*.

She stopt there, as one who was ashamed herself of the News she had told me.

This Beginning, so very surprizing to me after what she had told me on that Subject, made me sigh at first. I readily believe it, replied I in the utmost Consternation.

Pray, don't condemn me without hearing me, said she with some Eagerness; I had given you my Word I would see him no more, and it was my Intention: But I did not guess it was he waited for me in the Parlour. (In this she spoke truth, as I knew it since.)

I was told that one wanted to speak with me from Mrs. *De Miran*, continued she; and you are sensible I could not avoid appearing. It would have been very rude, and even very unkind, to refuse coming down, without alledging any good Excuse. So that I was obliged (though with some Reluctance) to shew myself; for I hesitated at first, as one who seemed to have some Misgiving of what was going to happen. Judge of my Amazement when I found Mr. *De Valville* in the Parlour.

You then retired immediately, replied I with a weak trembling Voice? I had indeed undoubtedly
done

done it, said she with a Blush? But the Moment I saw him, I could not resist a sudden Impulse of Indignation that seized me, and which was very natural: Would not you have done the same? No, said I, your retiring had expressed a much greater Indignation.

Possibly it might, replied she: But, pray, put yourself in my Place, with the Opinion I had of him.

This Word (I had) made me tremble: It was ominous indeed.

You are very bold, Sir, said I to him (it is she that speaks) thus to come and impose upon me a second Time, after the Letter you wrote me, which you made me take only by deceiving me. Do you come for an Answer to it? If so; you will not stay long for that; your Letter, Sir, and your Visits offend me much. The little Service you have done me, and which I was thankful for, did not entitle you to dispense with the Regard you owed me, especially in the Circumstance of your actual Engagement to a young Lady, whom you cannot forsake without being false. It is she you ought to visit here, Sir, not me, who am not born to be the Object of so injurious an Intrigue.

This I was glad to tell him before I should leave him, added she, after which I fetched a few Steps to retire without deigning to listen to him; and I was ready to go out, when I heard him say: Ah! Madam, you throw me into Despair; but he did it with so loud and so woful a Voice, that I thought I must stop, for fear he should cry out a second Time, and it should become a Scene for the House; which would have been mighty disagreeable.

No, no, said I to her, he is no mad Man. So much Prudence was not necessary.

I beg your Pardon, replied she with some Confusion, I beg your Pardon. The Nun that looks to the Turn, or any one in the Yard might have come at the Noise, and I should have been quite out of Countenance;

tenance; and so, it was wiser to stay for one Moment; for I did not think it would last longer.

Well, Sir, what is it you want of me, said I to him always in the same Tone? I have nothing that you can inform me of.

Alas! Madam, I protest I have but one single Word to say to you. But one Word? Said I; Come back for God's Sake! said he with so wild an Air and so much Agitation, that it was not possible for me to go any further; I should have run too great a Risk.

Well, Sir, said I coming back to him, what is it then you would say?

I came, replied he, to let you know, that my Mother will call here between eleven and twelve, with an Intention to carry you along with her and *Marianne* to dine at her House: She did not commission me to inform you of it, but I thought you would give me leave to let you know it before-hand.

This was not worth your Trouble, Sir, said I; Mrs. *De Miran* does me a great deal of Honour, and I shall see what I must resolve. Is this all, Sir?

How! You asked him if that was all? You will then never have done, said I to Miss *Varthon*.

Lord! said she, it is the Reverse; *is this all* signified only that he tired my Patience. I said so, merely to have a Pretence to run away: for I was always afraid of his wild Looks; one does not know what to do with Tempers so very unruly. And then always assuring me that he should soon have done; he began a Discourse which I was obliged to hear from the Beginning to the End. It was his Justification on your Account, occasioned by my having dropped something about Perfidiousness: And you easily judge that his Arguments did not persuade me he was as excusable as he thinks himself to be: But I must own I did not find him quite so culpable neither, as I took him to be.

O! my Saviour! cried I in this Place, without lifting up my Eyes, which I had fixt on the Ground all this while, out of meer Regard for her (that is, to spare her such Glances as should have told her: *You are a downright Hypocrite.*) O my God! not quite so culpable! Lord! you despised him so much Yesterday! added I.

'Tis very true, indeed, replied she; I despised him; he seemed to me the unworthiest Man living; nor do I pretend that he is no Way in the wrong; I only say that he is less so than we imagine; and I even say this to lessen the Affliction you are in, by rendering his Behaviour less shocking to you: It is meer Friendship that makes me speak this. Pray, listen to the End. You looked upon him as a false fickle Man, who changed on a sudden; and there is no such Thing; this has a remoter Origin: It is some time since he endeavoured to alter his Sentiments for you. This he told me himself with almost Tears in his Eyes: It was even a little before you was ill, that he strove against his Love which they reproached him with: He tried to make a Diversion, by loving something else: He only wanted an Object; he saw me; I did not displease him; he felt that slight Preference which he gave me over the rest; and he seized the Occasion to fix on me: That is all.

Lord! Madam, said I, interrupting her! Is this what you would have me listen to? Is this the Comfort you bring me?

Why, replied she, I think it is, or at least I fancied it was one. Is it not much more comfortable to you to think, that he did not leave you out of any Inconstancy, or for want of Love; nay, that he even left you with great Reluctance, and did it only from Motives which he thinks reasonable? I am much mistaken, or you will think them so yourself, if you are pleased I should tell them to you, to remove the bad Opinion you entertain of him: I, indeed, aim at nothing else.

Pray, now let us see : You told me your History, my dear *Marianne* ; but there are many minute Articles of it, which you only glanced upon, which are vastly important, and may have been prejudicial to you. *Valville*, who loved you, did not mind them ; he did not care for them, and was much in the right for it. But your History has blazed abroad : Those minute Articles are actually known to all the World ; and all the World is not *Valville*, nor Mrs. *De Miran* : People that think generously are very scarce. That Linen-draper with whom you lived as her Shop-maid ; that good Monk who went to beg the Assistance of one of *Valville*'s Relations in your Favour ; that Convent where you went to beg to be received out of Charity ; that Scene of the Linen-draper who knew you again at a Lady's called Mrs. *De Fare* ; your being snatched away from this House ; your appearing at the Minister's before so large a Company ; that little insignificant Man that was designed for you instead of *Valville*, and an hundred other Things, which indeed cause your Character to be praised ; and shew that you are the most valuable Girl in the World ; but which at the same time are mortifying, and depress your Merit though very unjustly ; and which it is a sad Thing the World should know, on Account of the Vanity of Men in general ; all these Things, I say, have been represented to *Valville*, who gave me an Account of them. You cannot imagine all that has been said to him on that Subject, how much Mrs. *De Miran* is blamed, nor how much this young Gentleman is teized by every one, about his Design to marry you. His Friends break with him ; his Relations will not see him, but on Condition he shall renounce his Project : Nay, the very People who are no way concerned in it laugh at him : In short, he must bear the most mortifying Things, and go through endless Insults. How ! A Girl that has nothing ! they say ; a Girl who knows not who she is ! Lord ! Sir, how will you have the Face to shew her to the World ? She is virtuous, you say ; but are the Women

men of her Kind the only Women that have Virtue? Is there none lovely but your Orphan Girl? She loves you, you say again; but what could she do better? Is this a Love so very flattering? Can you be certain that she would have loved you had she been your Equal? Has she had the Liberty of Choice? How do you know that the needy Condition she was in, did not stand to her in lieu of an Inclination for you? One Day or other, (they with equal Malice and Sottishness are pleased to add) one Day or other, all these Things will come into your Head: You will come to a Sense of the Affront you are now putting upon yourself, you will, indeed Sir: At least, go and live somewhere else; leave your own Country, and go and hide yourself with your Wife, to avoid the Scorn you will bring upon you: But, do not hope (to what Place soever you may repair) to avoid the Misfortune of hating her, and of cursing the Day you knew her first.

Now, indeed, I could hear her no longer: I had held my Peace during all the mortifying Expressions she had used to me; she had gone through a long Enumeration of my Misfortunes. What would it have availed me to stand in my own Defence and make Complaints? It was no longer doubtful that I had to deal with a Girl who was resolved to give Way to her own Inclination. I saw very well, that *Valville* had cleared himself in her Opinion; and that she tried to clear him in mine, for no other Purpose but to free herself from the Necessity of despising him as much as she had taken upon her to do. I saw it very plain; and my Upbraidings would have been of no manner of Signification.

But that Hatred which she was barbarous enough to mention, and which *Valville* was foretold he would in Time have for me; those Curses she said he must soon or late pronounce against the Day of our first Acquaintance, went through my very Heart, and wore out my Patience.

This is indeed more than Flesh and Blood can bear, Madam, cried I; it is too much by a great deal! He! to hate me! He! to curse the Day he saw me first! And you have the Heart to acquaint me with it, to come and fill my Mind with this horrid Thought, under the Pretence of being my Friend; nay, of giving me Comfort, you say, and to lessen my Affliction! And you think that I don't understand you; that I don't see the very Bottom of your Heart? My God! How can you torture me in this Manner? Can't you love him, without killing me? You insist on his not being guilty, and would fain have me acknowledge his Innocence. Well, Madam, I do: He is not culpable: give him your Esteem again: He has done very well: He ought to have been ashamed of loving me: I grant all this to you, and let your Enumeration of that World of Reproaches which our Marriage would bring upon him, pass. Yes, Madam, I am quite sunk into nothing; the meanest Person in the World is above me; I have subsisted hitherto upon Charity; People know it, and reproach me with it: You repeat it to me; in short you crush me to Pieces, and that's enough I think: I am sufficiently abased; sufficiently convinced that it was *Valville's* Part to forsake me, and that he might do it without being a whit less honourable: But, you threaten me with his Hatred and Curses! Me, I say, who make you no Reply, who am now a dying! Again, it is more than Flesh and Blood can bear; God will avenge me, Madam, he certainly will. You might have justified *Valville*, and insinuated that his Passion for you is not blameable, without coming to kill me with the Repetition of that barbarous Prophecy they make to him on my Account. It is yourself, perhaps, he will hate, Madam, it is, perhaps, yourself, and not me; take Care, Madam, take Care!

This violent Sally stunned her quite: She did not expect she should be so well guessed, and I saw her turn pale and blush successively.

You are a very wrong Interpreter of my Intentions, replied she with a troubled Countenance! Lord! What violent Transports are these! I crush you, I tear your Heart, and God will punish me: That's very strange indeed! And what should he punish me for, pray? Have I had any Share in your Disasters? Am I answerable for the Notions People inspire this young Man with? Is it my Fault, that they make an Impression upon him? And in the Main, is it any Wonder that he should be struck with them? This (I must tell you again) changes all: There is much less Infidelity than Weakness in his Case, and it is impossible to pass any other Judgment upon him. Those who speak to him are more blameable than himself; and it is plain that he is not a false Man, but only one that has had bad Counsel. I hoped to please you in telling you of it, and that was all my Cunning: All indeed, Madam. I wish he had resisted all that was said to him; he would be more worthy of Praise if he had: But I cannot think that either you or I have any Right to despise him for that: All the World will excuse his Fault: It will not sink him in the Esteem of any Body; that's my Opinion of the Matter; and if you are equitable, it must also be yours for your own Ease and Tranquillity.

I should be still more easy if this Conversation was at an End, said I all in Tears.

Oh! just as you please, replied she, it will not go any further, and I give you my Word I never will resume it. Your humble Servant, Madam, added she retiring. I only stooped low, and let her go.

You will think perhaps that I am ready more and more to give myself over to Grief. At least, you see that this is a new and no inconsiderable Matter of Sadness.

False as *Valville* was, I could not, before this Conversation, absolutely say that I had a Rival. He loved Miss *Varkon*, 'tis true, but she was not less my Friend for that. She would not so much as hear of him; she despised him, and would fain persuade me to

do the same : And this, I say, could not be called a true Rival ; whereas she at present is a most complete one. Miss *Varthon* loves *Vakville*, and will love him : She is resolved to do it : Her Discourses tell me so, and in all Likelihood, this must be a new Increase of Despair to me. I shall (doubtless you think so) begin again to cry my very Eyes out ? Not at all.

A Minute after she was gone out of my Room, my Tears ceased insensibly. This new Addition of Grief stopt them, and took from me all Strength to shed any.

When any Misfortune which we think was extreme, and which makes us wild, becomes still greater, our Soul seems to give over grieving for it any more. The Excess of it brings her to Reason : It is no longer worth her while to vex herself for it : She yields to it, and holds her Peace. There is no other Choice left for her ; and I took that, even unknown to myself.

In this kind of cool Blood it was, that I clearly contemplated my own Fate : I convinced myself that there was no Remedy left for it : And I consented to endure my Disaster with Patience.

So that I got off with the deepest Melancholy, but yet remained calm and tractable : Which however was a State less dismal than that of one in Despair.

I was in those Terms with myself, when that Lay-Sister, who had brought me my Supper the Night before, came into my Room. Mrs. *De Miran* is here, said she ; and then she added ; and one wants you in the Parlour : Which meant not that it was Mrs. *De Miran* that waited for me there.

But I thought so, however ; the more, because Miss *Varthon* had told me, that she was to come and fetch us both to dine at her House.

I then went down ; and notwithstanding that gloomy Calmness I have told you I was in, I went with some Emotion, and my Eyes became wet in the Way.

This so very tender Mother thinks she comes to see her Daughter, and knows not that she is paying a Visit

to *Marianne* only, and that she never will be any thing more than *Marianne* for her.

However, I resolved not to inform her as yet of any thing : I had my own Schemes ; and this was not the Moment I would pitch upon for that. ✓

I am now at the Parlour-Door. I wiped my Eyes there, trying to put on a chearful Countenance ; and after having fetched two or three Sighs together, to give my Heart a little more Ease, I went.

A Curtain drawn on my own Side upon the Grate of the Parlour, still hid from me the Person whom I was going to speak to : But having it in my Thoughts that it was *Mrs. De Miran*.

Is it then yourself, my dear Mamma, cried I advancing towards that Grate : I had like to have torn the Curtain, which offered *Valville* to my Eyes, instead of *Mrs. De Miran* :

My God ! cried I again with a sudden Start !—— I really was so seized with Surprize at the Sight, that I remained a long while with my Head down, quite stunned, and perfectly speechless.

What is the Matter, my fair *Marianne*, said he ? Why, 'tis I ? Was you not told so ? How enchanted I am to see you ! Alas ! you seem to me very weak still ; my Mother is in a Parlour next to this with *Mrs. Dorfin*, to speak to one of the Nuns, to whom she had something to say from a Relation of hers : And she commissioned me to come in the mean time, and tell you that she should be here in a Moment, and intended to take you and Miss *Varthon* along with her ; But I am afraid you are not well enough yet to venture abroad : think of it, however : Will you go and dress ?

No, Sir, said I, recollecting myself a little, but breathing with some Difficulty ; no, I shall not dress, I am still but in a Way of Recovery, and *Mrs. De Miran* will give me leave to remain as I am.

Oh ! To be sure, replied he. Well ! added he of a Breath, in the Tone of one who strives to put on an Air of Vivacity, of one who would fain speak though

he knows not what to say. How do you find yourself? I don't know whether I am mistaken or not; but one would think that you are melancholy: May be a little Weakness still gives you this languishing Look, for I don't suppose any thing vexes you.

I saw very well he said this, because the Reception I made him, and my cast-down Look, doubtless gave him some Concern.

Not that he thought that Miss *Varthon* had told me his Secret: She had concealed from him what had passed between us upon that Subject, and had given him to understand, that she knew not our Engagements any otherwise than by a friendly Conversation in which I had trusted my Secret to her: But, however every thing raises the Jealousy of a culpable Soul; Miss *Varthon* might very well, by some Words imprudently dropt, have given me some Insights: And this was what he apprehended.

Hitherto, I had not dared to look at him: I did not care he should see in my Eyes that I knew every thing, and I was afraid I should not be able to dissemble it with him.

I thought at last that I could depend upon myself, and I lifted up my Eyes to answer what he had been just saying.

When People are but just recovered of so great an Illness as mine was, replied I examining how he looked himself, they are so very faint, that it makes them appear melancholy.

Ah! Madam! How difficult it is to commit a perfidious Act with a bold Countenance! The Soul must needs find itself greatly dishonoured by that Crime; it must needs have an exceeding Vocation to Truth, since it is so very difficult for her, to overpower the Confusion she has of being false.

You must know that *Valville* could not bear my Looks, and never durst fix his Eyes on me, notwithstanding all the Assurance he strove to put on.

In short, I did not know him again: It was no more the same Man: There was no longer any Openness,

ness, Sincerity, or Satisfaction in that Physiognomy, formerly so expressive of the tenderest Sentiments when I was present. All the Characteristicks of Love were banished out of it; it betrayed nothing but Confusion and Imposture: I found nothing but Coldness and Constraint in that Face, which however he strove to enliven, that I might not see the Trouble, Indifference, and Driness of it. Alas! I could not hold it out, and I soon cast my Eyes down not to see him any more.

I sigh'd in the mean time: Indeed, I could not help it. He observed it, and it gave him a new Concern.

Have you any Difficulty to breathe, *Marianne*, said he to me? No, replied I, 'tis all Weakness: And then, we were both silent for a little while; which happened more than once.

These short Pauses had something very odd in them: We never had known them in our former Interviews; and the more they put my false Man out of Countenance, the more frequent they became.

For my part; all I was able to prevail on myself, was to be silent on the Matter of my Grief, and the rest went as it could.

Your languishing Condition makes me sad myself, said he: We were assured that you was much better recovered, (how cold all this was!) Do you take any Recreation in your Convent? You have some Friends there.

Yes, replied I, I have a Nun who loves me much, and then I see Miss *Varthon*, who is very agreeable. She seems to be so, said he, and you may judge of it better than I.

Have you sent her Word, said I to him? Does she know that Mrs. *De Miran* is a coming to fetch her? Yes, replied he; I think my Mother desired she should be told of it.

You will be glad to be better acquainted with her, said I.

Why! I have seen her here once or twice from my Mother, replied he, and to ask her how you did while you was ill; don't you know it? She must have told you so?

Yes, replied I, she spoke to me of it. And then we remained silent; he still out of Confusion, and I half out of Sadness and half out of Discretion.

Well, but now, Madam, endeavour to grow quite well again, said he: And then: Methinks I hear my Mother in the Yard; let's see if I am mistaken, added he, to have an Occasion to go and look at the Window.

Now, this little Motion spared him a few Words, which he must needs have spoken to keep up the Conversation: At least it entitled him to speak to me at a Distance, upon that Subject which he was to see or not to see in this Yard.

Yes, said he, 'tis my Mother with Mrs. *Dorfin*. They are now coming up; and I shall go and open the Door.

And so he did accordingly, without my saying a Word to him. I was smothering my own Sighs, whilst he ran thus from me: He even went down a few Steps, to help up Mrs. *Dorfin* who was coming first.

Here is then the dear Child at last, said she to me coming in, and giving me her Hand: We shall not lose her, thanks be to Heaven. We were to come only this Afternoon, Madam, added she: But I told your Mamma that I would by all Means dine with you, to see you the longer. She is better than I thought, said she, addressing to Mrs. *De Miran*; she recovers apace, and is hardly altered.

I don't remember what I answered. *Vakville* was by Mrs. *Dorfin*, and looked at me smiling, as if he had also been vastly pleased to see me. I see thou didst not dress, Daughter, said Mrs. *De Miran*, I had sent *Vakville* to tell thee I should come and fetch thee.

At these Words, which she spoke most affectionately, and that Name of Daughter which she gave me with so much Sincerity, I let a few Tears drop, and mean

mean while I saw *Valville* blush : I don't know why he did so : Perhaps he was ashamed to see me moved to so little Purpose, and to think that this sweet Epithet of Daughter would at last be of no Signification.

Indeed, said Mrs. *Dorfin*, your Daughter loves you too much for the State of Recovery she is in : She needs not give herself so much Emotion, and I am afraid it will hurt her : Stay, till she is quite well again ; and then let her cry as much as she pleases for the Joy of seeing you : But no softening of Heart till then if you please. Come, Madam, endeavour to cheer up, and let's be gone ; for it grows late.

I stay for Miss *Varthon*, said Mrs. *De Miran*. As for thee, added she, we shall carry thee just as thou art : Thou needest not go up to thy Room again, is it not true ?

Alas ! I tremble, notwithstanding our eager Desire of seeing her, that she never will be able to come, said *Valville* quickly, who under the Pretence of having a Concern for my Health, very likely had no other Aim, but to supply me with an Excuse for not going, which he hoped I should lay hold of ; but he was mistaken.

I beg your Pardon, Sir, replied I ; I am not ill at all ; and since the Lady is so good to excuse my Dressing (pray observe that the Epithet of *Lady* was for my Mamma) I shall be very glad to go with her.

What dost thou mean with thy Lady, replied Mrs. *De Miran* smiling, whom dost thou speak to ? Thy Illness has made thee very grave ! Say rather very respectful, Mamma : I can never be too much so, added I with a Sigh which I could not forbear fetching : It did not escape Mrs. *Dorfin*'s Notice, and confounded the uneasy and guilty *Valville*. It put him quite out of Countenance ; and really there was some Reason for it. This Sigh, together with that Respect to which I confined myself, did not seem to be of any Signification. Mrs. *Dorfin* observed likewise that it had troubled *Valville* : I saw it very plainly by the Manner in which she observed us both.

Mrs.

Mrs. *De Miran* was ready perhaps to make me some further Reply, when Miss *Varthon* came in, in a very decent and very elegant Negligence.

Having foreseen, that I might very well, notwithstanding all my Grief, go and dine at my Mamma's; doubtless she had, for my Sake, forbore putting on a greater Attire; and was contented with a very plain Garb, which seemed to exclude all Design of pleasing; or which, reasonably speaking, left me no Reason to accuse her of any such Intention.

I presently guessed at this apparent Regard of hers for me: But I was not imposed upon by it.

A jealous and betrayed Lover is still sharper-sighted in a Case like this, than a beloved one. And so, I was not deceived by her Negligence. I saw in a trice that this was not a sincere one; and that she had endeavoured to lose nothing by it. The young Hussy had consented to deprive herself of a shewy Attire, but not to eclipse the least of her Charms.

And I who had not changed any thing in the Dress I had put on at my getting out of Bed; who had barely thought of clapping on a Drudge of a Gown; I who was so much altered and lean, whose Eyes were quite dull, together with the Face of one who is but just recovering from an Illness, and of one besides who is in the utmost Grief, (what a World of dismal Accidents at once this was!) I, (I say and frankly own it,) had some Mortification, to appear by her with so much Disadvantage, and thereby to promote *Valville's* Justification myself.

Let a Lover leave and prefer another to us; well and good: But let him, at least, be in the wrong for doing so. Let it be the Fault of his Fickleness, and not of our Charms; in short let his deserting be an Injustice done us: What lesser Comfort can one require. But methought I could not, in this Respect, say that *Valville* was unjust.

So that I repented my having consented to dine at Mrs. *De Miran's*: But there was no going back from my Promise.

And

And then, on the other Hand, there were a great many Things to be alledged in my Behalf : My Rival, in the Main, had not so great a Reason to triumph over me. If she shone more than I did it was not owing to her being more lovely : But only to her being in good Health, whereas I had been very ill. I was not obliged to have all my Charms ; but she could not dispense with having hers ; and them she had every one : This was the whole Sum of them, and they went no further ; whereas nobody knew how far mine might go, when they should be restored.

I shall not repeat all the Compliments these Ladies made her. It was Time to go, and we both went out of the Convent to step into the Coach.

Dinner was put upon Table a few Minutes after we had alighted.

I am afraid this little Girl is not well recovered, said Mrs. *De Miran* looking at me after Dinner was over : She has I don't know what melancholy Look which does not please me at all : Was she so in your Convent, Madam, said she addressing to Miss *Varthon* who blushed at the Question.

Why, Madam, pretty near the same, replied she ; she has much ado to recover : However, there are Moments at which it is nothing at all : Her Illness has been long and very great.

Mrs. *Dorfin* was silent, and had not ceased to examine us, both *Vakville* and myself. The Weather being very fair when we left the Table, we went to take a Walk on the Terrafs of the Garden. The Conversation began with general Topicks ; and then Miss *Varthon* was asked News of her Mamma ; they talked of her Voyage, her Return, and her Affairs.

While they were on this Subject, I made as if I had some Curiosity to see a green Arbour that was at the End of the Terrafs : I think it is very pretty, said I to *Vakville*, to oblige him to hand me thither.

No, replied he, there is no great Rarity in it. But, as I got up, he could not avoid following me, and

I thus took him from the Rest of the Company.

I beg your Pardon, said I to him as we walked; they are upon Topicks which perhaps are of concern to you; but I shall not detain you above an Instant.

You joke, said he with an unnatural Countenance, don't you know what Pleasure I have in being with you?

I made no Reply: We were just going into the Arbour, and my Heart went pit-a-pat; I knew not how to begin with what I had to say.

A propos, said he himself, (and you will judge if *a propos* was a proper Introduction of what he would speak of) do you remember that Post which I intend to have?

If I remember it, Sir? Doubtless I do, replied I; it was this put a Delay to our Marriage; Is it concluded, or ready to be soon so, Sir?

Alas, no! replied he, there is nothing determined as yet: We are just a little less forward than at first; I don't doubt but my Mother will speak of it to you: Oppositions and Difficulties came in the Way, which retard the Conclusion, and which by great Misfortune may put it off still longer.

Now you are to observe, that these were Difficulties of his own procuring, and the Result of his Intrigues, and those of his Friends, all unknown to Mrs. *De Miran*, as will appear afterwards.

There are Creditors and Heirs that stop us, said he; we must make them agree, and 'tis likely they will not do it so soon. I am vastly sorry for it; it grieves me to the utmost Degree, added he, fetching two or three Steps to go out of the Arbour.

Stay a Moment, Sir, said I, I am a little tired, let us sit down. Pray, why are you vexed at these Difficulties?

Why! replied he, don't you guess at the Reason? That Marriage which they retard, you easily judge I should be glad it might be concluded; I even had a Mind to propose the Conclusion to my Mother, till

the Post could be obtained ; but I thought it proper afterwards, to keep to my Mother's Decision upon it, and not to be too pressing with her : I'n't it true ?

Ah ! there is nothing to be feared from her, said I ; the Marriage will never miscarry on her Account.

No, sure, said he, nor on mine neither ; and I think you are convinced of it : But for all that I am provoked at this Delay, and I wish my Mother had been of Opinion not to put it off : She did not consult my Love for that.

I thought I must lay hold of this Moment to speak plain to him. What Love then do you speak of, Sir ? replied I, meerly to enter upon the Matter.

What Love ? replied he, Why mine, Madam, my Sentiments for you. Is my loving you a new Thing to you ? And do you impute to me the Obstacles that put a stop to an Union which I am still fonder of than yourself ?

In answer to this, I presently fetched a Paper out of my Pocket, and gave it him : It was the Letter he had wrote to Miss *Varthon*, and which, you know, had remained in my Hands.

As I gave it him quite open, he presently knew it. Judge what Confusion he fell into at this Sight. There is no Expression that can come up to it : He had raised any one's Pity but mine. However, he tried to come to himself again.

Well, Madam ! What Paper is this ? What would you have me to do with it, said he, holding it with a trembling Hand ? Yes, yes, added he of a Breath, with a counterfeit Smile, and not knowing much what he was about ; I see very well : Yes, 'tis my Hand, 'tis my Letter ; I forgot to tell you of it ; 'tis but a Trifle. You was sick, our Conversation ran upon Love, and the Topick made me jocular, that's all. 'Twas already out of my Thoughts ; for you must know we met somewhere else, Miss *Varthon* and I : I saw her at Mrs. *De Kilaare's* : Lord ! every Body knows it, 'tis no Secret ; I did not see you,
and

and you know we pass away our Time as well as we can. But now I think of Mrs. *De Kilnare*, I long to see you acquainted with her : I even think I have mentioned you to her ; she is a Woman of great Merit.

I let him make an End of this Discourse, which was a meer Ramble, void of Sense and Connexion, and perfectly agreeable to the Disorder of his Mind. I was silent, and looked downward all the While.

When he had done, Sir, said I to him, without using any Reproaches, or taking him up for a single Word of what he had said, I must do Miss *Varthon* Justice : Don't accuse her of having made me a Sacrifice of your Letter ; she did not give it me out of any Contempt or Disdain for you ; I had it only in the Course of a Conversation which we had together Yesterday, and she knew not the Concern I had in you, nor that I was vain enough to think you had in me, I assure you.

Vain, do you say, Madam ? replied he with the Countenance of one utterly disordered : Vain ! sure there is no Vanity in that, 'tis a Fact, Madam.

Sir, replied I in a modest Tone, I beg you would be so good as to hear me to the End.

Miss *Varthon*, to whom you paid a Visit a few Days ago, told me, when you was gone, that she had just left Mrs. *De Miran's* Son, who came from her to ask how she and I did ; and she did not say a Word of the Letter you had given her : But Yesterday she was quite stunned, when she heard of our Marriage's being concluded.

Ahah ! stunned ! cried he aloud : And why so ? you surprize me ; What's that to her ?

I don't know, said I ; but, however, I took Notice on't : I asked her the Reason, I pressed her, she owned the Letter in her Hurry, and then shewed it me.

Well and good, replied he again, she was very welcome to do so, and this was not shewing you any Thing of very great Importance : What great Mystery

stery can there be in this Letter? She knows the full Meaning of it; and I had not desired her not to shew it.

I beg your Pardon, Sir; you have forgot that you desire it of her in the Letter itself, replied I softly; but let me make an end: I entered into this little Explanation, only that Miss *Varthon*, (in case she should love you, as certainly you have Reasons to hope she will) may not say that I spoke like one that is jealous, which would not do for a Girl like her.

But, what is all this? What do you mean with your Explanations and Jealousies? cried he. What would you be at? Indeed, Mrs. *Marianne*, you did not reflect upon it: Let me die if I can guess you: I don't indeed.

Lord! Sir, said I, let me tell you all: Who is she you thus vouchsafe to dissemble with? Have you forgot who you now speak to? Am I not still that *Marianne*, that little Girl who owes every Thing to your Family, who would have been at a Loss what to do with herself, had it not been for their Bounties? Do I deserve that you should trouble yourself with listening to Expostulations? No, Sir; don't interrupt me any more, Time is short: We must agree upon Something: You know the Disposition of your own Heart; but, pray consider, that Mrs. *De Miran* is ignorant of it; that she thinks you still in your former Sentiments; that, besides, she honours me with the utmost Affection; that she fancies I am to be her Daughter; that she longs I should be so; and that she might very well take the Resolution, not to stay till you have your Post to marry us; the more so, because you pressed her yourself so eagerly, not a great while ago, to conclude this Marriage, that she will think she fills you with Joy by forwarding it. Now, I would ask you, if you can go and tell her abruptly, that you are no longer willing it should be so? I know your Mother, Sir, her Heart is downright and virtuous. This would fill her with Grief, and cause her besides such a Surprise as might, perhaps, wrong
you

you in her Esteem. We must endeavour to make this Catastrophe a little less shocking to her: A Mother like yours is well worthy the Measures we may take to spare her any Trouble; and for my own part, I would not for the World be an Occasion of your incurring her Displeasure: It would break my Heart, indeed. Lord! who am I, to become the Subject of a Quarrel, between you and Mrs. *De Miran*? I, I say, who am beholden to you for her good Will, and for all the Favours I have received at her Hands? If it was so; then indeed you should have great Reason to curse the Day of your first Acquaintance, with the unfortunate Orphan Girl: But 'tis what I shall not be the Occasion of, if I can avoid it. Tell me then, Sir, how you would have me behave, and what Measures we are to take, to save you the Inconveniences I am speaking of. I shall do any Thing for you, except saying that I love you no more; which is not true as yet; and which I never would presume to say, after all that passed, though it were very true. But, this only Article excepted, you may tell me Word by Word, what you will think proper I should say; I leave it to you intirely, and it was only with an Intention to serve you, that I took the Liberty to take you aside: Therefore, Sir, I beg you would explain yourself.

Hitherto *Valville* had been standing his Ground to the best of his Power, and had had the Courage, I don't know how, not to own any Thing of what he was accused of: But what I had been just saying, made him quite unable to resist any longer: My Generosity crushed him, and sunk him to nothing before me. I saw a Man overwhelmed with his Shame; who dissembled it no longer; who yielded to it without any Reserve, and delivered himself up to the Mercy of the Contempt I was so well intitled to have for him: I made as if I did not see his Confusion: But, as he remained silent; be so good then, Sir, said I, to make me an Answer; What is it you would prescribe to me?

As you please, Madam; I am in the wrong, I can't speak. This was all he answered.

However, added I in a free and pressing Manner, it would have been proper to advise what I am to say. But he stood mute; nor could I get a Word more from him.

Miss *Varthon*, who had left our two Ladies, was coming towards us while they were walking.

Sir, said I to him, I shall (in the Uncertainty you leave me in concerning what I am to do) behave with as much Discretion as will be in my Power, and it won't be my Fault, if all this does not succeed according to your Desires.

As he remained still silent, and I was ready to leave him after these few Words, Miss *Varthon*, who was already at the Entry of the Arbour, made as if she was surprized to find us there, and at the same Time feigned not to dare to interrupt us.

I beg your Pardon, said she offering to withdraw, I knew not you were still there, and I thought you were gone down into the Garden.

You may very well come in, Madam, said I to her, our Conversation is finished, and you might have had your Share in it: The Gentleman will be witness, that nothing was said against you.

What do you mean by *against me*? replied she, Why, Madam, I don't doubt of what you say; for what Connexion could there be, between your Secrets and my Affairs?

I made no Reply, and went out of the Arbour, to return to the Ladies, who on their Part were coming to us; so that our two Lovers, whom I had just left, could at most remain but a single Moment together.

I don't know what they said to each other; but I heard them following me; and, as I listened, methought Miss *Varthon* was speaking pretty low to *Vakville*.

For my Part, I was coming with great Emotion from my little Expedition; but it was a pleasing Trouble, I assure you. That Dignity of Sentiments
I had

I had just shewed before my Traitor ; that Shame and Humiliation I had left in his Heart ; that Surprise he must have of the Nobleness of my Proceeding ; in short, that Superiority my Soul had assumed over his (a Superiority more moving than unpleasant, more lovely than conceited) all this worked upon me inwardly, by a soft pleasing Sentiment : I thought myself too respectable not to be regretted.

He could no longer (as I thought) love Miss *Varthon* as comfortably as he would have done. No ; that could not be. I could have defied him to forget me, and be in Peace with himself ; not to reckon that I intended not to see him any more, which would be an additional Punishment inflicted on him : So that, every Thing well considered, I really believe, that I fancied his Condition still more deplorable than mine, but that it was his own Fault indeed ; for why should he be a false Man, and not suffer for it ?

These were the little pretty Thoughts I was taken up with, as I advanced towards Mrs. *De Miran*, and you cannot imagine how greatly I was delighted with them, nor how much they allayed my Grief.

'Tis because Revenge is a great Comfort to all injured Hearts ; they must have one, let it be what it will, nothing but that can assuage their Pain. Some will have a cruel, others a generous one ; and my Heart, as you see, was of the latter Class : For, being contented with seeing *Vakville* exposed to Regret, was not wishing him a very great Evil.

I have told you already, that Miss *Varthon* and he followed me, and they were soon with us.

A cold Breeze arose that was none of the pleasantest. Let us walk in again, said Mrs. *De Miran*, and we took our Way to the Hall.

I observed, that Mrs. *Dorfin*, who had a true and kind Concern for me, and who, in Consequence of certain Suspicions that came into her Head, had been watching all our Actions, had her Eyes fixed on *Vakville* ; who, on his Part, turned his Head from us :

There remained still in his Countenance, an Impression of the several Emotions he had gone through.

Mrs. *De Miran* herself, who suspected nothing, very likely found so much Disorder in his Looks; that, coming near me,

Daughter, said she, lowering her Voice, *Valville* looks thoughtful and melancholy. What is it passed between you just now? What didst thou say to him?

Nothing but what he ought to have been very well pleased with, replied I; and I was in the right, for he had great Reason to be satisfied with me. I shall soon make him good-humoured again; I am resolved to it, said she without any farther Explanation; and then we all walked in.

When we had taken our Seats; *Marianne*, says Mrs. *De Miran* to me, Miss *Varthon* is a Friend, before whom I think we may speak of the Marriage agreed upon between you and my Son: I hope besides, she will do us the Honour to be present at the Ceremony: And so, I shall not make any Difficulty to speak my Mind before her.

The young Woman coloured at this Preamble; she guessed it would open a Scene, wherein she was afraid of being involved herself: However, she made a little Inclination of her Head, in return of the Confidence Mrs. *De Miran* was pleased to place in her.

You are a thinking of your Post, Son, continued the latter, and I was resolved not to marry you before you were actually provided with it: But I did not foresee all the Difficulties which come now across; and since they are without End; since we cannot tell when they shall be over, and they vex you to this Degree, all we have to do is to overlook them, and conclude the Marriage, using no other Caution, but that of keeping it secret for a while. I have already taken proper Measures, without telling you of it: Three or four Days will be enough to conclude! We shall set out from this House in the Evening for the Country. The Lady promised to be one of us, added she shewing Mrs. *Dorfin*; Miss will be so good
to

to do the same, (she spoke of my Rival) and all will be over the next Day.

Here *Valville* fell again into the same Agony and Trances I had thrown him in, but a Moment before. Miss *Varthon* coloured, and seemed at a Loss what Countenance to put on. For my Part, I held my Peace with the Air of one who was rather sad than pleased; nor was there any Malice in my Silence. My Love and Regard for Mrs. *De Miran*, and perhaps also my Love for *Valville*, robbed me of all Courage to speak, and tied my Tongue.

And so a short Space of Time passed, during which *Valville* and I did not open our Mouths.

He was the first, at last, that prevailed upon himself to break Silence; but he did it, not so much to give an Answer, as to utter a few insignificant Words, that might stand him in lieu of it; for he was determined upon none, and knew not what he was going to say: But, he could not avoid filling, some how or other, that surprising Vacancy occasioned in the Conversation by our Silence.

Ay, Mother, 'tis true, — you are in the right, — Nothing is more easy. — Yes, to the Country, to be sure — whenever we please. — We shall see.

How! What do you say? *We shall see?* replied Mrs. *De Miran*, in a Tone which signified, Lord! *Valville*, where are we? Are you absent? Did you hear what I said? What is it we shall see? Why, is not every Thing seen by this?

No, Madam, replied I then in my Turn, fetching a deep Sigh: No, your kind Love for me casts a Veil before your Eyes, and hides from you the Reasons which must by all Means put a Stop to this Marriage. I intreat you, by all the Favours you loaded me with, by the eternal Gratitude I shall have for them; by all the Concern you have for Mr. *De Valville*'s Well-fare, not to press him any more on this Point, and to abandon your Project.

And why so, you Huzzy? cried she in an angry Tone, (for she had like almost to call me Names, being

being provoked out of meer Love) Why so, pray ?
What does this mean ?

No, Mamma, added I, throwing myself suddenly at her Feet, you must think of it no longer. I lose a Fortune and Honours by that ; but I don't want them, they are not fit for me, they are much above my Condition. Mr. *De Valville* could not share them with me, without making me the general Laughing Stock, and without being reputed himself a mean spirited Man. Lord ! what a sad Thing it would be, if such a young Gentleman, who may aspire to any Honours, who is the Hopes of an illustrious Family, should happen to be obliged to leave his Country, for having married a Girl whom no Body knows, a Girl whom you raised from the lowest Condition, and who has no other Fortune but your own Bounty ! How could the World use itself to such a Marriage ?

Lord ! What does she mean with these Reflections ? What is she about ? What makes her come out with all this Nonsense, said Mrs. *De Miran* again interrupting me ?

For God's Sake, Madam, said I always insisting, hear me. In the Main, if any Thing is worthy in me of your Regard, and Mr. *De Valville's*, it is certainly my miserable Condition. Well, my dear Mamma, have you not been, and are you not still, infinitely regardful of it ? You will have *Marianne* call you her Mother ; you do her the Honour to call her Daughter : You use her, indeed, as such ; and is not this admirable ! Was ever any Behaviour so generous as your's towards me ? Is not my low Condition sufficiently honoured ? Must you carry your Charity so far as to make me your Son's Wife ? And is my needy State to be reputed a Portion ? No, my dear Mamma ; no. Your generous Heart may bestow on me the Title of your Daughter as long as it pleases ; it is a Present I may receive from it, without any Body's Controul ; but I must not receive it from the Laws ; I am not born to that. 'Tis true, I had yielded to your excessive Kindness ; I

thought all Obstacles were conquered, and every Thing would be smooth and easy. My very great Happiness hindered me from thinking, and had removed all my Scruples: But I can no longer hide from myself the true State of Things. No less than the whole World cries out upon this Marriage: It is in an Uproar about it. What I now tell you is agreeable to a thousand Expostulations, Clamours, and Railleries Mr. *De Valville* is obliged to indure every Day, and in every Place he goes to. 'Tis true, he hides it from me, and dares not inform you of it: But he is no less shocked and stunned by so general an Outcry: He is, and ought to be, frightened at the Thought of so many Vexations: But though he should overlook them, I ought to mind them, for his as well as my own Sake: For, in short, you love me; your Intention is, that I should be happy; and yet I should myself, by consenting to marry the Gentleman, disappoint all the Schemes of your Love for me, which however I ought to respect, and which are so worthy to succeed. For, how could I be happy, if he was not so himself? If I saw myself despised, nay hated by him, as they threaten him it would infallibly happen? Lord! I, be hated! —

A Torrent of Tears stopt me in this Place.

Valville, who, while I was speaking, had done now and then, like one willing but not permitted to reply, rose suddenly, with the utmost Trouble, and went out of the Hall, not one desiring him to stay, or asking him the Reason of his going.

Mrs. *De Miran*, on her Part, remained motionless; Mrs. *Dorfin* was looking down, with a gloomy pen-sive Countenance; and Miss *Vartbon*, who was more uneasy than ever, about what I might say, was wholly taken up with the Care of putting on such a Face as might not betray her; so that we all of us were unable to speak, though each in a different Manner.

For my Part, weakened by this violent Struggle, I let myself fall upon her Knees, and was a crying.

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The two Ladies were a few Moments speechless, after *Valville* was gone. Daughter, said Mrs. *De Miran* at last, with the Air of one under a Consternation, does he then love thee no more?

Sobs and Cries were all the Answer I could make her, and then she fell a crying herself. Mrs. *Dorfin* could not help doing the same, and seemed to me vastly moved. I even heard Miss *Varthon* sigh a little; this was the Tone of our Conversation, and she conformed herself to it; and then we continued silent.

But Mrs. *De Miran*, who melted in Tears and was hugging me in her Arms, softened and moved me to such a Degree, that I was like to be suffocated with my own Sobs, and was forced to be put in an Elbow-Chair. Come, Daughter, said she, come, be comforted: Believe me, my dear Child, there is still a Mother left for thee; does she stand to thee in lieu of nothing?

Alas! it is she I regret, replied I with a mournful interrupted Voice. And why, pray, shouldst thou regret her, said she; she is thy Mamma more than ever? And I her Friend a thousand Times more than I was, said Mrs. *Dorfin* with Tears in her Eyes, but in a resolute Tone; it is not she, Madam, but rather Mr. *De Valville*, I pity; his Loss is indeed infinitely greater than hers.

Now I have done with him for my Life, replied Mrs. *De Miran*; he has forfeited my Esteem for ever. But pray, *Marianne*, added she, how dost thou know he loves another? Who told thee of it, since he has not owned the Fact? Is the Person known, for whom he thus breaks through his Engagements? Who is the Woman worthy to be preferred to thee? Can any one be thy Equal? And has this any Hopes of keeping him to herself? Tell me; didst thou hear who she was?

You will infallibly know it, Mamma, replied I; he must needs tell you of it himself: I beg you would excuse my giving you any farther Information. Miss,

said Mrs. *De Miran*, addressing to my Rival, my Daughter is your Friend; I am persuaded you know of this Affair, 'tis likely she trusted you with the whole; pray is she not mistaken? Is this new Inclination of his known to be Matter of Fact? I have sometimes sent *Valville* to your Convent; is it there he saw the Person in question?

In the Case Miss *Vartbon* was in, she must needs have been more in Years, and more conversant with the World than she was, to have been Proof against a Question like this. But then she could not stand it, and she blushed in so remarkable a Manner, that it let the Ladies presently into the Matter.

I understand you, Madam, said Mrs. *De Miran* to her: You are very lovely, to be sure; but after what happened to my Daughter, I would not advise you to depend much on the Heart of my Son.

Madam, replied Miss *Vartbon*, with a Spirit that put an End to her Concern, I did not expect your Comparifon, nor your Advice neither. As to your Son, all I think of his Love in this Case, is, that it offends me; and, in my Opinion, this was all you could think of it yourself. But, Madam, it grows late; this is the Hour for me to return to the Convent; will you be so good to send me back to it?

You may well judge, Madam, that I shall carry you thither myself, replied Mrs. *De Miran*: And then addressing to Mrs. *Dorfin*; you will not leave us so soon, said she to her. I shall order the Horses to be put to the Coach directly; I shall be back in a Quarter of an Hour; and I reckon to find you here with *Marianne*, at my Return.

With all my Heart, said Mrs. *Dorfin*. But I was not of their Opinion.

Mamma, said I to her with a Voice still very faint, I shall never know any greater Pleasure than that of being with you; my Happiness shall always consist in that; I wish and want for no other; but Mr. *De Valville* will come back to Night; and if you will not have me die, pray expose me not (at least so soon)

soon) to the Torture of seeing him again: You would be sorry yourself for having kept me; and would infallibly repent it. I know, my dear Mamma, how tenderly you love me; and it is your Affection for me which I am now regarding; it is your tender Heart I am willing to spare: And what I now tell you must be very true indeed, since I must, by warning you of it, deprive myself of so great a Comfort: But when once Mr. *De Valville* shall have taken a Resolution, and be married; my only Tie in this World will be the Pleasure of being with my Mamma.

She is in the right; this here Adventure is too fresh still, and I am of her Opinion. Let us carry her back to her Convent, said Mrs. *Dorfin*, while Mrs. *De Miran* was wiping her Eyes.

The latter went to give her Orders accordingly, and we went a Moment after.

There never were perhaps four People together in one Coach, so serious and silent as we were in ours. The Way from my Mamma's to the Convent was long enough; and yet not four Words were uttered all that while. 'Tis true, the Situation we were in, Miss *Varthon* and I, could not be the Matter of a very brisk Conversation. Nothing was lively among us, but the Glances of Mrs. *De Miran* upon me, and mine upon her.

We arrived at last. My Rival alighted first; we followed her, Mrs. *De Miran* and I: And Mrs. *Dorfin*, who embraced me with Tears in her Eyes, and loaded me with Endearments, and Demonstrations of Friendship, remained in the Coach.

Miss *Varthon*, who longed to be rid of us, rung the Bell, and returned Thanks to Mrs. *De Miran* in a cold and polite Manner, and the Door being then opened, she left us.

I then rushed into the Arms of Mrs. *De Miran*, where I remained a few Moments, quite speechless and ready to faint.

Hide thy Tears, said she to me whispering, I have much ado to refrain mine. Adieu ; think that thou art my Daughter for ever, and that I have thee in my Heart : I shall come and see thee To-morrow : This she said with a most melancholy Countenance ; and then I got in myself. Now, to give you a very exact Account of my then State of Mind, I must tell you, that I re-entered the Convent with a Soul rather softened than afflicted.

And indeed, this was nearly enough what I must have been at that Time. I was leaving Mrs. *De Miran* overwhelmed with Grief ; Mrs. *Dorfm* had just embraced me with Tears in her Eyes ; my false Man himself was greatly troubled, and had given very plain Tokens of it in his leaving us. My Adventure, therefore, was working upon the three Hearts that were dearest to me, to which mine was most devoted, and which it was most comfortable for me to perplex. You see that my Affair was become theirs, and this was no indifferent Satisfaction. I was not then destitute of Help on the Earth : The Tears I was caused to shed in it, were not insignificant ; at least, I saw upon it Souls which honoured mine so far as to busy themselves with it, to reproach themselves for having made it sad, or to grieve for what it grieved for. Now, all these Reflections were infinitely pleasing, and they comforted me to such a Degree, that I think I cried less from Sorrow than out of Childishness. But to proceed.

I passed the Remainder of the Evening with my Friend the Nun, whose Story I will at last tell you in a Moment.

You easily conceive, that we did not see one another, Miss *Varthon* and I, and that the friendly Commerce begun between us was intirely over. She nevertheless, took Notice of the Discretion with which I had used her at Mrs. *De Miran's* ; and she would not let me be ignorant of her Gratitude for it.

The next Morning about nine, a Lay-Sister brought me a Note from her. I opened it with some Con-

cern about the Contents : But it was only a Compliment upon my Proceeding of the Day before : It ran nearly as follows.

“ What you did for me Yesterday, is so very obliging, that I should reproach myself if I did not thank you for it. It was none of your Fault, if the Share I had in your Grief did not remain a Secret : And notwithstanding the very great Trouble of your Mind, you never let slip a Word that could expose me in the least. A very generous Proceeding indeed ! The Result of this Adventure will shew you, how much I was affected by so kind a Regard. Yours, Madam.”

You will see in a Moment what this Proof, which she thus bound herself to give me, was.

I answered her Note directly, and the same Lay-Sister carried mine to her : It was very short, and had these Words, which I also remember.

“ I am obliged to you, Madam, for your Compliment ; but you owed me none. I don't think myself worthy of any Praise, for not having been ill-natured. I acted according to my own Character in what I did, that is all, and I expect no Reward for it.”

Mrs. *De Miran* had promised me the Day before, that she would come and see me, and she was as good as her Word. I shall not give you an Account of the Conversation we had together. We spoke of Miss *Varthon* ; and all my Regard for *Vakville* having been to no Purpose, I made no Difficulty to tell her, how I happened to be acquainted with his Perfidiousness, and I did it altogether to the Advantage of my Rival, whose Disposition I would not inform her of. I cried in the Course of my Narration, and she cried reciprocally. The Tenderness she expressed for me is beyond all Conceit, and so were my Sentiments for her.

As for News of *Valville*, she had none to say to me: He had not shewed his Face since the Moment he had left us. However, he came home, but very late: And he was gone again that very Morning, either for *Versailles* or for the Country.

Doubtless, he runs away from me, said she: I am sure he is ashamed of appearing before his Mother.

On this, she was getting up to leave me, when Miss *Varthon*, which neither of us expected, rushed in upon us.

I intended to write to you, Madam, said she to my Mamma, after having made her a Courtesy; but as you are here, and I can have the Honour of speaking to yourself, 'tis better to spare you my Letter, and to tell you my Mind by Word of Mouth. I shall soon have done. Mr. *De Valville* is changed: You think I am the Occasion of it, and I have Reasons to think so too, But how am I the Occasion of his Inconstancy? This, Madam, is the main Point, and it is my chief Concern that you and all the World should know it. The least Mistake as to that would not do for me; and I will tell you the whole in the exactest Truth. Mr. *De Valville*, for the first Time in his Life, saw me here the Day I fell into a Swoon, at my parting from my Mamma: You was so good to assist me, he himself helped you to do it, and I entered the Convent with this Lady, whom I had but just known, who became my Friend from that Day; but who never spoke to me of you, nor of Mr. *De Valville*, and never told me what Terms she was in with him.

I know it, Madam, said Mrs. *De Miran* interrupting her: *Mariahne* has just told me all, and has done you all the Justice you could possibly expect from her on this Point. My Son came to pay you a Visit: He gave my Service to you, and delivered a Letter into your Hands, giving you to understand that I had charged him to give it you; you could not guess indeed, and every Body else would have taken it as well

well as you. Besides, you made no Secret of it, and shewed it this young Lady as soon as you saw she was concerned in it; so, that I see nothing in all this, that you ought to be uneasy at in the least. It is none of your Faults that my Son found you lovely, and presumed to tell you of it: You had no other Share in it but the Beauties of your Person, which it was not in your Power to divest yourself of; and according to the Recital of *Marianne* herself, you are quite out of the Case.

This Account of her's is much to her Honour, and I had not perhaps been used with so much Regard by any other Person in her Case, replied Miss *Varthou*, with Eyes ready to shed Tears in spite of herself: I have nothing to do now, but to beg of you, to persuade Mr. *De Valville* not to try any more to see me again: It would be to no Purpose, and much against the Regard he owes me.

You are in the right, Madam, replied my Mamma; that would be unpardonable; and I will let him know of it. Not that I should not be more eager than any of the Family, in the present Juncture, for an Alliance like yours, it would do us very great Honour to be sure; but my Son is not worthy of it: I should be afraid of his fickle Disposition; and although he should be happy enough to please you; indeed I should be afraid of making you a very bad Present, in giving him to you. Be easy as to his Visits; I will let him know how offensive they would be to you, and I hope you will have no Reason to complain.

Miss *Varthou* made no other Reply but a Courtesy, and away she went.

Perhaps she fancied I should think her very Praiseworthy, on Account of that Resolution she seemed to have taken of not seeing *Valville* any more; and that I should look upon it, as a Proof of that Gratitude she professed to have for me. Not I, indeed: I did not take the Bait. This was only making a Shew, but not giving a Proof of her Gratitude.

Pray, what did she risk in refusing to see *Valville* at the Convent? Had she not Mrs. *De Kilnare's* House for a Resource? Was not *Valville* an Acquaintance of this Lady's? Did he not go often to her House? Had Miss *Varthon* given over going thither also? All this Shew of Nobleness and Generosity in her Behaviour, was then nothing but downright Ostentation, and insignificant Pageantry: And you will see afterwards that I reasoned very well: But, it is not Time to enlarge upon this. Let us return to myself.

I am born for a multiplicity of Adventures, nor will my Fate let me be in want of that. I am a little at leisure, indeed, but I shan't be long so.

Mrs. *De Miran* continued to make me Visits. *Valville* was still absent, and would not shew himself: We met in the Convent, Miss *Varthon* and I; but we only courtesied at a Distance, and did not speak to one another.

Four or five Days were not passed yet, since our Dinner at Mrs. *De Miran's*, when one Morning I had a Visit that was odd enough; but I must begin by telling you what it was that procured it me.

Mrs. *Dorfin* had been at Mrs. *De Miran's* that very Morning: She met there an old Friend of the Family, an Officer, a Man of Quality, already in ripe Years, and who will make himself known by and by.

He had heard much of me, on Account of my Adventure at the Prime Minister's, and never saw my Mother since, but he must ask her News of Miss *Marianne*, of whom he was for ever making Encomiums, grounded upon all he had been told of her.

My Disaster had blazed out already: *Valville's* Perfidiousness was already known; perhaps he had, since he left his Mother, told part of it to some of his best Friends, who, on their Part, had trusted it to some others; and this here Man of Quality, who had heard of it, had paid his Visit to Mrs. *De Miran* for no other Purpose, but to make himself sure of the Truth of the Matter.

Madam,

Madam, said he to her, is there any Truth in what they publish of Mr. *De Valville*? They say that he is no longer in love with that Girl, who is so worthy every one's Esteem; that he has left her, and is no longer willing to marry her? How is it possible, that that beloved *Marianne*, that Person so worthy of his Affection, should no longer be in his Thoughts? I never would give Credit to it; and a thousand to one it is a meer Asperſion.

Alas! Sir, 'tis but too true, replied Mrs. *De Miran* in a doleful Manner; and I am altogether inſoluble.

Upon my Word, said he (for Mrs. *De Miran* told it me herself) you are much in the right; it would have been a great Comfort for you to be that Child's Mother in Law; so excellent a Purchase would have ſecured your Repoſe, and bleſſed you for ever. What ails then Mr. *De Valville*? Is he afraid of being too happy? I ſhall paſs over the reſt of their Converſation. Mrs. *De Miran* was going to dine with Mrs. *Dorſin*; the latter perſuaded the Officer to do the ſame: And ſhe added, on Account of the eager Deſire he had to know me, that I muſt alſo be one among them.

It being very early, the Ladies did not care to go ſo ſoon. And as it was proper I ſhould be told of this; I ſhall ſend to her Convent, ſaid my Mamma, to let her know that we are to take her as we go along.

There is no Need of ſending, replied this Officer, I have ſome Buſineſs that Way; if you will give me Leave, I ſhall do your Commiſſion myſelf; only give me a little Note for her, that's the plaineſt Way to go about it, and I hope I ſhall not be reſuſed an Admittance? No, ſure, ſaid my Mamma, who wrote this directly.

“ Daughter, I ſhall go, and take thee with me,
“ about one: We dine at Mrs. *Dorſin*'s.”

With this little Pass-port it was, that our Officer arrived at my Convent. He asks for me from Mrs. *De Miran*: I am told of it, and down I come.

A few of the Boarders happened to tell me that Day, that they should come in the Afternoon, to keep me Company in my Room; so that I had not neglected my Garb so much as usual, notwithstanding my Grief.

These are little Regards, that require not the least Reflection among us Women: They are always of Course; and we have them though we don't know it. 'Tis true, I was in Distress; but, this is nothing to our Vanity; it does not enter into these Things, and still performs its Operations as well as before: It is appointed to repair on one Side, the Breaches made by Grief on the other, and in short, one is not willing to lose all.

Now I am in the Parlour. I saw there a Man of fifty at most; of a noble Countenance, well-looking, very well though plainly dressed, and with the most free and most open Physiognomy I ever saw in my Life.

Let our natural Politeness be ever so great; so soon as we see People, whose Looks prepossess us in their Favour, we always receive them with greater Kindness than we do others. We are only civil with the latter; whereas we are affable with the former: It is so soon done, that we have not Time to take Notice of it; I experienced it with this Officer. Nor had I to deal with an ungrateful Man: For, he could not (unless he had made an Exclamation) shew himself more satisfied than he seemed to be with my sweet Person.

I stood till he spoke. Madam, said he after a few Bows, and presenting me with my Mamma's Note; here is what Mrs. *De Miran* commissioned me to give you; she wanted to send you somebody, and I asked her for the Preference.

You did me a great deal of Honour, Sir, replied I opening the Note, which I read soon. Yes, Sir, added

added I, Mrs. *De Miran* will find me ready when she comes, and I return you a thousand Thanks for the kind Trouble you have been pleased to take.

'Tis I, replied he, ought to thank Mrs. *De Miran*, for having permitted me to come. But, Madam, it is not late, and the Ladies will not come so soon; may I hope, by the Favour of the Commission I obtained, that you will grant me a few Minutes Conversation with you? I have been a Friend of Mrs. *De Miran*, and of all her Family, this great while: I am to dine to Day with you: So that you may before-hand look upon me as one already of your Acquaintance; I shall be no more a Stranger to you two Hours hence.

'Tis as you please, Sir, replied I, not a little surprised at this Discourse: You may speak, Sir, I am listening.

I shall not keep you long in Suspense about what I have to say to you, Madam, and here it is in a Word or two.

I am known for a Man of Honour, for a sincere, sociable, plain Dealer. Ever since I heard of you, your Character has been the Object of my Esteem, Respect, and Admiration, and that is downright Truth, I assure you. I am informed of your Affairs: Mr. *De Valville*, to his great Misfortune, is an inconstant Man. I am my own Master; I have five and twenty thousand Livres a Year; and I offer them to you; Madam, they are at your Service whenever you please; save the Advice of Mrs. *De Miran*, whom you may consult upon it.

What surprised me most in this Proposal, was the Rapidity with which it was delivered, and that obliging Frankness which attended it.

I never saw any Body so worthy of being listened to, as this gallant Man was. His very Soul spoke to me; I saw it; it addressed to mine, and asked it for an Answer, as plain and natural as the Question he had just made me was. But then leaving all Ceremonies with him, I conformed my Proceeding to his,

his, and without losing Time in returning him Thanks.

Sir, said I, do you know my History?

Yes, Madam, replied he, I do: And that is the Reason why you see me here; it is your History that taught me that you are more valuable than all I know in the World; it is that in short has endeared me to you.

You surprize me Sir, replied I: Your Way of thinking is vastly rare; I cannot praise it as it is so much to my Advantage; but you are a Man of Quality, I suppose?

Yes, replied he, I forgot to mention that; the more, because it is not the main Point, in my Opinion. It is above all the Man of Honour, I think, not the Man of Quality, that can deserve to be yours, Madam; and as I am, in my own Eyes, as honest a Man as any one can be; I hoped that this Qualification, together with the Fortune I have, and which would suffice for us, might determine you to accept of my Offers.

The Value I ought to set upon them is no Question indeed, replied I; they are Generosity in its utmost Degree: But, Sir, give me leave to repeat my Question: Have you well considered of it? I have nothing; I know not my Parents, I have subsisted from my Infancy upon the Assistance of Strangers; and more than once have I been ready to become the Object of the Charity of the publick. Mr. *De Valville*, notwithstanding his Inclination for me, could not put up with all this; and so, Sir, take Care.

So much the worse for him, Madam, replied he; this, upon my Word, will never be reputed the most glorious Part of his Life. However, you have nothing to fear with me like what happened to you with Mr. *De Valville*. He was in Love with you, Madam; whereas, it's not Love that brought me here. I had been told, indeed, that you was handsom, but we are not affected by Charms which we never saw, and which we know merely by Hear-say. Therefore, it is not a
Lover

M A R I A N N E, &c. I I I

Lover that comes to see you ; it is something much better : For, what is a Lover ? Sure, it does not belong to Love, to offer a Heart to you. Is a Person of your Merit born to be the Sport of so extravagant and so unsettled a Passion as this ? No, Madam, no. Let People fall in Love with you the first Moment they see you ; let them love you with all their Hearts ; well and good : There is no doing otherwise : I, myself, do the same in this very Instant : I am actually in Love with you ; I feel and will own it : But, I did not want this Love, to be enchanted with you ; I only needed to know the Accomplishments of your Mind ; so, that your Beauty is a Redundancy : Not that it displeases me ; I am, indeed, very glad it comes into the Bargain : An over-plus of Blessing will never hinder me from being happy : But, however, it was not on Account of that Beauty that I loved you at first, but only because I am a Man of Sense : It was my Reason that gave you my Affection ; I brought no other Passion with me. Therefore, my Inclination for you shall not depend upon one Transport more or less ; nor does my Reason care for your having a Fortune, so I but have enough for us both ; nor for your having Relations which are nothing to me. What do I care for your Family ? What though it were known : What though it were a royal one ; would that be any Addition to your personal Accomplishments ? Besides, have Souls any Relations ? Are they not all of the same Extraction ? Well ! 'Tis your Soul alone I have a Design upon ; 'tis her Merit alone I aim at, which I could never possess, without being much indebted to you. 'Tis I, Madam, (if you marry me) will receive a very great Favour from you, I reckon it so, and that's all I think of it. As for the Rest, let the Love I have just taken for you be ever so great, I shall not desire you to return me the like : You are not twenty ; I am fifty almost ; and I should be raving mad to tell you : Love me. As to your Friendship, and even your Esteem, I will not give them over. I hope I shall obtain them both : 'tis my

Business

Business to deserve them : You are reasonable and generous, and I cannot possibly be disappointed in the Attempt. This, Madam, is all I had to say to you ; what remains for me to know is your Decision about it.

Sir, said I, if I considered only the Honour you do me in my present Situation, and the good Opinion you give me of yourself ; I would accept of your Offer directly : But I beg you would give me a Week to think of it, for yours as well as my own Sake. I shall consider of it for your Sake, because you will marry one who is and has nothing ; and for my own, because of the same Reasons ; they are of the like Importance to us both ; and I entreat you to employ that Week, in considering the Thing still more closely than you have done, and to bestow your utmost Attention upon it. You say you value me much ; and as you are of a generous Disposition, this stands now to you in lieu of every thing : But you are to observe, that I am not yours as yet : We shall hardly be married, but People will find Fault with it, and ridicule my unknown Extraction and want of Fortune. Will you be Proof against all their Banters ? Will you not be sorry for not having matched into any Family, or increased your Fortune with that of your Spouse ? 'Tis what you must needs consider of maturely ; as I will consider on my own Part, what the Consequence would be for me, if you should come to repent your own over-hastiness. Besides, Sir ; although these great Motives should not keep me in Suspence : Still should I have no other Liberty but that of shewing you my Gratitude, and I could not come to any Resolution before I was sure of Mrs. *De Miran's* Intentions. I am her Daughter : Nay, still more than her Daughter : For I am obliged to her excessive Goodness, (not to Nature) for the Advantage of having her for my Mamma : Her noble Soul has done all ; so that mine ought to resign herself entirely to her absolute Power ; and you are of my Opinion, I am sure. I shall then, Sir, acquaint her with your generous Offers, without however telling her your Name, unless you give me leave to do it.

Oh !

Oh! That's as you please, Madam, replied he; I leave it to you entirely. I care so little that you should keep this Affair secret; that I shall be myself the first Publisher of my Design and take a Pride in doing so: And I am sure all People of Sense will value me but the more, even though you should reject my Proposal; which could not wrong me in the World, as it would only intimate that your Merit is superior to mine: But it is Time I should go: The Ladies will come and fetch you in an Hour at furthest; you are not dressed yet, and I leave you in Hopes of seeing you again at Mrs. *Dorfin's*. God be with you, Madam: I shall make Reflections merely to please you, and because you will have it so. But I need not care for those that shall be suggested to me: Your own Reflections are my only Concern; and this very Day sen'night, I shall be in your Parlour at the same Hour, to ask you the Result of them and of Mrs. *De Miran's*, which, perhaps, will be in my Favour.

This said, he retired; and I made him no other Answer, but courtesing with the most affable and grateful Countenance I could possibly put on.

I went up to my Room, and dressed with all Speed. The Ladies called at the Gate: I stepped into the Coach, to go and dine at Mrs. *Dorfin's*, from whom I came pretty late, without having told Mrs. *De Miran* any thing of my Adventure with the Officer. Shall I see you again very soon, Mamma, said I to her? To-morrow in the Afternoon, replied she embracing me; and then we parted. That Night, I spoke to nobody but my beloved Nun, whom I desired to come into my Room the next Morning. I wanted to tell her of the Visit of the Officer; and to trust her with a certain Thought, which had dwelt two or three Days on my Mind, and took it up entirely.

She did not fail coming to the appointed Place: I began by acquainting her with the new Match that was offering, and which deserved my Attention: But, that I was kept in Suspence, by that Thought which I have just mentioned, and which was to forsake the
World,

World, and fix upon the easy and quiet way of Life she herself had embraced.

How! You turn a Nun! replied she? Ay, said I: My Life is subject to too many Events: It frightens me: *Valville's* Perfidiousness has given me a Disgust for the World. Providence has supplied me with what will shelter me against all the Disasters I shall perhaps be exposed to among Men, (I meant my Deed of Gift) I should at least live easy in this House, and be at the Charge of nobody.

Any other but me, would applaud and encourage your Notion directly, said she; but as I can be an Hour longer with you, I chuse, before I give you an Answer, to make you the Recital of the several Incidents of my Life: You will be the more able afterwards to judge rightly of your Situation: And if you persist then in your Intention to be a Nun, you will at least be more sensible of the Importance of your future Engagement. This said, she began, or rather is going to begin thus, in the ninth Part of my Life.

The End of the Eighth Part.

THE

THE
NINTH PART
Of the LIFE of
MARIANNE.

YOU have been so long waiting for this Sequel of my History, Madam, that I shall enter upon it directly, and spare you all Preambles. Not quite so, you will say, since you make one, even in saying that you will make none, Well, well, Madam, I have done.

You remember (though I am sure it is as much as you *can* remember) that it is the Nun who speaks.

You think, my dear *Marianne*, that you was born the most unfortunate Person in the World; and I would fain beat this Thought out of your Head, as it is an additional Trouble which we are apt to create to ourselves. Not that your Misfortunes have not been very great, indeed: But there are Disasters of so many Kinds which you don't know, my dear Child! At least, part of what happened to you, came to pass in your Infancy: When you was most to be pitied, you knew nothing of it. You never enjoyed what you have lost, and you may be said, to have been informed of your Losses, rather than to have felt them. I know not those I received my Life from, you say; I have no Parents, whereas other People have some: All this is true: But as you never enjoyed the Comfort of having any, endeavour to say thus to yourself: Others have an Advantage which I have not; but

but never say: I have an Affliction more than others have: Think besides of all the Motives you have of being comforted. A most excellent Character, an uncommon Stock of Reason, and a virtuous Soul, are full as good as Parents, my dear *Marianne*, and it is what a Multitude of People of your own Sex, whose Condition you envy, though they might envy yours with much greater Reason, are not possessed of. This was your Lot, together with a lovely Person which wins all Hearts to you, and has already procured you a Mother, as tender at least as that you have lost would have been. Besides, if you had your Parents, how do you know that you should be the happier for it? Alas! my Dear, there is no Condition in the World, that can shelter us from Misfortunes, or not become itself the Matter of our Misery! To become the Sport of the most terrible Events, we need only be on the Earth: I was not an Orphan like you; but, have I been happier than you for all that? You will be convinced of the contrary, by the Recital which I shall make you of my History, if you are pleased to hear it, and which I will shorten as much as I can.

Not so, said I, I beg you would shorten nothing, and will have you mention every little particular. The longer I shall be listening to you, the more Reflections you will spare me upon all my Troubles; and if in reality you have not been more fortunate than myself, you I say, that deserved to be so more than any other, I shall be reasonable enough not to drop any more Complaints.

Since my History may take you off from the Thoughts of your Misfortunes, replied she, I shall not hesitate to give it its full Extent, and I must tell you before hand that it will be very long.

Before I come to what concerns me personally, I must tell you a Word of the Marriage of my Father and Mother, since the manner in which it was made, most probably is what decided my present Fate.

I am the Daughter of a Gentleman of an ancient Family, very considerable in its Country, but not very eminent

eminent in the World. His Father, though well enough in his Circumstances, was one of those noble Men of the Provinces who lived in the Country, and never left their own Castle.

Mr. *De Terwive* (that was his Name) had two Sons, and I am the Daughter of the eldest.

Miss *De Tresle* (that was the Name of my Mother) who was of as noble a Family as my Father, and had been a Boarder in a Convent where she was educated, was taken from the Nunnery at nineteen or twenty Years of Age, to be present at the Marriage of one of her Relations, and it was on this Occasion, that my Father, a young Man of six or seven and twenty, saw her first, and became hers for ever.

She did not rebuke him, and felt a mutual and strong Inclination for him; but Mrs. *De Tresle*, who was a Widow, thought it proper to oppose this reciprocal Love; there was no great Fortune in her Family: She was the youngest of five Children, viz. two Boys and three Girls, The two first were in the Army; her Estate was hardly sufficient to maintain them there, and there was no Likelihood that *Terwive*, who was a pretty rich Heir, should be permitted to marry a youngest Daughter without a Fortune, and who had hardly any other Portion to bring her Husband in Marriage, but an Extraction as noble as his was.

Mr. *De Terwive* the Father would never give his Consent to a Match like this; it was not reasonable to expect it, nor to encourage an Inclination that would come to nothing, and be of Course indecent.

This is what Mrs. *De Tresle* said to *Terwive* junior; but he vigorously opposed the Difficulties she alledged him; he told her that his Father loved him so much, that he was very sure of prevailing upon him; he himself passed for a young Man so full of Honour, that she yielded at last, and let this Couple, who were very near Neighbours, see one another.

Six Weeks after, *Terwive* spoke to his Father, and conjured him to approve of a Marriage, on which the Happiness of his Life depended entirely.

His Father, who had other Views ; who loved this Son most tenderly, and had found a very good Match for him a few Days ago, without telling him any thing of it, ridiculed his Petition, called his Love a frivolous Amour, and a Fancy of Youth, and would carry him directly to the Person he had destined for him.

His Son, who thought that a Step like this would be a Kind of Engagement, refused to consent to it. The Father did not seem to take any Offence at his Denial : He was one of those cool and easy tempered Men, who will not presently alter a Resolution.

I never shall force any Marriage upon you, but I never will consent to that you have proposed, said he to him : Your Fortune is not considerable enough, for you to marry a Woman who has none : And, if notwithstanding what I now tell you, Miss *De Tresle* should become your Wife, take my Word that you will repent it.

This was all he could get from his Father, who never spoke to him of it afterwards, and continued to live with him as usual.

Mrs. *De Tresle*, to whom he gave this Answer as late as he possibly could, forbid her Daughter to see *Ter-vire* any more, and was ready to send her back to her Convent, when this young Lover, quite mad with the Thought that he should see her no longer, proposed to marry her privately, and never to declare his Marriage till after his Father's Death, or when he had prevailed upon him to consent to it. Mrs. *De Tresle* took Offence at the Proposal, and thought it but a stronger Reason to take her Daughter out of the Way.

Mean while, her two Sons came from the Army. They heard what was passing. They knew and had a Value for *Ter-vire* : They loved their Sister and saw her in Distress. They thought that all that must be done was to be silent when their Sister should be married. Mr. *De Ter-vire* the Father might be prevailed upon. Besides, he was old and sickly ; and when the worst comes to the worst, the Character of the Son

left no Room to apprehend any thing for their Sister; and all these Things considered, they backed the Solicitations of their Friend in so pressing a Manner, and teized Mrs. *De Tresle* to such a Degree, that she left them Masters of her Daughter's Fate, and her Lover married her.

Sixteen or seventeen Months after, Mr. *De Terwire* the Father, upon many Things not necessary to mention, suspected this Marriage; and found no other means to make himself sure of the Matter, but that of addressing to his Son, who durst not own the Fact, though he did not deny it with the Assurance of one that speaks the Truth.

Very well, replied the Father, I wish for your Sake it may not be so; but, if you deceive me, you know what I told you; and I shall be as good as my Word.

There is a Report that *Terwire* has married your youngest Daughter, said he to Mrs. *De Tresle*, whom he met the Day after. Were I richer, I should not be sorry he had done it; but what I shall be able to leave him would no longer be enough to make him keep up his Name, and other Measures ought to be taken in that Case.

The Confusion she was in while he spoke, doubtless made him quite sure of this Marriage, and he left her without staying for an Answer.

While he was in this Mood, and thus coolly threatening my Father with a Resentment which had but too bad Consequences afterwards; my Mother looked every Minute to bring me into the World: And now, my dear *Marianne*, you see the Reason why I began my History by this Part of theirs. It was to shew you that my Disasters were preparing before I saw the Light and that they have as it were prevented my very Birth.

Four Months after this happened, and when I was but three Months and an half old, Mr. *De Terwire* the Father, whose Health had been decaying very much for a while, and who went but seldom abroad, being willing to raise his Spirits which he
felt

felt very low, went to dine with a Friend of his, who had invited him, and who lived not above two Leagues from his Castle.

He went on Horseback, attended with two Footmen : But he was hardly gone half a League, when he was seized with a sudden swimming of the Head, which he was much subject to. It obliged him to alight, and stop a Moment near the House of a Peasant whose Wife was my Nurse.

Mr. *De Teruire* who knew this Man, and went into his House to sit down, saw him endeavouring to make a Child, who seemed very weak, and looked as pale as Death, swallow a little Milk. That Child was myself.

What you give her there is good for nothing, said Mr. *De Teruire*, who wondered at what he was doing ; her Nurse is all she wants in her weak Condition ; is she not in the House ? Yes, your Honour, said the Peasant, here she is, it is my Wife. But, as your Honour sees, she is sick a Bed of a violent Fever, that has hindered her to suckle the Child ever since last Night, we looked out directly for another Nurse, and here is my Son, who went this Morning very early, to desire the Father and Mother to bring one along with them. However, nobody comes, the poor little Thing is very ill, and mean while I endeavour to keep her alive as much as I can ; but if she is suffered to pine any longer, there will be no such thing as saving her.

You are in the right, said Mr. *De Teruire* ; her Danger is very urgent : Is there no Woman here-about, that one could desire to come ? I pity her most heartily : Your Honour would pity her a great deal more, if your Honour knew who she is, said my Nurse from her Bed. And who then does she belong to, replied he with some Surprise ? Alas ! said the Peasant, I dared not tell it your Honour at first, for fear of giving Offence ; for I know very well that it was not with your Honour's Consent that your Honour's Son married ; but since my Wife has said so much

much, I had as good tell your Honour, that it is Mr. *De Teruire's* Daughter.

The Father, at this Discourse, was a Moment without giving an Answer, and then looking at me with a tender pensive Countenance : Poor Child, said he, it is not she that has wronged me. Make haste to the Castle again, added he, calling one of his Men ; I now remember, that the Day before Yesterday, my Gardener's Wife lost her Son who was but five Months old, and whom she suckled : Tell her from me that she must come directly to take this Child, and that I shall be her Pay-master. Run quick, and desire her to be as speedy as possible.

That Giddiness, which had seized him, was then entirely over. They said, he caressed me a little, and then got again on Horseback, and went on his Way.

He was hardly twenty Yards from the House, when his Son came with a Nurse which he could not find sooner. The Peasant told him what had just passed, and the Son, affected with the Goodness of so tender though offended a Father, took Horse again himself, and rode full Speed after him, to shew him his Gratitude for it.

Mr. *De Teruire* who saw him come, and who presently guessed what was the Matter, stopt short, and his Son, after having alighted a few Steps from him, came and threw himself at his Feet with Tears in his Eyes, and without being able to utter a Word.

I know what brings you hither, said Mr. *De Teruire*, much moved himself at his Son's Behaviour. Your Daughter wants Help ; I have just sent for some : If it comes soon enough for her, I shall not leave imperfect the Service I intended to do her ; nor shall I have saved her Life to suffer her afterwards to live unhappy. Go, Son, your Daughter is become mine this Instant ; let her be carried to my House ; carry your Wife thither yourself, and desire them at the Castle to give you this very Day the same Apartment which your Mother had chosen for herself, and let

me find you lodged there both of you when I come back at Night. If Mrs. *De Tresle* will please to come and sup with me, she will do me a great Pleasure: I long already to be back again, to alter some Dispositions that were not in your Favour: Adieu, I shall come home very early; go to your Daughter again, and take Care of her.

My Father who had kept on his Knees all the while, and who was too softened and full of Joy to be able to speak, could no other way return him Thanks but by bathing with Tears the Hand he had given him, and lifting up his, when he saw him go.

He returned to me, who had been given to the Nurse he had brought along with him, and carried us both to the Castle, where I was delivered into the Hands of the Gardener's Wife, who was preparing to go and fetch me. This done, he went to acquaint his Wife and Mother in Law with these comfortable Tidings, and brought them both to his Father's. His Impatience made him set out to go and meet him in the Evening: But instead of his Father, he only met a Servant that was dispatched to him, to acquaint him that Mr. *De Terwire* was suddenly fallen into a fainting Fit that had made him speechless, and in which he expired before his Son could be there. What a mortal Blow was this for my Parents! But what a Difference too, in their Daughter's Condition!

The deceased had made a Will that was found among his Papers, whereby he left the whole Estate to his youngest Son, and reduced my Father to a very small Pension allowed him by the Law: These were the Dispositions he had an Intention to alter, and by means of which my Father had hardly enough to live upon.

He had nothing to hope from his younger Brother, who had been substituted in his Place. He was one of those ordinary Men, who are altogether incapable of raising themselves to any thing that is generous, and are neither good nor bad; one of these narrow Souls which never do you any other Justice but what the

the Law grants you, who make it their Duty never to leave you any thing, when they are entitled to spoil you of all; and who, when they see you doing a generous thing, will look upon it as a Piece of Inconsiderateness which they hug themselves with not being capable of; and would fain tell you, I chuse you should do it rather than I.

Such was the Man my Father had to deal with: So that he was obliged to be contented with his Pension that was but very small, and with what my Mother had brought him in Marriage, which was next kin to nothing. Nor had he any Resource left in his Mother in Law, who had but a small Fortune. She had exhausted her Stock a Year before, to marry her eldest Son, and had three Children still to provide for, with whom she subsisted merely by means of the strictest Economy.

And so, you see my dear *Marianne*, that hitherto I was not much the better for having a Father and Mother. The former did not live long. A young Gentleman of his Age and an Officer, who was going to *Paris*, whence he must go and join his Regiment, took him with him, and made him an Officer of his Company.

Here ends his History, together with his Life, which he lost in his first Campaign.

I have still a Mother, a Family and Relations left, and by and by you will see what Service and Use they will be of to me.

My Mother was then a Widow. I don't know whether I told you that she was handsome, and what is better still, one of the most taking Women in the whole Province: She was so to such a Degree, that notwithstanding her little Fortune, and the Child she had at her Charge, (I speak of myself) it had been more than once in her Power to marry again, and even to her Advantage. But my Father was still too dear to her, too much in her Thoughts, and she could not resolve to live another's.

However, a Man of Quality of the Court, who had a considerable Estate and a Country-seat in our Neighbourhood, came to pass some time there: He saw my Mother, and fell in Love with her; he was a Man of forty, and a well-looking one too. This new Lover, who was much more eminent than all those who had already offered, and whose Addressees had something more flattering in them, began by amusing her Vanity. He put her in Mind of her own Beauty, and insensibly arrived at making her forget her first Husband, and at gaining her Affection.

He offered to marry her, and she consented. I was then but a Year and a half old at most.

Now is my Mother's Situation vastly altered; she is become one of the greatest Ladies in the Kingdom; but then she is at the same time quite lost for me. Three Weeks after her Marriage I became perfectly motherless. The Honours and Pomp that surrounded her, robbed me of her Affection, and left no Room in it for me. That little Girl, formerly so dear to her, which put her in Mind of my Father, whom I favoured; that Child which made the Thought of his Death less poignant to her, which made him in a manner present before her Eyes, as she would sometimes fain say, and which helped her now and then to fancy that he was still alive (for she had said so an hundred times) that Child, I say, was very near as much forgot as himself, and became an Orphan in great Measure.

A new Pregnancy succeeded, and wronged me still more in her Mind; taking her quite off from the Regard she ought to have had for me.

She gave me entirely over to the Care of the Woman who had the keeping of the Castle. Whole Days passed, without her seeing or even asking any News of me; and you may easily judge that my Father in Law did not think of awaking her from her Indifference for me.

I speak to you of my Infancy, because you have told me the Particulars of yours.

This

This Housekeeper had little Girls nearly of my Age, among whom she divided, or to whom she rather gave what she asked for me at the Castle. And as she saw that I was entirely at her Discretion in this Respect, and nobody took care to watch her Conduct, she must needs have had Sentiments very noble and much above her Condition, to have used me as well as her own Children, and not to have, in their Favour, made an ill Use of the Carelessness of my Mother towards me.

Mrs. *De Tresle* (I mean my Grand-mother) who lived but three Leagues off, who did not suspect that that dear Child, that little Miss *De Terwire* was forsaken to that excessive Degree, who had seen me the Delight of her Daughter not a great while ago, and who loved me as much as any Grand-mother could do, came one Day to dine at the Marquis *De* — her Son in Law: And you must know that she had not been there for two Months.

When she came, I was at the Coach-yard-door, sitting on the Ground where they had put me in a most wretched Equipage.

It would have been very difficult to have known me again for the Marchioness's Daughter, by my Linen, Stockings, and Shoes, and by the rest of my Clothes, that were all in Tatters, or perhaps exchanged for a worse Suit.

But then Mrs. *De Tresle* cast but a very indifferent Glance upon me; and seeing at no great Distance another little Girl that was better dressed and taken Care of, and whom they had put in one of those low Chairs that serve for Children; this, I suppose, is Miss *De Terwire*, said she to one of the Housekeeper's Maids who was by us? No, Madam, replied the Girl to her, here she is, and in very good Health too, added she shewing me.

And really, notwithstanding the very great Disorder of my Garb, my Cap tore in twenty Places, and my Hair quite dishevelled, I had the freshest and soundest look in the World; but then indeed I had no o-

ther Set-off but my own Health ; that was the whole Sum of my Charms.

How! This my Daughter ! and this the Condition she is left in, cried Mrs. *De Trefle* with a Tendernefs mixt with Indignation for the Manner in which she saw me neglected. Come, take this Child in your Arms directly, and follow me to the Castle.

The Maid was forced to obey, and carry me up to the Apartment of my Mother, whom her Women were ready to dress when she came in.

Daughter, said Mrs. *De Trefle* to her coming into the Room, they would make me believe that this Child is Miss *De Tervire* ? But to be sure, that cannot be. Nobody would pick up her Clothes if they were on the Ground ! and this, I doubt not, is some little wretched Orphan-Girl, whom your Housekeeper harbours out of Charity, is it not true ?

My Mother coloured ; this way of reproaching her with her Conduct towards me, had something so home in it, and she found her barbarous Usage of me and her unmotherly Behaviour so smartly ridiculed in these few Words, that they put her out of Countenance at first, and then quite out of Humour.

I have been indisposed these three Days, said she, and have not been able to take Notice of what passes : Get you gone, and let my impertinent Housekeeper come and speak to me by and by, added she, speaking to this Maid, in a Tone which shewed her more angry with me, than with the Woman she called impertinent.

Mrs. *De Trefle* whose Heart ached to think of my wretched Attire, was no sooner alone with her, but she let her see without the least Disguise how great her Compassion for me was. She could not mention without Tears the Condition she had found me in, and without Fright that she guessed I infallibly should fall into afterwards.

My Grand-mother was born of a very lively Temper. No Woman in the World could be better acquainted with the Matter in Question, and treat it
more

more candidly, or argue upon it from a greater and more inward Sense than she.

She was one of those Mothers who have no other Pleasure and Employment but their Family-Duties, who respect and make it their peculiar Dignity to fulfil them; who love the Fatigue and Austerity of them, and never divert themselves from any Care but by taking some other. Judge now if a Woman of this Disposition could be very well pleased with my Mother.

I don't know how she told her her Mind; but we seldom effectually serve those we love too much. Possibly she fell into a Passion, and harsh Words never avail any thing: They are Affronts that will never reclaim any Body, and our Faults and Wrongs vanish from our Sight the Moment we are offended: But then my Mother found Mrs. *De Tresle* very unjust. 'Tis true, I ought not to have been so wretchedly dressed; but it was because the House-keeper, who was my Governess, had deferred that Morning to dress me as usual, and such a Trifle ought not to have occasioned so much Noise neither.

However, Mrs. *De Tresle*, who afterwards told the Fact to several People from whom I had it, saw very well that her Zeal had been prejudicial to me, and that my Mother had a Grudge against her and me for what had passed.

Three Weeks after, the Marquis, who intended to carry his Wife to *Paris* before she was further gone with Child, received News that hastened his Journey. And as my Mother had not, in so abrupt a Departure, had time enough to settle her Matters, and took but one of her Women with her, it was agreed that I should come more easily three Days after, in a good Coach with the other Women, and there was nothing to controul in that. Mrs. *De Tresle* whom they had promised to carry me to her House the Day before our Departure, seeing that they had forgot to do it, was ready to send to the Castle to ask the Reason of their not having been so good as their Word, when

she heard the Housekeeper was come, who told her that I was left in the Castle; that my Mother's Women had found me so very ill that they durst not venture me along with them, and had left me with her, according to the Marchioness's Orders, who had forbidden them in an express Manner not to run the Risk of setting out with me in Case of any Indisposition, and that I was actually in Bed of a great Cold and a most violent Cough.

And it is you they trusted her to! replied Mrs. *De Tresle*, who turned her Back to her directly, and caused me to be carried to her House that very Night, where I arrived perfectly cured of that great Cold and violent Cough that had been alledged, and which my Mother had contrived, they said, not to have the Trouble of carrying me along with her, being persuaded on the other hand, that Mrs. *De Tresle* would never suffer me to sojourn long at the Housekeeper's, and would not fail taking me out of her Hands. But then this Lady found her out presently, and wrote to her upon it in the smartest Manner.

You loved Mr. *De Teruire* so tenderly, you so bitterly lamented his Loss, said she to her in her Letter; and now you do him the most outrageous Insults, in the only Pledge you have of his former Love. He left you but one Daughter, and you refuse to be her Mother. You actually rid yourself of her, by means of my Tenderness; and when I am no more, you will try to shake off that Burden, by means of the Pity of Strangers.

My Mother, who had gained her Ends, endured patiently these Reproaches: She was contented with denying her having had any Design of keeping me from her; she even sent me Linen and Stuffs to make me some Clothes, and assured Mrs. *De Tresle*, that she would have me conveyed to *Paris*, so soon as she should be brought to Bed.

But 'tis likely she engaged herself to do so, merely to gain Time: For after her Lying-in was over, she never made the least mention of her Promise, which she

she waved in her Letters, by complaining of a very bad State of Health, the Relicks of her former Condition, that kept her a Bed most commonly, and rendered her altogether incapable of the least Care whatsoever.

I have not so much as the Courage to think, she said; and you are sensible, that in a Condition like this, and with that weak Head she complained of in so lamentable a manner, there was no Room to propose to her to have me in her House; but by good Fortune Mrs. *De Tresle*'s Heart grew warm for me, in Proportion as my Mother's froze and forsook me.

She so totally forgot her Daughter, that she came to write but seldom, and even not to mention me in her Letters, so that at last she quite ceased letting us hear of her, or sending me any thing; and in two Years and an half's time, I was as perfectly out of her Memory, as if I had never come into the World.

So that I existed no longer for any living Soul but Mrs. *De Tresle*: Her Heart was the only Fortune left me. Indifferent as I was to my Relations in the Country; quite unknown to those I had in the other Provinces; a Burden to my two Aunts with whom I lived; (I mean the two Daughters of Mrs. *De Tresle*) and even hated by them, on Account of their Mother's Regard for me; you are sensible that in Circumstances like these, and in that little Corner of the Country I was almost buried in, my Life could give no kind of Concern to any body.

In this Manner it was that I passed my Infancy, which I shall not mention to you any more, and I arrived at the Age of twelve Years and a few Months.

During this Interval, the Aunts I have just mentioned, though ill-favoured enough, and both of them the most insignificant Creatures in the World for their Parts and Character, yet found each of them their Match in two Gentlemen in the Neighbourhood, who were for Men what they were for Women; who had sometimes what to live upon and sometimes not, and who married them with what the Law allowed them

of their Father's Fortune, which consisted of a few Portions of Vineyards, Meadows and other Lands ; so that I remained alone in the House of Mrs. *De Trefle*, whose eldest Son lived above fifteen Leagues from us ever since he was married, and the youngest was making his Court to the young Duke of — his Colonel, never left him and hardly ever came to his Country.

And what do you think my Mother said all this while ? Nothing : We did not hear of her any more, nor she of me. Not that I did not ask now and then how it went with her, or whether she would not come to see us ; but as I made these Questions very transitorily, and dropt them in a slight giddy Manner, Mrs. *De Trefle* never answered me but one Word which I was satisfied with, and which never let me into her Dispositions with regard to myself.

The Time came at last, which unveiled what they had hitherto concealed from me. Mrs. *De Trefle*, who was very old, fell sick, and then got well again being only in a weak Condition ; but she had six Weeks after a Relapse which carried her off.

The Condition I saw her in in this last Accident, made me serious ; it cured me quite of my usual Giddiness and Levity, and of that girlish Behaviour which I still had. In short I began to think and be uneasy, and my first Thought was Sadness or Grief.

I cried sometimes from a confused Motive of Uneasiness ; I saw Mrs. *De Trefle* neglected by her Servants who looked upon her as a dead Woman : In vain did I solicit them to be more attentive, they did not so much as listen to me : They cared for me no longer, nor did I dare be refractory and use my little Authority as before ; my Confidence sunk by Degrees, I knew not why.

My two Aunts came now and then to our House, dined there, without doing me any Kindness, or taking any Notice of my Cries to comfort me ; and when they spoke to me, they did it in a heedless rough Manner.

Mrs.

Mrs. *De Trefle* perceived it herself : She was much concerned to hear it, and reproached them with it with a Mildness which I observed likewise, which made me sad, as it was nothing like her former Way of speaking to them. She seemed striving to win their good Will for and begging their Mercy on me; and all this struck me as a very ominous Novelty, that boded me some impending Disaster and dismal Situation : I did not perhaps reason upon it as distinctly as I tell you at present ; but, however, it raised a certain inward Terror within me, that made me mute, humble and timorous. You know very well that we have Sense before we have Understanding, and besides, Mrs. *De Trefle*'s whole Behaviour to me when her Daughters were out of the Way, still contributed to open my Eyes.

She called me, made me come to her, took my Hands, and spoke to me with a greater Tenderness than usual. You would have thought that she strove to give me Courage, to free me of my Alarms, and to raise me from that Humiliation of Mind, she but too much saw I was fallen into.

A few Days before, a Lady in her Neighbourhood, and her intimate Friend besides, came, whom she desired to speak to in private. There was in her Room a small Closet into which I went, and out of a certain tender uneasy Curiosity, I bethought myself of listening to their Conversation.

This Child sticks to my Heart, said Mrs. *De Trefle* to her ; it is only for her Sake I could wish to live a while longer, but God is the Master, he is the Father of Orphans. Have you been so good, added she, to speak to Mr. *Villot* ? (This was a rich Inhabitant of the neighbouring Borough, who had been for above thirty Years together a Farmer to Mr. *De Tervire* my Grandfather. He was always much valued by his Master, and had got the greatest Part of his Fortune in the Family.)

Yes, replied her Friend to her, I went to him this Morning ; he was going to Town about Business for

one Day or two, he will conform himself to your Desires, and will come and assure you of it at his Return; therefore, be easy. Miss *De Terwire* is not so much an Orphan as you think: Have better Hopes of her Mother. She neglected her 'tis true: But she knows her not, and will infallibly love her the Moment she sees her.

They could not speak so low, but I heard them very well, and the Term of Orphan surprized me much at first: What could it signify, since I had a Mother which was even talked of before me. But the Answer of Mrs. *De Tresle*'s Friend to her, let me into the Matter, and acquainted me that that Mother of mine, whom I knew not, very likely cared not for her Daughter. These were the first News I had of her Indifference for me; they made me cry most bitterly; and young and childish as I still was, I remained under the utmost Consternation at hearing of it.

Six Days after this, Mrs. *De Tresle* was so very ill, that a Servant was dispatched to her Daughters, who found her dead when they came.

Her eldest Son, whom I told you lived fifteen Leagues from her, upon his Wife's Estate, was actually with her at *Paris*, where he was obliged to go about Business, and the youngest was in I don't know what Province with his Regiment. So that, their Sisters were present alone in this Occurrence, and I depended on them.

They remained four or five Days in the House, both to pay their last Duty to their Mother, and set every thing in Order in the Absence of their Brothers. I think there was an Inventory made; at least Lawyers were called: Mrs. *De Tresle* had made a Will; a few Legacies must be acquitted; and besides, my Aunts had some further Pretensions upon the Estate.

Imagine a thousand Discussions and Debates between the two Sisters, who sometimes quarrelled together, and sometimes united against a Man, to whom their elder Brother, who was informed of his Mother's Illness, had sent a Letter of Attorney from *Paris*.

Imagine,

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Imagine, in short, all the Clamours, and indecent Agitations, which Avarice and the love of Booty are apt to raise among Children who have no natural Affection, and whose Avidity for their Mother's Spoils left no Room in their Hearts for the least Concern for her Death. It is the Picture of what happened at that Time.

But where was I during all this Uproar? Why, I was in a little Room, where they had confined me on Account of my Sobs and Cries, which rent the Heads of the two Daughters, and which I really durst not give a Loose to for a long Time. The Excess of my Grief soon made it mute and solitary, especially after they were informed that Mrs. *De Tresle* had left me a Diamond of about three thousand Livres, which one of her Friends had given her at her Death, and which they were obliged to deliver into the Hands of their Mother's Confessor, who was to give it me: This Diamond had so exasperated them against me, they could not endure to see my Face.

How! Is it possible, they said, that our Mother should have loved us less than she did this little Girl? Is it not very surprising, that those who directed her Conscience should have neglected to rectify her Sentiments, and to inspire her with a more natural and more equitable Way of thinking? Judge from this if it would have been prudent for that little Girl to shew herself much to such People: But then I shall never forget those four or five Days which I was with them, and during which I did nothing but cry.

Would you believe, my dear *Marianne*, that at this very Time I cannot but with Terror think as yet of that House then so very desolate, where I was become nobody for all that lived in it; where I found myself alone among so many People, where I saw none but Faces that looked most of them unfriendly, some indifferent, and all of them more strange to me, than if I had never seen them; for such was the Impression they made on me. Imagine you see me in that Room where I had been put out of the Way, which I made
my

my Sanctuary against the rough Usage and Aversion of my Aunts, and in which the Terror of being obliged to appear before their Eyes detained me, and where I trembled at hearing the very Sound of their Voices.

I thought myself dependent on the Caprice or Whims of every Body. There was no Soul, nor any Servant in the House, to whom I did not fancy I was much obliged, when they used me without Scorn or Rebuffs. And you, my dear *Marianne*, will needs judge better than any body else, how much I must have suffered in that Situation; I, whom nothing had prepared for this strange Sort of Misery; I, who never had the least Notion of what they call Trouble of Mind, and who was but just out of the Hands of a Grandmother, whose tender Usage had softened my Mind very much.

These are none of those violent Shocks, under which People will be in great Agitation, or break out into Cries, or have Strength enough to express the utmost Despair. They are a great deal worse indeed. They are Sadnesses lurking as it were in the deepest Recesses of the Soul, that dry up the Heart, and leave it almost as good as dead. One is only frightened at the Thought of belonging to nobody; but one sinks almost into nought again in Presence of Parents like these.

My Situation changed at last. All Disputes were over; and on the fourth Day after the Death of Mrs. *De Trefle*, my Aunts thought of going Home again with their Husbands that were come to fetch them.

An old Servant, who had been married at Mrs. *De Trefle's*, and lodged in the *Poultry-Yard* with all his Family, of a Vine-dresser he was before, was appointed Keeper of the House, till the Seals could be taken off.

This Man remembered that I locked myself up in the little Room: You cannot remain here, said he, since it will not be inhabited for the future: Pray, come into the Hall where the People are at Breakfast.

I followed him thither much against the Grain, and without knowing what would become of me. I walked in trembling, casting my Eyes downward, and with my Face as pale as Death and already fallen away. My Linen and Clothes were all tumbled, for having passed two Nights on the Bed without pulling off my Clothes; and that out of mere Discouragement, and because no Soul ever thought of coming o' Nights to see what I was doing.

I durst not lift up my Eyes upon the two dreadful Sisters. I was at their Mercy. Nobody protected me; and ever since I had lost Mrs. *De Trefle*, I never had found myself so much deprived of her, than I did at that Instant I appeared before her Daughters.

O Lord! We did not think as yet of this little Girl, cried the youngest of them as far as she could see me; what shall we do with her, Sister? For, I must tell you, that for my part I cannot take her to my Charge; my Sister-in-Law and her two Children are actually in my House, and I have already enough of my other Incumbrances, without this.

And I enough of mine too, replied the eldest: They are now rebuilding my House: Part of it has been pulled down; where would you have me put her? Why, replied the other, where is the Difficulty? We need only leave her with this good Man (she meant the old Vine-dresser) whose Wife will take care of her; and who will keep her, till we have an Answer from her Mother, to whom we shall write; who, I suppose will send Money, though none ever came from her, and who will dispose of her Daughter at her own Pleasure: I don't see that we have any thing else to do, so long as we cannot take her with us, and there are no other Relations here. I am not at all willing to have the same Fate as my Mother, to whom the Marchioness, as great and rich a Lady as she is, was not ashamed to leave her for ten Years together, which, to complete the Ridicule, have ended in a Legacy of three thousand Livres (she hinted at the Diamond.) Now, judge my dear *Mariann*, if it

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was possible to reject me, even in my own Presence, in a more insulting Manner, or to talk of my Situation with less Humanity, and expose it before my Eyes, with less Regard for my tender Years.

But then my Mind was quite troubled and disconcerted with it; that Refuge which was refused to me, that which I was reproached with having found at Mrs. *De Tresle's*; that wretched Lodging which they were appointing for me in the very House where I had lived so happy; where Mrs. *De Tresle* had loved me so much; in which I could not fail asking myself for ever, where is she? In which I must needs think twenty Times a Day that she is still before my Eyes, and have as many Times the Heart breaking to reflect that I am never to see her any more; in short, that transitory Recital they were making of the little Concern of my Mother for me; all that went so very close to my Heart, that I could not help crying out: O! merciful God! and in a Moment my Face was all over bathed in Tears.

While they were thus advising about what was to be done with me, Mr. *Villot*, that old Farmer of my Grandfather, to whom Mrs. *De Tresle* had wrote, came into the Hall. I knew him very well: I had often seen him come to our House about buying of Corn, and the Countenance full of Zeal and good Will, with which he cast his Eyes upon me at first, moved me suddenly, and without any other Reflection, to have Recourse to him.

Alas! Mr. *Villot*, said I to him, let me beg of you, by your former Friendship for our Family, to carry me to your House for a few Days: Pray recal Mrs. *De Tresle* to your Mind, and don't leave me here, I conjure you.

Why indeed, Madam, said he to me, I come for nothing else; it was Mrs. *De Tresle* desired me to do it when she was dying, by this Letter which I received but this Morning in my coming from the Town; and so I shall carry you directly to our Borough, if it pleases the Ladies; and it will be a great Honour to me to do you this little Piece of Service, after
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M A R I A N N E, &c. 137

the many Obligations I have to my good Master Mr. *De Teruire* your Grandfather, whose Death has made us shed many a bitter Tear, my Wife and me, and whom we still pray for * every Day of our Lives: You need but come, Madam: We shall think ourselves very happy, to have you in our House, and we shall have as much Respect there for you, as if you was in your own House, and as we are in Duty and Justice bound to do.

With all my Heart, said then one of my Aunts, is it not true, Sister, added she? She will be there with very honest Folks, and we may very safely trust her into their Hands: Yes, yes, Mr. *Villot*, we shall be very glad to leave her with you; carry her to your House; I shall write this very Day to her Mother, and let her know of the good Will you have expressed here; that you may not be a Loser by it, and she may be more diligent in ridding you of her Daughter.

Ah! Madam, replied this good Man; it is not the Gain I expect from it that brought me hither; I don't think of it indeed; and as to being rid of her, there can be no such Thing, as she will be no way troublesom to us. My Wife never leaves her House, and we have a very neat Room, which is always empty, except when my Son-in-Law comes to the Borough, but he shall lie somewhere else; he is no more than my Daughter's Husband, but my young Mrs. shall be the Lady of the House, till her Mother is pleased to take her from us.

I then came near Mr. *Villot* to shew him how grateful I was for what he had said; and he, on his Part, returned me such a Bow as made him known again for my Grandfather's Farmer.

Come, that's a Thing settled, said my youngest Aunt; God be with you, Mr. *Villot*: I let one of the Servants go and fetch this little Girl's Box; it grows late, our Things are all ready; we need but set out

* The Roman Catholicks pray for the Dead.
directly.

directly. *Terrure!* (she was speaking to me) do you write to your Mother To-morrow: We shall see you one of these Days, do you hear? Be good, Child; we recommend her to you, Mr. *Villot*.

This said, they took their Leave of every one in the House, went into the Yard, slept into their Chaises, and away they went without kissing me; they had exhausted Treasures of Kindness in my Favour, in the last Words the youngest had just told me, which her Sister was reckoned to have uttered also.

I was a little easier the Moment they were out of my Sight; I began to breathe, and to find myself rid of one of my Grievs. A Peasant was charged with my little Baggage, and we set out in our Turn, Mr. *Villot* and I.

Whatever I may have told you of my Distresses hitherto, I do not remember, my dear *Marianne*, ever to have experienced any thing so cruelly dismal, as what passed at the Bottom of my Heart at that Moment.

✓ We Women, that are so shallow in every Respect, how come we to be so much the Reverse when we are to suffer? That House in which I fancied I could not stay and not die, it was not in my Power to leave without the greatest Heart-breaking: Methought I was leaving my very Life there; I expired almost at every Step I fetched to go from it; I breathed only by means of my repeated Sighs. Nevertheless, I was very young to have so much Sensibility: But four Days of such a Situation as mine was, forward our Sense very much: They are worth so many Years.

Madam, said the Farmer to me, who was almost ready to cry himself, let's go; don't turn your Head; and let us get Home as quick as we can; your Grandmother loved us, it is just as if it was herself.

We were going on, as he spoke this: I still turned my Head now and then, but at last, that House, which I would neither dwell in nor lose Sight of, disappeared from my Eyes.

We arrived at last at the Borough, and now I am at Mr. *Villot's* with his Wife, whom I knew not, and who received me with the Air and Countenance I needed to meet with in my then State of Mind. I did not find myself a Stranger with her. We are presently familiar with such People as have a generous Soul, let them be what they will. They are like so many Friends we have among People of all Ranks and Stations.

Thus was I received ; and the first Benefit I reaped from it, was, my being freed of that sheepish Fear, of that lowness of Spirits under which I had been pinning hitherto : At least, I durst then sigh and cry as much as I pleased.

My Aunts had imposed Silence to my Grief, whereas the Zeal and good Usage of the good People set it at Liberty : It rendered it more tender, and softer of Course ; and then made it vanish by Degrees, except that softening of Heart which I had as yet when I thought, and which I have still whenever I speak of her.

I had wrote to my Mother, and in all Probability, Mr. *Villot* was not to keep me above ten or twelve Days ; my Mother answered me in three or four Lines, that I must stay with him, alledging that she was to take a Journey to the Country with her Husband, and that she would afterwards bring me to *Paris* along with her.

But that Journey, which was put off from one Day to another, never took Place, and at last she wrote to me in plain Words, that she knew not if she should come or not ; but that she was taking all proper Measures, to have me conveyed to *Paris* ; which took no Effect likewise, notwithstanding a World of Letters I teized her with afterwards, and which she did not answer ; so that I myself grew tired of writing to her, and remained at that Farmer's, as completely forsaken as if I had had no Family, except a little Money that was sent but seldom for my Clothes, with a small Pension for my Board. This, indifferent as it was, did not hinder

der my generous Landlord and Landlady from loving and respecting me with all their Hearts.

As for my Aunts, I don't mention them to you; I saw them but once or twice in a Year at most.

I had four or five Companions in the Borough, and in the Neighbourhood. They were Citizens Daughters, with whom I passed part of the Day; or the Daughters of some neighbouring Noblemen, whose Mothers carried me sometimes to their Houses to dine with them, when Mr. *Villot*, who had Business with their Husbands, was to come and take me back.

The young Ladies (I mean the Noblemen's Daughters) as they were my Equals, called me *Terwive*, and thou'd me, and, as I imagined, thought themselves honoured a little by this Familiarity, on Account of the Marchioness *De —*, my Mother.

The Citizens Daughters, who, in spite of themselves, were a little more reserved, used some little Cunning to indulge their girlish Vanity, and called me by a Name that seemed to put them on a Level: I was *my dear Friend* for them. This is a Remark which I make by the by to amuse you.

I lived in this Manner till I was almost seventeen Years of Age.

There was at about half a Mile from our Borough, a Castle where I went pretty often. It belonged to the Widow of a Gentleman who had been dead ten or twelve Years: She had been formerly one of my Mother's Companions, and her best Friend besides. I think they had also been married nearly about the same Time; and that they wrote to one another now and then.

This Widow might be then forty Years old, or so, a very genteel well-looking Woman indeed; whose fresh Complexion, and good Plight of Body, made her look still handsom enough; which, together with the regular Life she led, her apparently austere Demeanor, and her Intimacy with all the devout People in that Country, procured her the Esteem and Veneration of all the World; the more, because an
hand-

handsom Woman is more edifying than another in her Piety, because she commonly wants to make greater Efforts than others to be truly pious.

There were indeed a few People in our Quarters, who were not altogether sure of that great Devotion she was thought to have.

Among the Votaries that visited her frequently, they observed that there had always been some young Men, both of the Laity and the Clergy, and all of them clever and genteel too. She had, on the other Hand, large tender-looking Eyes: Her Way of Dressing, though decent and plain, yet had a little too good a Grace; and the People I have just mentioned, could not help mistrusting all this; but they hardly durst hint their Suspicions, for Fear of passing for ill-natured dangerous People.

This Lady had wrote to my Mother, that I visited her often; and really I loved her mild temper, and obliging Carriage.

You remember very well, that I had no Fortune; my Mother, who knew not what to do with me, and who wished with all her Heart I might never come to *Paris*, where I could not have assumed the Airs of a young well-born Lady. nor live suitably to her Vanity, and to the Rank she had there, gave this Lady to understand, that she should be vastly obliged to her, if she could sily inspire me with the Desire of being a Nun. The Widow undertook the Task.

She accordingly gives the Word to all this Society of godly Folks, that they may contribute with her to the good Success of her Undertaking. She doubles her Kindness and Friendship for me; and it must be owned, that a Girl at my Age, and as pretty as I was generally acknowledged to be, would have done her no small Honour, by going out of her Hands directly into a Convent.

She kept me almost every Night to sup with her, and even to lie at her House: She must by all Means see me from Morning till Night. Mr. *Villot* and his Wife were enchanted to see my Affection for her; they

they praised me, and valued me still more for it: Nor was there any Soul that did not think as they; I began to be delighted myself with the Encomiums I heard every one bestow upon me; I was flattered with this general Applause; it made my Devotion increase more and more every Day, and gave my Face a greater Cast of Sternness and Austerity.

This Woman made me a Partner in all her pious Exercises, locked herself up with me, to read good Books, and made me go to Church with her, to hear all the Sermons she could get Intelligence of. I could sometimes be an Hour or two sitting, and gathered up in a Confessionary, where I recollected, or at least fancied I did recollect myself in Imitation of her, merely because I had the Honour to mimick her Posture*.

She had the Art of giving me a Relish for all these Things, by the insinuating Manner in which she guided me.

My dear predestinated, she often used to say to me, (for I had no other Name with her and her Friends) what an affecting Sight the Piety of such a Girl as you is! I cannot behold you without praising God Almighty, and being inflamed with a greater Love for him.

Aye, to be sure, replied her holy Set of Friends, this Piety of hers, which we are enchanted with, and which we are Witnesses of, is a Favour God bestows upon us as well as upon herself: Nor will you stop there, with so much Piety, Beauty, and Youth together, they added; this will bring on something of greater Importance: God has appointed you for a holier State; he will infallibly have you all to himself; the Thing is plain; the World stands in need of great Examples, and you shall be a glorious Instance of the Triumph of Grace.

To these Discourses, which fired my Imagination, they added Regards that came up almost to Veneration; they feigned to be astonished, they looked up

* These Fooleries are much in Fashion among the *Roman* Catholics, and are often mistaken for Devotion.

to Heaven, out of Wonder: I was a grave respectable Person among them; my Presence awed every one that saw me; and we are fond at any Age, especially at mine, of seeing ourselves have a Dignity among those we live with; we are so soon delighted with the Thought of being honoured! But then the Widow had great Hopes of bringing me insensibly to her desired Point by this Method.

Her House was not very distant from a Nunnery, where we used to go once or twice a Week at least.

She had a Relation there, who was apprized of her Design, and promoted it with all the monasterial Cunning and mistaken Zeal she was capable of. I say, *mistaken*; because nothing is more imprudent, and perhaps less pardonable, than those little Cheats employed in such Cases to seduce a young Girl, and inspire her with a Desire of being a Nun: It is not dealing candidly with her; and it would be still better to exaggerate before her the Consequences of the Engagement she intends to contract, than to hinder her from seeing them, or to disguise them so well in her Eyes, that it is not possible for her to know them.

However, this Relation of my Widow left no Stone unturned to persuade me, and gain my Affection, and she succeeded. I loved her with all my Heart; it was a true Feast for me to go and see her, and you cannot think what an Attraction there is in a Nun's Friendship, and how engaging it is for a Girl that has seen nothing, and has no Experience at all. We then love that Nun in a Manner quite different from that after which we should love a Friend in the World. The innocent Inclination a Girl will take for her, is a Kind of Passion; and the Habit we wear, and which is a Garb peculiar to us, together with the calm Physiognomy it gives us, undoubtedly contribute to it, as well as that peaceable Outside that seems to reign in all our Houses, and which makes People fancy that they are so many soft and quiet Retreats: Nay, the very Silence that reigns among us, will make an agreeable Impression upon a raw and somewhat lively Mind.

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I enter into these Particulars, my dear *Marianne*, on Account of yourself, to whom they may be useful; and that you may look into your own Mind, and examine whether the Desire you have of embracing our Way of Life, does not proceed in great Part from those little Attractions which I am mentioning to you, and which are of no long Duration.

For my Part, I felt them when I went to that Convent; and you should have seen how my Nun squeezed my Hands with hers; with what holy Tenderness she spoke to, and cast her Eyes on me: And then there came two or three more of her Companions, that were as loving as herself, and who enchanted me, by the Sweetness of the pretty little Names they gave me, and by their devout unaffected good Grace; so that I never left them, but softened quite down with Love for them and their House.

My God! How happy those good Girls are! said the Widow to me, whenever we went Home, after having visited this Convent: O! that I had embraced their blessed State! We have just left them in the Sanctuary of Peace, and we are now returning to the Tumult of a worldly Life.

I always approved of what she said, and in the Disposition I was in, I needed perhaps but to make one or two Visits more to the Convent, to take the final Resolution of entering into it, when a mere Chance caused a total and sudden Alteration in me as to that.

One Day that my Widow was indisposed, and we had not paid a single Visit to this Convent for a whole Week together, I had a Mind to go and pass one Hour or two there; and I desired the Widow to lend me her Chambermaid to carry me thither. I had a Book to return to my good Friend the Nun, whom I asked for. I could not see her, however; a Rheumatism, which she was subject to, obliged her to keep her Bed; she informed me of it, by one of her Companions that used to come with her to the Parlour, to keep me Company.

She who spoke to me that Day was a Woman of five or six and twenty, a tall genteel Girl of an agreeable and pleasing Aspect, but who had always appeared to me less chearful, or if you will, more serious than the other Nuns: Her Face had now and then a melancholy Cast, which was thought natural to her, and which had nothing disagreeable in it. Nay, it happened sometimes to be very affecting, by a certain Softness that was mixed with it. Methinks I see her still with her large languishing Eyes. In Company she seldom spoke, but yielded the whole Discourse to others. She was the only one that gave me no little friendly Names. She was contented with calling me Miss; nor did that hinder me from finding her as affable as her Companions.

That very Day, she seemed to me still more melancholy than usual; and as I did not suspect her of having any Grief, I imagined that she was not well.

Are you sick, said I to her, I find you palish? That may be, replied she: I have had a very indifferent Night; but yet I shall do well. Would you have me go and tell our Sisters that you are here, said she? No, replied I; I have but one Hour to be with you; and I don't wish for better Company than yours; and besides, I shall have in a short Time all the Opportunities I can wish for, of seeing our good Friends, without being obliged to leave them. How! Without leaving them, said she? Have you any Intention to be one of us?

I am more than half resolved to it, replied I; and I think I shall write to my Mother To-morrow, to let her know of it: Your Happiness has been the Subject of my Wishes this great while, and I would fain be as blessed as yourself.

I then put my Hand through the Grate of the Parlour, to take hers, which she gave me: But she did it without answering what I said. I even saw her Eyes grow moist, and that she looked downwards; very likely to hide her Concern from me.

This surpris'd me so, that I was dumb for a Moment. Lord ha' Mercy! cried I looking at her, are you a crying? Was I mistaken in thinking you happy?

Her Tears redoubled at the Word *happy*; I was moved by them myself, though I knew not the Subject of her Grief.

After many Sobs and Sighs, which she broke out with in spite of herself, as it were, alas! Madam, said she to me at last; I conjure you to keep what I now let you into secret: Don't tell any Body that you saw me shed Tears; I could not restrain them, and I shall trust you with the Occasion of them. It will perhaps be necessary you should know it, as it may serve for your Instruction.

She stopt there to wipe off her Tears. Go on, dear Friend, and hide nothing from me, said I crying myself. Your Grievs go to my very Heart, I assure you, and I look upon the Confidence you are pleased to honour me with, as a singular Favour that I shall never forget.

You have a Mind to be a Nun, said she then to me, and the Caresses of our Sisters, the kind Reception they always give you, their Conversations with you, and, as much as I can guess, the insinuating Discourses of Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* (this was my Widow's Name) all, in short, invite you to do it, and you are going to launch into our State, because you depend upon a Call which you imagine is in you, though you never should have had it, perhaps, had it not been for all these Allurements? Beware, Madam! I own, that if you really have this Call, you will indeed live easy and contented, but don't trust to the Dispositions you are actually now in; you are not sufficiently sure of them; I must forewarn you of it: They will vanish, perhaps, with the Circumstances which inspire you with them, which only lend them to you, as I may say; and it is not to be expressed, how unfortunate a Girl of your Age is to have mistaken them, nor how many horrid Consequences may result to her from that Disaster. You imagine there is nothing but Sweets to be met with in
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a Convent, and there are some indeed ; but they are Delights peculiar to our Condition, and one must be born with a Relish for them. We have also our Crosses, which the World knows not, and one must be born likewise with a Disposition to support them. There is many a Girl, who could have endured the greatest Misfortunes, had she been in the World, and yet cannot find Courage in herself to go through the several Duties of a Nun, plain as you think they are. Every Body has his peculiar Portion of Courage ; that which is necessary among us is not every Body's Gift, although it seems to require but a very indifferent Share of it ; and this I actually experience : I entered this Convent at your Age ; I was first induced to do it as you are now ; I, as well as you, took an Affection for a Nun whom I made my Friend : Or, to speak the Truth, I was caressed by the Nuns that were in the House, and loved them all ; I could not part from them ; I was a youngest Daughter ; all my Family contributed to the Charm that drew me hither : I imagined nothing more delightful than being among those good Girls that loved me so much, for whom it was a Virtue to have an Affection, to whom God Almighty appeared so lovely, and in whose Company I was going to serve him in the most delightful Peace. Alas ! Madam ! how childish that was ! I was not devoting myself to God ; it was not him I was looking for in this House ; I only wanted to insure to myself the Satisfaction of being for ever dear to those good Girls, and of loving them dearly myself : This was the childish Attraction I was allured by ; I had indeed no other Call. No Body was charitable enough to warn me of the Mistake I was ready to commit ; and there was no recalling mine, when I began to be sensible of it : However, I began to be tired and surfeited of my Way of Life, towards the End of my Probation-time : But, these were Temptations, they would come and say to me, in an affectionate Manner, and always with a thousand Wheedles. A Girl at my then Age has not Courage enough to resist all the World : I gave Cre-

dit to what they said, both out of Tractableness and from Persuasion. The Day of my Vows came at last: I suffered myself to be prevailed upon, and did all they would have me to do; I was in an Emotion that had stopped all my Thoughts; my Fate was decided by others, and I was myself no more than a stupid Spectatrix of the irrevocable Engagement I contracted.

Her cries began again here, and she could not utter the last Words, but with a Voice interrupted by a Crowd of Sobs and Sighs.

You have seen how her Grief barely moved me at first; but it frightened me in this Moment. All that had drawn her into her Convent, so much resembled what gave me a Relish for being there; my Motives proceeded from Causes so exactly the same; and my History was so faithfully contained in her own, that it made me tremble at the Thought of the Danger I was, or rather, had been in; for I think, that from this very Instant I began not to care at all for that House, no more than for those that lived in it. I felt myself as cold as Ice for them, and despised their whole Behaviour with all my Heart and Soul.

So, that after having considered a Moment upon what I had just heard! Lord! Madam, how many Reflections you raise in my Mind! said I to this Nun, who was still a crying! My God! how many Things you have let me into which I was ignorant of!

Alas! Madam, replied she, I told it to you once; and must repeat it again; never trust our Conversation to any Body; my Condition is but too deplorable already, and would be still more so, if you should reveal it.

You are strangely out, said I to her; how can you imagine, that I would betray a Confidence, to which I shall perhaps owe the Repose of my whole Life; by great Misfortune, I cannot repay it by any special Service, notwithstanding your actual dismal State, which fetches from my Eyes these Tears you see me shed. This I added, with an Heart so feelingly softened

tened that it won her quite, and made her come out with her whole Secret.

Alas! you see nothing as yet, and you know not all I suffer, cried she letting her Head lean upon my Hand, which I had given her through the Grate, and which she bathed in her Tears.

Dear Friend, said I, have you any other Griefs besides this? Pray, ease your Heart in telling me every one of them: At least, procure yourself this Comfort with one who loves you, and will share all your Afflictions with you.

Well, said she, I will trust to you: I stand in need of Assistance; I call to you for Help, and against my own self too.

She then fetched out of her Bosom a Note without any Direction, but sealed up; which she gave me with a trembling Hand. Since my Condition raises your Pity, added she, pray rid me of this: In the Name of God take from me this dismal Note, which tortures me; rescue me from the Danger it exposes me to, and let me not see it any more. I have not lived these two Hours since I received it.

But have you not read it, said I, and has it not been opened? No, replied she; I have been ready twenty times to tear it, and tempted a thousand times to read the Contents. I never could resist the Temptation, and should have read it at last; I even think I was going to peruse it when you came by good Luck: My God! What Luck! Alas! I am very far from feeling it, and God knows whether I really think it so. That Note I have just given you, I already grudge it, I am almost ready to demand it back; I would fain have it again; but don't you indulge me in this; and if you read it, as you well may, since I hide nothing from you, pray, never tell me any Thing of what it contains. I but too well guess it, and I don't know what would become of me, if I knew more of it than I do.

Lord! Who does it come from? said I to her, greatly moved myself at the Concern I saw her in.

From my greatest Enemy; from a Man who is stronger than me, than my Religion, and all my Reflections, replied she; from a Man who loves me; who is out of his Senses; who strives to put me out of mine; who has already but too much succeeded in it; whom you must speak to; and whose Name is —.

She then named him immediately, in the Hurry and Confusion of the Motions that troubled her; and judge now of my Surprise, when she came out with the Name of a Man whom I saw almost every Day at Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, and who was a young Abbé of seven or eight and twenty, who was not indeed very earnestly engaged as yet in Holy Orders, altho' he enjoyed a small Living; who was reputed very pious; who had all the Demeanour and Countenance of a Man who is much so; and whom I myself looked upon as one altogether blameless, for the Regularity of his Manners. But then I could not help crying out, at hearing he was the Man.

I know you see him very often, added she; we are Relations, and he has imposed on me; nay, on himself, perhaps, in the Visits I had from him. He loved me, he says, and was not aware of it: And my Weakness, I think, proceeds from my having known he loved me: He has followed me ever since, and I have suffered it; but, pray shew him his Letter; tell him I have not read it; tell him I will not see him any more; that I desire him to let me alone, out of Compassion for both me and himself. Raise in him the Fear of God, which guards me still against his Attacks, though it cannot do it much longer, and must at last be conquered, if he persists in his Pursuits: Tell him that the Situation I am actually in ought to make him tremble. I would not answer for any Thing if I should see him again. I am capable of running away with him, of attempting upon my own Life, of — of any Thing whatever. I have none but horrid Prospects before my Eyes; I dream of nothing but Precipices; and it would certainly be the Ruin of us both.

She

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She melted in Tears while she spoke this; her Eyes were perfectly wild, and her Face so utterly altered that I was frightened at it. We both remained speechless for a considerable Time; I broke Silence at last, and cried with her.

Calm your own Mind, said I to her: You are born with a gentle and virtuous Disposition. Never fear: God will not forsake you: You are his Property, and he only aims at giving you Instruction. You will soon compare the Blessing of being his, with the sorry Satisfaction you have in loving a Man actually a weak Libertine; who must, sooner or later, prove a false ungrateful Wretch at least, and who can never be in your Thoughts without leading your Heart astray; who gives you his merely to undo you: You know this to be true; you say it yourself, I do but repeat your own Words; and this is but a transitory Trouble that will soon vanish; which it was proper you should not be a Stranger to, that you might afterwards be but the stronger for it, more knowing, and better pleased with your own Condition.

I stopt there, and a Bell rung to call her to Church, come again then to see me, said she in a Hurry, and with a Voice hardly audible, and away she went.

I remained sitting a few Moments more. All I had just heard, had made so great a Revolution in my Soul, and I was actually awakened out of so long a Lethargy, that, in the Amazement my new Notions caused in me, I did not think of leaving that Parlour.

It grew late however, I perceived it in the middle of my Study; and I went again to the Chambermaid who had brought me hither, and whom I met coming to fetch me back.

I was then, as I told you already, quite cured of the Desire of being a Nun, and I was so to such a Degree, that I could not help starting with Horror, at thinking that I had been within an Inch of embracing that State, and had almost given my Word for it. By good Luck, I had not as yet gone so far;

and had only shewed that I was tempted to chuse this Kind of Life.

Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, to whom I returned for a few Moments, would fain have kept me to lye at her House: I not only wanted to be alone, to give myself freely over to my new Reflections; but likewise my Face being as much altered as my Mind, I was afraid she should guess from my Look, that I was no longer the same; so, that I wanted a little Time to pick up my Courage, and put on such a Face as might not betray me at all; I mean my usual Face.

Therefore I did not comply with her Intreaties, and I went back to Mr. *Villot's*, where I familiarized myself with my new State of Mind, and considered upon the Means of not letting it be perceived by others but gradually; for I should have been ashamed to have undeceived them too abruptly on my Account: And I wanted to spare myself their Surprise. But 'tis likely I went awkwardly about it, for I spared myself nothing.

I was going to forget one Particular, which it is proper you should know, *viz.* that in my returning to my Farmer's with the Chambermaid who had attended me to the Convent, I met with that young Man of whom the Nun had been speaking to me, that Abbé who made her shed so many Tears; and whose Note, which I had in my Pocket, had thrown her into so great a Disorder.

I was ready to enter into Mr. *Villot's* House, and had just dismissed the Chambermaid. This young Hypocrite, with his devout Countenance, stopt to pay me his Respects, and make me a Compliment. We then shall not enjoy your good Company to Night at Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres's*, where I am going to sup, Madam, said he to me? No, Sir, replied I; but instead of that, I can give you some News of Madam *De* —, whom I have just left, and who spoke much of you to me (I named the Nun) and the cold Air with which I told him these few Words, seemed

seemed to have made some Impression on him ; at least, I thought so.

That's very kind of her, replied he ; I see her sometimes ; how does she do ? Although you left her but three Hours ago, replied I, (this made him colour directly) you would not know her again, she is so dejected ; I left her bathing in her Tears, and almost in Despair, on Account of the ill Conduct of a Man who wrote to her but six or seven Hours ago, whose past Visits raise her Horror ; from whom she is resolved to receive no more as long as she lives ; who will in vain attempt to see her again ; and to whom she desired me to give back this Note, added I, fetching it out of my Pocket, in which it had opened I know not how. Very likely the Nun had already half broken the Seal ; which doubtless must have persuaded him that I had read it ; and that of Course I was informed, how free he was of all Scruples, in Point of Religion and good Manners, and even of Probity : For I suspected from what the Nun had told me, that he had aimed at no less than a Rape ; and none but a Rogue could hardly have had the Face to make the Proposal of it.

He took the Note with a trembling Hand, and I left him directly. Your Servant, Sir, said I to him, fear nothing from me : I promise you an inviolable Secrecy : But fear every Thing from my Friend ; she is fully resolved to out publicly with every Thing, let the Consequences be what they will, if you persist in your Pursuits.

She had not commissioned me to frighten him with this Menace ; but I thought I could add this of my own Accord : It was a new Help I afforded to this Girl, whose Danger gave me a Concern ; and I took so much upon me, merely to terrify the Abbé, and cure him of all Desires of ever reviving this Intrigue.

My Stratagem had it's desired Effect : He never went to the Convent again, and I freed the Nun, or rather her Virtue, of this Prosecutor ; for there were Moments, when she would fain have given her Life

to see him again, as she told me herself, in a few other Conversations I had afterwards with her.

However, her repeated Prayers, Struggles, and Requests to Heaven, procured her an Alleviation of her Grievs: She acquired a greater Composure of Mind: She insensibly grew fond of her several Duties; and became a Model of Piety to the whole Convent.

As to the Abbé, this Adventure did not make him better; and 'tis likely he did not deserve to be reclaimed by it. The Nun was only out of the Way; whereas the Abbé was totally perverted, in short, a false Devotee; and God, who discerns our Frailties from our Crimes, did not grant him the same Favour, as you are going to see from one of the dismallest Accidents of my Life.

The next Day in the Afternoon, I returned to Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres's*, who was then shut up in her Oratory, while two or three Friends of hers and mine were waiting for her in the Parlour.

She came down a Quarter of an Hour after; Are you here, my little one, cried she as far as she could see me, like one that was fighting over me? Alas! I was just thinking of you: You gave me Distraction in my Prayer: Here comes on a pace the Time when I shall have no longer the Pleasure of seeing you among us; but you will be but the better for it. We are going to be deprived of her, Gentlemen, added she: It is in the House of God we are hereafter to look for our predestinated.

Why so, pray, Madam? said I to her, with a Smile which I put on, on purpose to hide my Blush; for I could not help colouring at hearing her speak of the House of God.

Alas! Madam, replied she, it is because I have just received a Letter from the Marchioness of — (she spoke of my Mother) to whom I wrote not long ago, that in the Disposition I actually found you, she might well prepare herself to see you a Nun very soon; and she commissions me to tell you, that she
loves

loves you too much to oppose this Resolution, if you are duly called ; that she would gladly exchange her present Condition for that you are disposed to embrace ; that she does not value the World enough to detain you in it in spite of yourself, and that she consents you should enter into the Convent whenever you please : These are her very Words ; and I guess that you will perhaps, one of these Days, make use of her Permission, added she, giving me my Mother's Letter.

In answer to this I fell a crying ; but my Tears were Tears of Sadness and Reluctance : Nor could they be mistaken, my whole Countenance and my Face intimating the same very plain.

How now ! What's the Matter ? said she, One would think this Letter gives you Grief ? Did I make a wrong Judgment on you ? Has all our Society been mistaken in you, and are you no longer of the same Mind, my dear ?

Why did not you take my Advice before you wrote to my Mother ? replied I crying and sobbing. You have completed her Hatred for me, Madam, I shall not be a Nun : God is not willing I should embrace that State.

At these Words, I saw Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* motionless, and almost ready to turn pale ; her Friends were looking at one another, and lifted up their Hands to Heaven, out of Surprise.

Oh ! my God ! You will not be a Nun, cried she then in a doleful Tone that meant where am I ? And it must be owned, that I was robbing her of the Hope of an Adventure vastly edifying for the World, and very glorious of Course for herself. After that Stock of Devotion I had acquired, with, and in Imitation of her, I only wanted a Nun's Habit to become her Master-piece.

Don't be afraid, said then one of her Company, smiling with the Air of a Man full of Faith ; I expected that ; this is only one last Effort of the Enemy of God against her ; possibly, you will see her

To-morrow fly to that happy and holy Retreat, which is well worth being acquired, at the Rate of going through a few Temptations.

No, Sir, replied I with Tears still in my Eyes, no, it is no Temptation, I have taken my Resolution upon it. If so, Madam, I pity you upon all Accounts, replied Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, with a Coldness that foreboded the Indifference of our future Correspondence, and then she got up directly to go into the Garden; the others followed her, and I did the same; but they all behaved in such Manner to me from that very Moment, that I could not know a single Person of this Society again: It was as much as if I had lived with other People; they were no longer themselves, nor I myself neither.

That Dignity I had seen myself honoured with among them, that respectful Amazement they expressed for my Virtues, their devout Exclamations, upon the singular Favours God bestowed on the young and venerable predestinated, all that vanished intirely, not the least Footstep of it remained, and I sunk directly into a little insignificant Girl, who gave some Hopes at first, but by whom every one had been much deceived, and whose only Merit was the profane Advantage of being tolerably pretty; for, since my refusing to be a Nun, I was not by much so handsom; it was no longer a thousand Pities I were not so, as I should be of but little Edification to the World.

In short, I was discredited to all Intents and Purposes; and in Order to punish me, and make themselves Amends for the Regards I had hitherto enjoyed among them; they carried their Indifference and Heedlessness for me to such a Degree, when I was present, that they hardly seemed to know I was there.

But then my Visits to the Castle became so very rare, that at last I hardly made any at all. I saw Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* but twice or thrice in a whole Month; ner did she complain of it. She looked like
one

one who neither hated nor wished for me; her Reception was either cold or heedless, but not uncivil, and in reality I neither pleased nor displeased her.

Things had been so for almost five Months together, when of a Morning there came one of Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres's* Footmen to desire me, from her, to go and dine at her House. This Invitation, which I complied with, seemed to me very new, considering how Matters stood betwixt us; but, what surprised me still more, when I came into the House, was, to see this Lady reassume to me that kind and affectionate Behaviour, which had suffered so long and so total an Eclipse.

I found her with a Gentleman, who had not visited her but since I was discarded, and whom I knew not otherwise myself, but for having met him at the Castle, in my two last Visits. A Man of about forty Years of Age, infirm, almost ever sick, often a dying; an Asthmatick, who naturally should have had a vast Relish for Pleasure and worldly Amusements, but whose bad Habit of Body, and the Necessity of living by Rule, had left him no other Pastime but that of being a pious Man, and whose Mein, on Account of this Devotion and crazy Health of his, was become meagre, pale, serious, and stern all at once.

Now, this Man, such as I describe him to you, languishing, half-dead, a Batchelor besides, and a very rich one too, who, as I told you, had seen me but twice; notwithstanding his consumptive Looks, and his sad and penitent Mind, had nevertheless taken Notice that I was genteel and pretty.

And as he knew I had no Fortune, that my Mother, who was exasperated at my not having turned a Nun, would gladly rid herself of me; and they told him on the other Side, that notwithstanding my past Inconstancy, in the Affair of my monasterial Calling, I was, however, very virtuous and mild tempered; he thought, that, as I had nothing in the World, it would be a charitable Action to love me so far as to make me his Wife; that it would be true

Piety to take my Youth and Beauty to his own Charge, and shelter them as it were in the Sanctuary of Marriage. It was with this Turn, and under this Notion he mentioned his Design to Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*.

She who was very glad to wash off the Affront I had put upon her by not leaving the World; who saw, besides, that the House of this Gentleman, was hardly inferior to a Convent, and that my Marriage with him would do her as much Honour almost as if I had taken the Veil, encouraged him to pursue his Design, took immediately the Resolution with him to let me know of it, and to invite me to dine at her House where I saw him.

Come, my Dear, come; let me kiss you, said she the Moment she saw me. I never ceased to love you, though I ceased a little to tell you of it: But let us no longer think of my Silence and the Motives that have been the Occasion of it; we must think that God did every thing for the best; what offers now for you comforts me for what you have lost, and you will know what that is when Dinner is over. Let's go about it.

I happened while she spoke, to cast my Eyes upon the said Gentleman, who gravely cast his downwards, with a mild discreet Countenance however, and with the Air of one who had some share in what I was to be told of.

We then dined: It was he that helped me most commonly; he drank my Health, always in a manner which intimated some Views, and favoured much of a mute and Christian-like Declaration of Love. These Things are more easily guessed at than expressed; so that I had some Surmises of the Truth of the Matter beforehand.

After Dinner, he left the Table and went into the Garden. Miss, said Mrs. *De Ste. Hermieres* to me the Moment he went out, you have no Fortune; your Mamma can give you none; the Baron of *Sercour* has a very large one (this was our Devotee's Name) he is a Man full of Piety, who thinks he cannot make
a better

a better Use of his Riches, than to share it with a young Lady of Quality, whose Sentiments are noble and virtuous as yours seem to be, and whose Merit deserves a Fortune. He offers to marry you; it would be a Match concluded in a very few Days, would insure you a considerable Estate. All the Business is to write this to your Mamma: Resolve upon it; I think for my part that there is no hesitating, if you but reflect on the Situation you are in and that you may fall into hereafter. It is a Friend that speaks to you; the Baron is not of an Age that can give any Disgust. He is not very healthy, I own; and then she added, lowering her Voice, it is uncertain enough whether he will live long or no: But God is the Master, in short, Madam: If you should lose the Baron, he would at least leave you what should make you love his Memory; and the State of a young and rich, though afflicted, Widow, is still less burdensom, than that of a well-born Girl, that is in very bad Circumstances. What do you think of it? Do you accept of the Proposal?

I was a Moment without giving my Answer: That Husband which she offered me, that penitent, melancholy languishing Body, was very little to my liking; for I saw him then in that Light: But I was endowed with Reason on the other Hand.

Being born without an Estate, and almost forsaken by my Mother, I was not ignorant how sad and dismal my Condition was. I had been already frightened more than once at the thought of it. This was a critical Minute at which it behoved me to think for myself more earnestly than ever; and I was no longer to make myself uneasy about that dreadful Hereafter which they frightened me with, if I married the Baron who was a very rich Man.

'Tis true, I had a Reluctance for this Husband: But I might accustom myself to him: Plenty makes us use ourselves to every thing; there are very few Hardships, that it does not make Amends for.

Besides,

Besides, I must make you a Confession, not so much to the Disgrace of my own as to that of the human Heart in general (for every Body hath something peculiar in their Turn of Mind at first, which they soon exchange for what is common to all the World) I say, I must make you a Confession : *viz.* that in the Crowd of my other Reflections, I considered, as superficially as possible, (for I would not for the World have dwelt on the Thought,) that this Husband had very bad Health, as Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* had most judiciously hinted, and might probably enough leave me a Widow very soon. This Consideration hardly glanced upon my Mind ; it made the slightest Impression upon it, which I never would take Notice of, though it doubtless contributed in some Measure to bring me to a Resolution.

Well then, Madam, said I dolefully to Mrs. *De Ste. Hermieres*, let the Thing be written to my Mother, I shall conform to what she pleases.

The Baron of *Sercour* came again into the Room ; my Heart went pit-a-pat at Sight of him, I had not seen him so well as yet ; I trembled when I looked at him, and almost fancied he was already my Master.

Baron, said Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* to him, I acquaint you that here is your Wife, and that I found no Difficulty to persuade her.

On this, I courtesied to him with my Heart almost panting. She does me a great deal of Honour, replied he returning me a Bow with an inward Satisfaction, which he checked as much as he could, lest it should be immodest, though it gave, in Spite of himself, some Vivacity to his Eyes, which were most commonly dull.

He then told me a few Things which I no longer remember. They were very circumspect and discreet, though more amorous than polite, even the Conversation of a devout Man in Love.

In short, it was agreed that the Baron should write to my Mother that very Day ; that Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* should write to her at the same Time, and that I should add a couple of Lines at Bottom of hers,

hers, to shew that every Thing was done with my Consent.

It was agreed, likewise, to keep the Thing secret, and not declare it sooner than the Day of the Marriage; becaule the Baron had a Nephew who was his Heir, and from whom it was necessary to conceal this Affair.

This Nephew, given over, as they said, to the most profound Piety, would certainly still depend upon succeeding to his Uncle, especially since he had been exposed to Oppositions from the Bishop, of ever coming to any Preferment in the Church, had obliged him to cast off his black Gown but two Months before.

And this so very pious Lad, whom the Baron did not name, that Heir whom he was afraid to vex before the Time, and whom that black Gown he was said to have quitted, made me know again presently, was that very Abbé of whom I had freed my Friend the Nun.

You are to observe, that since what had passed between him and me, he had paid me pretty frequent Visits at Mr. *Villor's*, to thank me for keeping his Adventure so secret, to intreat me to have still the same Charity for him (this was the Name he gave my Discretion) and to assure me that he thought no longer of the Nun; in which he did not deceive me. He even came sometimes to meet me in a large Walk that was near our House, where I used to walk with a Book in my Hand: We had been seen there together several Times: They knew he came now and then to see me at Mr. *Villor's*, and no ill Construction could be put upon that, far from it; I was valued but the more for that, as he was looked upon almost as a Saint.

I had not then seen him for some time, and he paid me a Visit the second Day after all I have just told you had been agreed upon at Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres's*,

I was

I was in our Garden when he came ; and as I knew his Character as well as his bad Principles, which must have made him wish to be rich ; I thought what a World of Grief my Marriage with his Uncle would give him, when he should be apprized of it. But he knew it already.

Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* must needs have been indiscreet, and have trusted the Secret to some good Friend of hers, who had put the same Confidence in another, who had told it to the Abbé.

Good morrow to you, Madam, said he coming towards me ; I am told that you are going to marry the Baron of *Sercour*, and I come to pay my Respects to my Aunt before-hand.

This made me colour as much as if I had had something to reproach myself with on his Account. I don't know who told you so much, replied I, but you have not been misinformed. I must tell you, however, that it was not till after I had given my Word to Mr. *De Sercour*, that I was informed of your being his Nephew ; and that I had not made a Secret of our Marriage to you, had he not required it himself ; it was the Baron himself that desired it should not be known. The only thing I am sorry for in this Affair, is, that it deprives you of an Estate which I never should have thought of taking from you ; but, pray, suppose yourself to be in my Place ; I have no Fortune, you know it very well, and if I had refused the Baron, my Mother, who longs to get rid of me, would never have pardoned my doing it.

Since I was doomed to lose my Uncle's Estate, replied he with a Smile that was forced enough, I chuse you should have it rather than another.

Mr. *Villot*, who was in the Garden, came to us and interrupted our Conversation by bowing to the Abbé, who stayed a quarter of an Hour longer with me. He left me afterwards with an apparent Tranquillity, which I thought was affected, and which seemed to me at the same Time to give him the Air of a Cheat, and by and by you will see I judged right of him.

He

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He continued to see me, and even more often than usual; nay, so very frequently, that the Baron who heard it, asked me his Reason for doing so. I know of none, said I, unless it is because we are Neighbours, and he must pass by our House to go to Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, whom he visits more than usual for some time past; and that was true.

I forgot to observe to you, that this Nephew, after having made me the Compliment I told you of upon my Marriage, which he mentioned no more to me, had desired me not to tell any body he was informed of it, and that I had promised it to him; so that I did not speak of it to the Baron, nor to Mrs. *De Ste. Hermieres*.

You are to observe likewise, that during the time I was out with this Lady, he never seemed to me in our Conversations to set any great Value upon her Piety: Not that he had explained himself freely upon it; I had found out what I now tell you, no otherwise than from his Looks, from certain jeering Smiles, and from his Silence, whenever I expressed before him my Esteem or Veneration for this Widow, whom I blamed on the other Hand for the Motive of her Coldness for me.

However, this Abbé, whose Tranquillity had appeared so much counterfeit to me, went to Mrs. *De Ste. Hermieres* when he had left me: He dined at her House, and in the Course of his Visit, he behaved in a manner, and spoke to her in a Strain that surprized her, as she told me in Confidence the Day after.

Would you believe, Madam, he had said to her, that my greatest Hardship in the Ecclesiastical State you have seen me in, was, to conquer a violent Passion I was possessed with. I may own it, now, that my Inclination has no longer any thing blameable in it, and the Person who inspired me with it may do me the Favour to accept of both my Heart and Person.

And while he spoke thus, added she, his Eyes were so full and so fixt on me, that I could not help casting mine on the Ground. What does the Man mean,
pray?

pray? What would he be at? Though I were disposed to marry again (and God forbid I should) I never would pitch upon a Man of his Age; and I must needs have heard wrong.

I have forgot what I answered her; but that Man, who was too young to become her Husband, was not too young to please her; don't speak to him of what I tell you now, said she to me; perhaps I have been in the wrong to give any Attention to it; but she minded it but too much afterwards.

However, the Baron received News from my Mother, who sent him her Consent as complete as could be desired, together with the kindest of Letters, and another Letter besides for Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, in which there was a couple of Lines for me. So that our Marriage was ready to be concluded, when all was stopt by a Malady that seized me, which was dangerous and lasted long, and from which I did not recover till two Months after and more.

The Abbé, as long as it lasted, appeared in the utmost Uneasiness about my Health, and let not a single Day pass without seeing me, or coming to know how I was; infomuch, that the Baron, to whom his Nephew, who was now in good Terms with him, had told that he would fain marry if he could find a Wife to his liking, fancied that the Abbé had some Views upon me, and asked me whether it was so. No, said I to him; your Nephew never gave me the least Hint of what you say, his Concern for me is the bare Result of the Value and Esteem he favours me with; and I thought so most sincerely: I was not more cunning than that.

I was cured at last, and as I was ready to marry the Baron from a mere Motive of reason that cost me many a Sigh, it gave my Face a little melancholy Cast, that was mistaken for the Relicks of my former Weakness and languishing Condition, and the Day of our Marriage was appointed. But, it was the Baron of *Sercour*, not Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, that solicited me to hasten that Day.

I even

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I even observed one Thing, which I thought was odd enough, *viz.* that ever since my Recovery she had ceased to encourage me to marry him, as she did before. I thought on the contrary, that she would not have disapproved of my having a Dislike to him.

You are thoughtful, I see it plain, said she to me one Morning that she came to see me; and I can't help owning that I pity you.

The Day before that of our Marriage, she desired me to come and pass it all at her House, and to lie there.

Hark-ye, said she to me in the Evening: Nothing is concluded yet; open your Mind to me: If you find yourself too averse from it, let us go no further: I shall take it upon me to excuse you in the Marchioness's Mind, don't be uneasy about it, and don't make a Sacrifice of yourself. As to the Baron, his Nephew shall speak to him. How! is the Abbé informed of all this, said I to her? Yes, replied she, he told it me just now, he knows every thing, and I know not how? Alas, Madam, replied I, I did but follow your Advice; 'tis too late now to recede; my Mother, who loves me not, would not be so tractable as you imagine, and Things are now gone too far not to be perfected.

Let us let it alone, then, said she, with an Air rather fretful than compassionate. The Abbé came in at that Moment; I am told you are to have Company here to Night, Madam, said he, will my Uncle be one of your Guests? And is there nothing altered? No, every thing is as before, replied she, *apropos*, Mrs. De Clarville (this was a Friend of her's and the Baron's) is to be at our Supper, she gave me her Word for it; but I am afraid she will forget it, and I have a good Mind to strengthen her Memory by a short Note: Miss, added she, I have had a Pain in my Hand ever since Yesterday, and can hardly hold the Pen; will you be so good as to write it for me? With all my Heart, said I, you need but tell me what you would have

have me write ; 'tis but one Word, said she ; and here it is.

You know I expect you to Night, don't you disappoint me.

I asked her whether she would sign the Note : No, said she, there is no need of it, she will know what that means.

She took the Paper directly : Ring the Bell, Sir, said she to the Abbé, 'tis Time now to send it to her ; but, hold ; you will not, nor cannot sup with us to Night ; I would even advise you to leave us before the Baron comes, and you will be so good as you go home to give this Note to Mrs. *De Clarville*, it will not take you one single Step out of your Way.

Give it me, Madam, replied he, your Commission shall be done directly ; he up, and away. He was hardly gone, when the Baron came in with one of his Friends. We supped very late ; Mrs. *De Clarville*, who was a Stranger to me, did not come. Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* did not even mention her. After Supper, we heard the Clock strike eleven.

Miss, said Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* to me ; it is late enough for one still a recovering ; you are to be at Church To-morrow Morning by five ; go, and take your Rest : I insisted not for staying, and took leave of the Company, and of Mr. *De Sercour* who took my Hand, and only brought it near his Mouth, without kissing it.

Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* turned pale when she embraced me : You stand in greater need of Rest than myself, said I to her, and away I went : One of her Women attended me to my Room, the Key of which was at the Door ; she undressed me in part, I sent her away before I went to bed, and she took my Key with her.

You must know that I was lodged in a pretty retired part of the Castle, that led through a private Stair-case into the Garden, whence one might come into my Room.

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I had no Disposition to sleep, and I fell a musing in an Elbow-Chair, where I forgot myself above an Hour together. Being then more awake than at first, I saw some Books upon a Shelf, and I took one to procure myself a Drowsiness by reading.

I read accordingly for above half an Hour, and till I felt myself pretty heavy. So that I had already thrown the Book upon the Table, and I was ready to pull off my Clothes to go to bed; when I heard some Noise in a little Closet that was next to my Room, the Door of which was even but half-shut.

The Noise continued; it frightened me; and in my Emotion I cried, who is there? Don't be afraid, Madam, replied a Voice, which I thought I knew, notwithstanding the Fright I was seized with; and in came the Abbé out of the Closet with a smiling cheerful Countenance.

I remained a while with my Eyes fixed on him, awed with Terror, and incapable of uttering one Word. My God! What are you doing here, Sir, said I to him at last hardly able to breathe? who brought you hither? Fear nothing, said he, sitting by me with a bold Countenance; I am here merely for the Sake of being here, I assure you.

Lord! what can your Design be? continued I, in a Tone somewhat louder; get out of the Room directly, added I, rising to open the Door; but, as I told you before, the Chambermaid had shut it. I fell into the utmost Despair, and tried to open the Window to call somebody. No, no, said he, taking me by the Arm; I am going to retire in a Moment by the private Stair-case. Believe me, make no Noise; all the House is in Bed, and fast asleep; and though your Cries should awake and bring somebody here; all that can possibly be thought of it, is, that I have tried to make my best of the Rendezvous, and of this Hour of Night; but, however, I can never fail of being thought to have been here by your Consent.

By my Consent, you wicked Wretch! A Rendezvous! cried I. Yes, replied he, and here is my Proof
of

of it; read your own Note, added he, shewing me that which Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* had desired me to write for her.

Oh! you abominable Monster! You Monster of Monsters! said I to him falling into my Elbow-Chair; oh! my Saviour!

My Amazement and Cries immediately stopt my Speech: I melted into Tears, and was struggling like a mad Person in my Elbow-Chair.

He saw my Agony without Emotion, and with all the Calmness of a real Profligate. I was tempted more than once to rush upon him and tear him to Pieces if I could; and then being seized suddenly with another Motion, I fell on my Knees: Oh! Sir, Sir, said I to him, why would you ruin me? What have I done to you? Think how much every body values your Character: Remember the Service I have done you: I held my Tongue, and will hold it as long as I live.

He raised me up, always with the same Presence of Mind: Although you should not hold your Tongue nobody will believe you, replied he, and it is no longer in your Power to wrong me. Be calm, all this is drawing to an End, and I do you a Piece of Service: I only aim at ridding you of a Marriage which you are not pleased with yourself, and which was going to ruin me; that's all.

While he was speaking thus, I heard the Voice of several People. My Door was opened suddenly, and the first Object that struck my Eyes was the Baron of *Sercour*, attended with Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, and followed by that Friend who had supped with us, and had a naked Sword in his Hand; and by three or four Servants of the House, all in Arms.

The Baron and his Friend had lain at the Castle; Mrs. *De Ste. Hermieres* had desired them to stay, under Pretence that they should be nearer the Church next Day, where they were to go very early; and this Lady had caused them both to be awaked, and sent them Word that the Servants had awaked her, to inform

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inform her that they heard a Noise in my Room, and the Voice of more than one ; that I did not cry out indeed ; but that they presumed that I either durst not or was hindered from doing it; that 'twas likely Thieves had got into my Room, and therefore she conjured the Gentlemen to come to my Assistance and hers, with her Servants who were all up.

And this is the Reason why I saw them all in Arms, when they opened my Door.

The Abbé, who knew very well what would happen, had put me again in my Elbow-Chair, and even held one of my Hands when they entered.

I turned my Head towards them with that Air of Consternation I had before, and with my Face all over bathed in Tears.

At Sight of them, I gave a Shriek expressive of the utmost Grief, which they must needs have attributed to the Confusion I was in at being thus surprized with the Abbé. My Tears were an additional Presumption against me ; for, not having called out for any Help, what could they proceed from in the Juncture I was actually in, but from the Affliction of a fond Woman, who is ready to part from the Object of her Love?

I remember very well that the Abbé rose with a Countenance full of Shame.

How ! You, Madam ! You ! who I thought was so full of Virtue ! Lord ! Madam, whom shall we now trust to ? said then the Baron of *Sercour*.

It was not in my Power to make him any Reply ; my Sobs and Groans quite suffocated me. Pardon me the Grief I give you, said the Abbé then to him. It is but three or four Days since I was informed of the Concern you had in this Lady, and the Necessity she says she is under of marrying you. In the Trouble this Marriage caused her, she wished to see me once more, and I could not well refuse her this Comfort. I yielded to her earnest Entreaties, to her Grief, to this Note of hers, added he, shewing him the Contents of it. In short, Sir, she cried, and

is still a crying; she is lovely, and I am but a Man.

How! That Note! cried I with an Exclamation, and then stopt short. I had not Strength enough to utter one Word more, and dropt motionless into my Elbow-Chair.

The Abbé slipt away: Mr. *De Sercour* was forced to be carried out of the Room. He also fell into a Swoon, as I was told, and would by all means go Home.

As for me, I came to myself again by the Assistance of the Abbé's Accomplice, I mean Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, whose Perfidiousness you must needs by this time have found out, and who retired the Moment I began to open my Eyes. In vain did I desire to speak with her, she never came back, and I saw none but her Women. A violent Fever seized me, and on the Stroke of Six I was carried back to Mr. *Villot's*, still more desperate than sick.

You may very well judge that my Adventure blazed abroad into all parts, and extremely to my Discredit too. In short, to say all in one Word, it ruined my Reputation.

The Baron and Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, informed my Mother of it, by sending her back her Consent to our Marriage. As to the wicked Abbé, this Lady pleaded so earnestly in his Favour with his Uncle a few Days after, that she perfectly reconciled them.

The Baron, who loved me, asperfed me in so Christian-like a manner, and lamented over my pretended Ill-conduct with Expressions so very interesting, so severe, and so piously sharp, that nobody could leave his House without shedding Tears at my sad Case; while I remained near three Months together, struggling with Death, ruined and disgraced in the Opinion of all the World, and with hardly any other Resource than the Charity of Mr. *Villot* and his Wife, who assisted me with all imaginable Care, notwithstanding the Indignation of my Mother, who declared to them that she was resolved to leave me to the

the wide World. These good People were the only Persons who opposed the Censure that fell on me ; not that they thought me absolutely innocent, but, they never would be persuaded, I was as culpable as the World was pleased to suppose.

However, my Fever abated ; and I no sooner saw myself able to utter a Word, but my first Care was to tell them all I knew of my own Story, and to acquaint them with the just Reasons I had to suspect, that Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* had been accessary to the Crime of the Abbé, whom they looked upon as a Saint, and whom I thought it my Duty to unmask, by trusting them, under an Oath of Secrecy, with the whole Adventure of the unfortunate Nun.

This was more than sufficient to undeceive them on my Account ; and they never ceased, from that Instant, to affirm and maintain every where with Courage, that the publick had been imposed upon, and did not do me Justice ; that my Case would perhaps be cleared one Day or other, (and this proved a Prophecy;) that it was false that the Abbé was my Lover, or ever durst tell me so ; that the Suspicions of the Publick against me, were indeed grounded on a mysterious Matter of Fact, that carried in it Appearances against me, but that I had no other Share in it but that of being made a Victim.

All that they could say signified nothing. People laughed at them, and I was for three Months together under the Agonies of this cruel Dilemma.

I shewed myself as soon as I could venture abroad in Order to vindicate myself ; but every body shunned me ; all my Companions were forbid to come near me ; and I took the Resolution not to shew myself any more.

Confined in my own Room, for ever bathing in Tears, altered to a Degree that made it impossible to know me again, I cried to Heaven for Relief. I waited, but durst not hope for God's Mercy.

He heard my Prayers however, and did Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* the Favour to punish her in Order to her Salvation.

She was going one Day to pay a Visit to one of her Friends ; it had rained much the Day before, so that the Ways were very deep, and her Coach was overturned, and fell into a large Ditch, out of which she was taken very much bruised and speechless. She was carried back to her own House ; a Fever followed upon this Accident, which had been preceded with a slight Indisposition, and she became so very ill, that her Life was despaired of.

A Day or two before she was given over, one of her Women who was married and ready to lye in, seeing herself in Danger of her Life, and suffering much besides, in the Apprehension she had of it, thought herself obliged to reveal a Secret that concerned me, and lay most heavy on her Conscience.

Accordingly, she declared before Witnesses, that the Day before the Marriage with the Baron *De Ser-cour*, the Abbé had made her a Present of a very pretty Ring, to persuade her to introduce him about Night into the Closet next to the Room I was to lye in.

I answered at first that I consented to it, said the Woman going on, on Condition that Miss *De Terwvre* should approve of it ; and that I should let him know her Intention. He begged instantly of me not to do that ; and after having desired me not to betray his Secret ; is it not very cruel, said he to me, that my Uncle, notwithstanding his dying Condition, should marry Miss *De Terwvre* To-morrow, to leave her, perhaps six Months after, a Widow, and Mistress of an Estate that belongs to me as his apparent Heir ? Now my Project is to give him a Disgust for this Marriage, which robs me of an Estate, which I shall certainly apply to a better and more pious Use than this little coquettish Girl, who would infallibly run it out in Bawbles. You shall be a Gainer by it yourself, and mean while, here is a Note of three thousand Livres, which I give you with the Ring, and which shall be paid to you the Minute the Baron dies, till I do something more for you. All you are to do, is, to hide me to Night, while they are at Supper, in the
Closet

Closet belonging to the Room where Miss *De Teruire* is to lye; and an Hour after, that is, betwixt twelve and one, to go and tell Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, that you hear a Noise in that Room, that she may come to it with the Baron, who, finding me there with the young Thing, will not doubt but we love one another, and of Course decline marrying her. That's all.

I own the Ring and Note tempted me, added the Chambermaid; I yielded, and introduced him into the Closet; and not only the Marriage was broken by it, but what I reproach myself most with, and what obliges me to a public Reparation, is the Injury I have thereby done Miss *De Teruire*, whose Reputation has so much suffered by it, and whose Pardon I desire you all to beg of her for me.

The Witnesses of this Scene spread it all over, and though nothing more should have happened, it was full sufficient for my Justification; but there remained another Criminal, to whom God of his Mercy designed to grant the Repentance of her Fault.

I mean Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres*, who the very next Day after this, and in Presence of her Family, of her Friends, and of a Clergyman who had heard her Confession, delivered a Packet sealed up and written by herself into the Hands of Mr. *Villot*, whom she had sent for on Purpose, charging him to open it, to publish and shew the Contents before or after her Death, as he pleased; and ended with these Words: I would fain have solicited Miss *De Teruire* to have come here, but I don't deserve to see her; it will be more than I merit, if she has the Charity to pray to God for me. Adieu, Mr. *Villot*, go home, and open together this Packet which will give her great Comfort. Mr. *Villot* went accordingly, making haste to his House, where in Compliance with this Lady's Desires, we read the Paper, which had given as much Curiosity at least as Surprize to those who had heard what Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres* had said at her delivering it to Mr. *Villot*, and here is pretty near, and in a few Words the Substance of its Contents.

Being ready to appear before God Almighty, and to account for my Actions in his Presence, I hereby declare to the Baron of *Sercour*, that he must not impute to Miss *De Terwire* any part of the Scene that passed at my House, and which broke his Marriage with her. It was myself and another Person (whom she did not name) that have falsely contrived the Story of her having an Inclination for Mr. *De Sercour's* Nephew. The Appointment which we gave out she had made with him at Night in her Room, was but a Plot concerted by the abovesaid Person and myself, on Purpose to create a Disgust between her and Mr. *De Sercour*. I die with an Heart full of the greatest Value for the Virtue of Miss *De Terwire*, to whom I consented to do an Injury, merely from an Apprehension of the wrong which the said other Person threatened to do to myself, if I had refused to be his Accomplice.

No Words can express the Comfort, Joy, and Calm this Writing gave me on a sudden; judge of it from the Excess of Misery I had so long been labouring under.

Mr. *Villot* went immediately to read and shew this Paper every where, and began with the Baron of *Sercour*, who set out directly to pay me a Visit, and make me his Apology.

All the World, in short, came to me again, and I received innumerable Visits. Every body would see and have me with them; they almost eat me up with Caresses, and loaded me with all imaginable Testimonies of Esteem and Friendship. All those who had known my Mother, wrote to her about it; and the Abbé who, in his Turn, was become the Abhorrence of the Public as well as of his Uncle, was obliged to leave the Country, and go and hide himself in a pretty large Town about thirty Leagues off, where we heard two Years after that his bad Conduct and Debts had brought him to a Jail, in which he died.

Mrs. *De Sainte Hermieres's* Chambermaid did not die: This Lady herself out-lived her Writing which had cleared me so completely, and retired to

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to a little remote Country-Seat of hers, where she still lived when I left that Country. The Baron *De Sercour*, whom I always used very politely wherever I met him, tried to renew his Friendship with me, and proposed to conclude our Marriage; but it was no more in my Power to take that Resolution. He had used me too ungenerously for that.

I was then but seventeen Years and an half old when a very old Lady whom I had never seen, came into the Country. She had left it fifty five Years before at least, and returned thither, she said, to see her Family, and end her Life among her Relations.

This Lady was an own Sister to the late Mr. *De Tervire* my Grandfather. A young and rich Merchant had married her in our Province, whither he had come about some Business. She had now been full thirty Years a Widow, and had but one Son living, who might be about forty Years of Age. I cannot avoid entering into these Particulars, since they will serve as a Key to what I am going to tell you, and it is from this Period that the most important Incidents of my Life are to begin.

You saw me rejected and forsaken by my Mother in my Infancy, wanting a Retreat and abused by my Aunts in my Youth, and reduced at last to the necessity of taking Refuge in the House of a Peasant (for my Farmer was one) who kept me five Years together, to whom I should have been a Burden on Account of the smallness of my Pension, and with whom I should have wanted Clothes most part of the Time, had it not been for his Affection for me, and his Gratitude towards my Grandfather.

I am now arrived to the Age of Youth; let us see what Events I am to go through in it.

The Lady I have just mentioned, not knowing where to lodge at her coming to the Place, nor who would receive her seeing my Grandfather was dead, had stopt at the nearest Town, and sent People thence to the Castle of *Tervire*, both to know who it was that lived in it, and get News of the Family.

There was found *Terwire*, my Father's younger Brother, who was come there but two or three Days before from *Burgundy*, where he lived with his Wife, of whom I told you nothing, and who had her Estate in that Province. The more than indifferent Usage this younger Brother had always met with in our Quarters after the Disaster of the eldest, obliged him in a manner to leave the Place.

I already observed to you that this old Lady had a Son; and you are moreover to know that this Son, to whom she had given the best and completest Education as to a very rich Heir, and whom she had sent to *St. Malo* to settle some Matters not yet adjusted, fell in Love there with a petty Tradesman's Daughter, a very virtuous and sensible Woman, they said, but who had an elder Sister of quite another Disposition. This last had nothing in common with her but her Beauty, and what is still worse, her Conduct had brought a personal Dishonour upon her Father and Mother, who both indulged her in it.

Her other Sister, notwithstanding this ignominious Reproach of her Family, was not a whit less esteemed for it, though the handsomest of the two; which could not be the Result of any thing, but of a Virtue generally acknowledged, and altogether irreproachable.

However, Mrs. *Dursan's* Son (this was the Name of the old Lady I am speaking of) quite lost in his Love for this charming Girl, did all he could, at his return from *St. Malo*, to prevail on his Mother that she should consent to his marrying his Mistress.

Mrs. *Dursan*, whom some Friends had informed of all the Particulars just mentioned, was struck with Indignation at her Son's Solicitations. She almost flew at him, and told him he would be the unwor-thiest Man living, if he persisted in his Design, which she called infamous, and horridly base.

Her Son, after a few other Attempts which were still less successful, being convinced at last of the Impossibility of persuading his Mother, secretly lost the
little

little Reason which the Hope of succeeding had left him hitherto, no longer thought of the many Things he was going to sacrifice to his Passion, and coolly resolved to run headlong into the Abyfs of total Ruin.

He found means to rob his Mother of twenty thousand Livres, set out directly for *St. Malo*, went to his Mistress, whom he imposed upon by a forged Consent of his Mother's, whose Hand he had counterfeited; had Time enough to marry her, before Mrs. *Durfan* (who found out too late that he robbed her) could think of preventing it; and obliged her to run away with him to avoid being prosecuted by his Mother, after having owned to his Wife that he had deceived her.

He had wrote twice or thrice three or four years after to Mrs. *Durfan*; who, in Answer to the Repentance he expressed for his Fault, thought fit to reply, that she never would hear of him any more, and that she had no other present to make him but her Malediction.

Durfan who knew his Mother, and who judged himself unworthy her Pardon, lost all Hope of ever bringing her to a more favourable Disposition, and ceased to teize her with his Letters.

His Marriage might indeed have been declared void and of no force, if he had been willing to have had it so. His Age, the vast Difference of Extraction, the personal Infamy of those petty mean Folks with whom he had contracted an Alliance, the immense Riches and Credit of his Mother; all in short was in his Favour, and might have helped him to rescue himself, if he had but begun by parting from that Girl; and a few Friends, to whom he had at first declared the Place of his Refuge, proposed the Thing to him two or three Months after his Escape, being persuaded that he would not be against it, as he was then fully sensible of the wrong he had done himself. Besides, it was against all Likelihood, that a Man whose past Extravagance and Behaviour shewed him to be so very destitute of all Spirit, should be afraid of and stick

at one base Action more! This however stopt him short. Men are unaccountable Creatures indeed. This mad one, who was so very regardless of what he owed to, and had not hesitated to ruin himself, refused flatly and plainly to do a vile Action, because it injured his Wife, for whom he had already lost most of his Esteem.

So that all the World abandoned him, and he had not been heard of for above seventeen Years together.

Terwire junior, who had heard formerly part of what I tell you, from his Father, to whom Mrs. *Dur-san* had wrote it, imagined that her Son was dead, since she came to end her Days in her own Country; he hoped at least that he was not reconciled to her, and that he might perhaps, by trying to get into her Favour, be substituted in the Room of her Son, as he had been in that of my Father.

Full of these Hopes, and already fired with his abominable Covetousness, he sets out to go to his Aunt, and in his Way, racks his shallow Brains (for he was no Conjuror) to find out Means to get her whole Estate. His Contrivances were as shallow as himself; and (as it was seen afterwards) went no farther than an excessive Shew of Respect, an aukward Expression of Zeal, a base cringing Complaisance, and a thousand gross Tricks of this Kind. These were the most crafty Wiles he could think of.

But, by great Misfortune, he had to deal with a Woman of vast Sense, whose plain unaffected Mind was shocked with his ridiculous Manner. She presently found out what it was he aimed at, and it gave her a Disgust for him.

He offered to lend her his Castle, which she refused: But as he did not dwell in it, but lived in another Place a great Way off, and she had been brought up there, she offered to buy it together with the Estate that went by the same Name.

He wanted much to part with it, and any Man but he, would have had the Generosity to leave the Conditions of this Bargain to the Discretion of so rich and

and so old an Aunt, of whom he might very well become the Heir, and this to be sure would have been an unquestionable and well-timed Testimony of his Disinterestedness and Zeal for her. But narrow Souls will never trust to any thing: He intended to pay her no Respect but what was of no Consequence, and was on the other Hand actually tempted with the Pleasure of selling an Estate very dear; and this silly Nephew, out of mere Avarice, betrayed the Interest of that very Avarice.

He parted with his Castle, after having shamefully cavilled about the Price with Mrs. *Durjan*, who gave for it more than it was worth; but she had a fancy to it, and paid him ready Money for it.

All the Advantage she had above a Stranger, on this Occasion, was to be imposed upon with twenty Bows every Minute, and a World of fawning submissive Expressions, by the Favour of which he thought he cunningly insisted on his own Terms, without her taking any Notice of it.

The very next Day she went to lodge in the Castle, which she without any Ceremony desired him to clear as soon as possible. He left it a Week after, and returned home quite ashamed and down in the Mouth, for the little Success of his respectful Bows and submissive Words, of which he plainly saw she had guessed the Motives, and which served only to raise her Laughter. He had besides the additional Heart-breaking to leave me in the Castle, where the good Man *Villot*, who knew this Lady, had brought me five or six Days before. Every body loved me there; my unaffected Manner and Behaviour pleased Mrs. *Durjan*, who began to take a Liking to me and caress me. I insensibly used myself to her, and in Reality found her a good-natured plain Woman, with whom I was every Day more and more easy and familiar. She was delighted on her part to see that she won my Heart, and by an Overflowing of good Fortune for me, she had found again, in the Castle, a Picture that was drawn for her in her Youth, which I really resembled much. She

had put it in her Room, and shewed it to every body.

And as I was commonly called fair Miss *De Terwire*, it followed from my Resemblance with Mrs. *Durfan's* Picture, that nobody could praise my present Charms, without praising her past ones. I made no Impression on any one's Mind, but she had made just the same. She infallibly would have inspired Sentiments like those I inspired myself, it would have been the same thing, witness the Picture. And the Thought pleased her still and cheered her Heart, old as she was ; Self-love improves every thing to it's own Advantage : It takes what it can according to the Age we are at ; and you may easily judge that I was no Loser by doing her so much Honour, and by shewing in this Manner how engaging she was formerly.

It was then in these Circumstances that *Terwire jun.* set out for *Burgundy* again.

Mr. *Villot*, who thought he had left me at the Castle only for a Week or so, came to fetch me back the Day after my Uncle's Departure ; but Mrs. *Durfan*, who had detained me at first for a few Days only, was no longer disposed to part with me.

Hark-ye, my little Dear, said she to me taking me aside ; art thou weary of this House ? No, indeed, Aunt, replied I, but I might very well be weary of another Place. Well then, stay with me, replied she : Thou wilt be more respected in my House than at *Villot's*, I think.

I think so too, Aunt, said I smiling. Why, then, I shall write To-morrow to thy Mamma, that I keep thee with me, added she : Between thee and I, thou wast not in a House suitable to a Girl of thy Birth : Miss *De Terwire* a Boarder to a Farmer ! A very pretty Thing, indeed ! Much prettier than to board at a Vine-dresser's, as I once was like to do, Aunt, replied I, always in a Jest.

I know it very well, my Deary, said she. I was told all thy History the Day before Yesterday, and how much beholden thou art to honest *Villot*, whom I value

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value much and his Wife too. I am informed of every Particular that concerns thee, and will hold my Tongue as to thy Mother. But what a pretty Couple of Aunts thou hast got! What Kindred! what a Brood! They have paid me a Visit which I cannot well avoid returning, but thou shalt go along with me: 'Tis a Pleasure I would not deprive myself of for the World.

My Farmer came in while she spoke thus. Come, Mr. *Villot*, said she to him, come; I was just speaking of you: You came here to take Miss *De Terwire* back with you, but if I keep her for myself, you will resign her to me, won't you? I shall write to the Marchioness that she is with me: How much is there due to you for her Pension? I shall pay you directly.

Lord! Madam, there is no Hurry for that, replied Mr. *Villot*; as to our young Mistress, to be sure, it is just you should have her, I cannot deny that, and, in the main, I am very glad on't for her Sake, because she will be with her good Aunt; but that won't hinder me to go home very sad for all that, and my Wife and I will think it very strange by and by, not to see her any more in our House; for, an't please you, we loved her as our own Child, and will always love her as such, added he, with almost Tears in his Eyes; nor is your Child behind Hand with you in Point of Love, replied I quite softened.

You don't lose her for that; you may come and see her whenever you please, said Mrs. *Durjan* much softened herself to see us so.

We shall make use of this Permission, replied Mr. *Villot*, whom I embraced freely, and with all my Heart. I charged him to give my tenderest Love to his Wife, whom I promised to go and see the next Day; and then he went his Way.

THE
TENTH PART
Of the LIFE of
MARIANNE.

YOU received Yesterday the ninth Part of my History, and to Day, Madam, I send you the tenth. I could not be more expeditious, I think. However, I guess you will hardly think yourself obliged to me for my Diligence; which I myself must own I have no great Right to boast of. I have been so extremely lazy hitherto, that this cannot yet amount to a sufficient Evidence of my Reformation: It looks like a Caprice that seizes me, rather than like a Virtue I acquire, is n't it true? You think so, I am sure. But hold, Madam; you do me Injustice; though you are not as yet obliged to know it. It will be my Part hereafter to make you sensible of it, and to deserve a Reparation from you on that Head.

Let us now proceed. It is still my Friend the Nun that speaks. For, you must know she came again, towards the Evening, into my Room, where I was waiting for her.

No Doubt, you recollect, my Dear, continued she, that I am at Mrs. *Durjan's*, who lavishly bestowed on me every Thing belonging to a Girl's Maintenance: So that my Mother might have loved me very well, if, to obtain her Affection, I needed only not to be at her Charge, and insensibly to let her forget that I was her Daughter.

And

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And that she did so completely, and to such a Degree, that we had not received a single Letter from her for four Years together, when I lost Mrs. *Dursey*, with whom I had lived but five or six Years. I passed that Time with so much Tranquillity, and in so uniform a Manner, that it would be needless to insist upon it.

I have already told you, that I went by the Name of handsom Miss *De Terwire*. For, there is in almost every little Country Town, a reigning Toast of our Sex, the Beauty of the Place, which it relies upon in a Manner, to keep up it's Credit.

Now, I was the Person honoured with this Distinction, which I enjoyed no where else. It procured me, at that Time, a Crowd of rustick Adorers, whom I little cared for, though they served in the main, to shew that I was very beautiful; the only Thing, indeed, that pleased me in it.

Not that I became a Bit vainer for it with my Companions. I was of quite another Temper. Possibly, they might be displeased with my Person, which far exceeded theirs. But they never had any Room to complain of me, or of my Behaviour. My Vanity never lorded it over them. I, on the contrary, was almost ignorant, and, as much as I could, shunned the Thought of the Superiority People gave me over them. I took, or at least was reputed to take, no Notice of that. Nay, I had even a Concern for my Companions who saw it, though, at the same Time, I was not sorry others should have good Eyes. It is a Childishness I still remember. But as I was the only one that knew it, and my Friends did not think I was sensible of my own Superiority, it alleviated their Grief. This lessened their Mortification, and we did not live a Bit less friendly together on Account of it.

Every Body loved me, however; she is more amiable than any other, they used to say; and she is the only one that has no Suspicion of it. Mrs. *Dursey* heard of nothing else; she heard nothing but my Praises

Praises wherever we went, and the kind Reception and Caresses all of them gave me, shewed how sincere they were in what they said of me.

I really was born of a very sweet Temper, and with that Disposition I should have been vastly uneasy, had I but suspected, that I was not agreeable to every Soul living.

Mrs. *Durfan*, whom I loved with all my Heart, (and she was convinced of it) pickt up all the good that was said to her of me, summed it up, and inferred from it, that she was in the right to love me; and the Result of this was, that she doated on me more and more every Day.

I had never seen her otherwise than in perfect Health since I was with her; but as she was much advanced in Years, her Health began to be impaired by Degrees. Mrs. *Durfan*, hitherto so very active and lively, became heavy and infirm at last. She complained that her Eye-sight was decaying; other Accidents of the same Nature succeeded; we hardly went at all out of the Castle; she was always surprised by some new Indisposition; and she had one in particular, that seemed to her the Forerunner of an approaching Death, insomuch that she made her Will, without telling me any Thing of it.

I was then in my Room, where I had retired not above an Hour before, to give myself over to that vast Uneasiness and Trouble of Mind her dismal Situation caused in me.

I had contracted such a Love for her, and was so very fond of that she had for me, that I was extremely troubled at the Thought of her dying.

Her Illness had even very much altered me. But I put on an easy Countenance, not to frighten her, and tried to counterfeit my usual Gaiety and Cheerfulness.

But, we laugh so awkwardly in Cases like this; we so wretchedly and so dully mimick the Reverse of what we feel! — Mrs. *Durfan* was not deceived by it; and smiled most tenderly in looking at me, to
thank

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thank me, as it were, for the Struggle she saw me in with myself.

She had but just finished her Will when I left my Room to return to her. I had been crying, which leaves always some Impression on the Face.

Whence dost thou come, Niece? said she to me; thy Eyes are as red as Fire! I don't know, replied I. May be it is because I fell a slumbering for a Quarter of an Hour. No, said she, shaking her Head; thou lookest not like one that has been asleep: Thou hast been crying.

Crying! Aunt, said I with an affected Vivacity; What should make me cry, pray? My old Age and Infirmities! replied she smiling. How! Your Infirmities! said I; Why, Aunt, do you think that, knowing your good Constitution as I do, I shall be afraid of a little transitory Disorder, that will be over soon? This I said to her in a Tone which would infallibly have betrayed me, if I had continued.

I am better to Day, but we are not immortal, Child, and I have been a long While in the World, said she sealing a Packet.

Whom do you write to, pray, Madam, said I, without answering her last Reflection. To no Body, replied she, it is only proper Measures I am now taking for thee. I have no Son left; the full twenty Years that have passed since I heard of mine, make me think he is dead, and though he were alive, it would be the same Thing to me. Not that I have any more Resentment against him; if he is alive, I pray God that he may bless him, and make him an honest Man. But the Honour of the Family, Religion, and good Manners, which he has equally discredited, will not permit me to leave him my Estate.

I would fain have interrupted her here, to try to soften her in Favour of her unfortunate Son. But she would not so much as listen to me.

Hold thy Tongue, said she, I am resolved upon it. It is not a Fit of Ill-Humour that renders me so unrelenting. The Question is not whether I must be
compassionate

compassionate or no, but whether being so ought not to be deemed a foolish criminal Indulgence, that would be against all Order, and a Breach of both human and divine Justice. The Action of *Durjan* was a most horrid Attempt. The Wretch had no Regard for any Thing that was most sacred : And yet, thou wouldst have me set such an Example of Impunity as would prove fatal to thy own Son, if ever thou shouldst have any. Had mine, as thy Father formerly did, who was used with too much Severity for it, married (I will not say a Girl of noble Extraction) but one of a good, or barely of an honest, though ever so poor, Family, I protest I would have yielded. I should not have insisted for ever on a Fortune, and I had been reconciled to him long e'er now. But for my Son to marry one of the meanest Birth, of a Family reputed infamous, among the very Riff-raff of the Nation, is a Thing which I cannot think of but with Horror. Let's return to what I was saying.

I have no other Heir left but thy Uncle *Tervire*, who is already sufficiently rich, and possessed of thy own Estate too. He had the Cruelty, I was told, to take Advantage of thy Father's Disaster, without ever affording him any Assistance or Comfort. He would still rejoice at my Son's Misfortune, and at the Subject of my Grief ; therefore I will not hear of him in the least. Besides, he enjoys thy Father's Estate, and is not a Bit the more concerned for thee. I reflect moreover, that thou hast no great Help to expect from thy Mother. Thou deservest a better Situation than that thou wouldst be left in ; and the succeeding to me will serve at least to make the Fortune of a Niece I love ; by whom I plainly see I am loved reciprocally ; who is afraid of losing me ; who will regret me, I am sure, though she is to be my Heir ; and whom my Son, who may not be dead, will not find unmercifully reluctant to relieve him, in the Misery he possibly is in. Thy Gratitude is the Resource I leave him. And this, my dear, is what is provided for in this here sealed Paper. I thought I could not write it too soon, and I hereby give thee all I am possessed of. A Torrent

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A Torrent of Tears was my Answer. This Discourse, every Word of which set her Death before me, frightened and melted me to such a Degree, that I was unable to utter a Word. Methought she was going to expire, she seemed to have bid me farewell forever, and her Life had never been so dear to me as it was at that Moment.

She guessed at the Subject of my sudden Qualms and Tears. I had let myself drop into a Chair. She got up, came to me, and laying hold of my Hand, said thou wouldest be much better pleased with myself, than with being my Successor, isn't it true, my dear? But calm your own dear Mind. It is a meer Caution I have taken. No, Madam, said I to her striving to dissemble, your Son is not dead, and you will see him again, I hope.

I had but just said this, when we heard some Noise in the Hall. It was a couple of Ladies of a neighbouring Castle, that came to see Mrs. *Dursan*, and I ran away not to be seen in this great Disorder.

I was obliged, however, to shew myself a Quarter of an Hour after. They came to invite Mrs. *Dursan* to a Fishing Match, that was to be the next Day at their House; and as she begged to be excused on Account of her Indisposition, they desired her at least to be so good as send me thither, and then they asked for me immediately.

Mrs. *Dursan*, who promised them that I should go there, sent for me, and I was forced to appear.

These two Ladies, both of them young, one a Maid, the other married, were, of all our Friends, the two I was best pleased with, and who had the greatest Love for me. We had not seen one another for ten or twelve Days past. I have told you, that my Uneasiness had much altered me, and those Ladies found me so cast down, that they thought I had been sick; no, said I, my only Ailment is that I have not slept extraordinary well this good While, but it will soon be over. At this Mrs. *Dursan* cast a very tender Glance on me, which I understood very well; 'twas plain

plain she thought herself the Cause of my Want of Sleep.

The Ladies invited us to go to a Fishing-Match, which is to be at their Castle, said she to me, but I am too much out of Order to go, and I shall send thee alone, my dear *Tervire*. As you please, Madam, replied I, fully resolved to feign some Indisposition, rather than leave her alone all the Day.

Accordingly I took Care the next Morning, before Mrs. *Dursan* was awake, to dispatch a Servant, to tell them that a violent Head-ach, which had seized me very early and kept me a Bed, hindered me from coming to them.

A few Hours after Mrs. *Dursan* awaked, amazed to see a Chambermaid come into her Room, whom she had charged to attend me thither. She told her that I was not gone, and at the same Time what Excuse I had given for it.

I got up, mean while, to go and see her, and I was already in her Antichamber, when I met her leaning on a Footman's Arm, and coming to my Room, notwithstanding the Difficulty she had to walk, in Order to see how I was.

How! Art thou up already! said she stopping short when she saw me, and hast a Head-ach? I was mistaken, said I, 'twas only a Giddiness, which is hardly any thing now, and I am very sorry I did not come sooner to tell you of it.

Thou art a downright Deceiver, indeed, said she to me, and deservest much that I should send thee to them directly. Come then, since thou hadst a Fancy for staying. Indeed, Aunt, I would have gone, if I had not thought I was not well, replied I in an ingenuous Tone. And I give thee my Word, said she, that I shall go wherever thou art invited, since thou art so unreasonable. But, to be sure, Aunt,—you will go every where with me, replied I; I depend upon it you will not be always indisposed, and we arrived in her Room, still arguing in this Manner.

A Multitude

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A Multitude of other Things of the like Nature, in which she always guessed at my Intention, what Veil soever I endeavoured to throw over it, had so much won her Heart, that she loved me as much as the tenderest Mother could love an only Daughter.

Mean while, the oldest of her Chambermaids, an ancient Servant, who had all her Confidence, and had served her for five and twenty Years together, fell sick of a malignant Fever, that carried her off in six Days Time.

This threw Mrs. *Dursan* into the utmost Consternation; and it must be owned, that considering her Age then, there is hardly any Loss to be compared to that.

Death, in a Case like this, robs you of a Friend, which is the only one of her Kind. A Friend at all Seasons and Times, whom you don't give yourself the Trouble to think how to please, who refreshes you after the Fatigue you have given yourself to please others; who is no Body for you, in a Manner, although no Body is more necessary to you; with whom you are as shocking and peevish, as cross and ill-tempered, as you, at certain Times, are inclined to be; with whom your most mortifying Infirmities are barely Illnesses, never a Shame to you; a Friend, in short, that has not even the Name of one, and whom you most commonly know not you was fond of, till you have lost her, and are in want of every Thing for want of her. Now this is the then Case of Mrs. *Dursan*, who was actually fourscore Years of Age.

But then, as I told you, this Accident threw her into a deep melancholy, that redoubled my Terrors.

However, she wanted another Chambermaid, and many were sent her, whom she was not pleased with at all. I looked out myself for one, and brought her one or two, that were not more to her liking.

She was in this Dilemma for above a Month together, during which she had a thousand Instances and Convictions of my Zeal and tender Love for her.

Things

Things were in this Posture, when, one Day, as she was taking her Rest, and I was walking about the Castle, I heard a Noise at the End of the great Walk that faces it, which made me go that Way to know what the Matter was. I saw that it was one of Mrs. Durfan's Game-keepers, with one of his Men, who were quarrelling with a young Gentleman, whom they seemed ready to abuse, offering to snatch from him a Gun he had in his Hand.

I felt some Emotion, at hearing the brutish menacing Tone in which they spoke to him, as well as at the Violence they offered to do him; and I made as much Haste to them as I could, always crying to them to be quiet.

The nearer I came, the more their Rudeness displeased me, because I saw much better the young Gentleman in question, whom it was really very difficult to look at with Indifference, and whose Air, Shape, and Countenance struck me, notwithstanding the plain and almost thread-bare Suit of Clothes he had on.

What are you doing there, you? said I in a smart Tone to these Brutes, when I was near them. We are stopping this Boy, who hunts upon my Lady's Lands; he has killed some Game already, and we would take his Gun from him, replied the Keeper, with all the Confidence of a Man who is glad to be entitled to do Mischief.

The young Man, who had pulled his Hat off very respectfully the Moment he saw me, now and then cast on me modest submissive Glances, while the Fellow was speaking.

Let the Gentleman alone, let him go, said I to the Game-keeper, who only called him Boy, and whose Incivility I was very glad to patch up a little; go your Way, added I, he is a Stranger to the Place, I am sure, and knew not upon what Ground he might or might not hunt.

I did but cross this Way to go somewhere else, Madam, said he then to me with a low Bow, and they

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they are in the wrong to think that I shot on their Mistress's Land, and in a greater Error still, to pretend to disarm a Man whom they know not ; who, notwithstanding the Condition they see him in, was not born, I assure you, to be abused by People of their Stamp. They both rushed upon me e'er I was aware.

On this the Game-keeper, and his Companion, insisted to persuade me that he deserved no Favour, and went on giving him very uncivil Language ; but I imposed Silence on them with Indignation.

At my first coming there I had only found them brutish ; but I found them very insolent after the few Words he had spoken. Hold your Tongue, said I, you talk Nonsense, retire a little, but don't go away.

And then addressing myself to him, Did they take any Game from you ? said I. No, Madam, replied he ; I can never thank you enough, for the generous Protection you are pleased to grant me on this Occasion. I was hunting, 'tis true, but I did it from a Motive that will undoubtedly appear very pardonable to you : It was for a Gentleman who has many Relations among the Nobility of this Country ; he has been absent from it for a great many Years together ; and is returned to it with my Mother, but the Day before Yesterday. In short, Madam, it is for my Father. I left him sick, or at least much out of Order, in the next Village, in the House of a Peasant who harbours us ; and as you may easily judge that he lives but very badly there, that he can find nothing but Diet which is but little fit for him, and has not wherewithal to purchase such as is ; I went out this Morning, to go and sell a little Jewel I have in my Pocket, in the Town which is not above a Mile and an half from this Place ; and I took this Gun along with me, in Order to hunt in my Way, and bring back to my Father something which he might eat, at least with less Disgust than what has been given him hitherto.

You

You see, *Marianne*, that this was a Discourse mortifying enough to him that spoke it. Nevertheless, there was not a single Sound in all this Speech of his, that did not command my Regard, as much as it raised my Pity, and that did not help me to distinguish the Man from his Misfortune. I never saw any two Things so opposite to each other, as his Person and his Indigence were.

I am sorry, said I to him, that I did not come soon enough, to spare you what past just now. You may hunt here as long as you please; I shall take Care that no Body hinders you to do it. Continue to shoot; there is Plenty of Game in this Place, you will not go very far without finding what you want for your Father. But, Sir, can I make bold to ask you, What that Jewel is you told me you intended to sell?

Alas, Madam, said he, it is but a Trifle; the Whole does not amount to two hundred Livres, but this will enable my Father to stay till his Affairs take a better Turn: Here it is, added he giving me a Ring.

If you will come again To-morrow Morning, said I to him, after having taken the Ring and looked at it, possibly I shall have found you one that will buy it; at least, I shall propose it to the Lady of the Castle, who is my Aunt; she is generous; I will tell her the Occasion that makes you sell this Ring; it will infallibly move her; and I hope she will spare you the Trouble of carrying it to the Town, where I suspect but few People will care for it.

I was giving him the Ring again while I spoke this; but he desired me to keep it.

There is no Need for me to take it back, Madam, said he, since you will be so good as to try what you have just said, and I am to come again To-morrow, replied he. Besides, it is just the Lady you mention should have Time enough to examine it; therefore, Madam, give me Leave to leave it with you.

The sudden Frankness of this Action surprised me a little; it pleased me, and made me blush, I know

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know not why. However, I refused at first to keep the Ring, and pressed him to take it back. No, Madam, replied he bowing to leave me, it is much better you should have it this very Day, that you may be able to shew it. After this, he went away, to avoid any farther Dispute.

I stopt to look at him, while he was going from me: I beheld him with Pity: I wished him well: I saw him with Pleasure, and thought myself no more than generous in all this.

The Game-keeper and his Companion had remained waiting at about fifty Steps from us, in the great Walk, as I had ordered them to do, and I went back to them.

If you should meet again, to Day or To-morrow, this young Gentleman still hunting hereabouts, said I to them, I forbid you, from Mrs. *Durshan*, ever to trouble him any more, and I shall take Care this Moment, that she shall, herself, forbid you to do it. On this I went into the Castle again, with my Mind full of this Youth, his decent Carriage, his respectful polite Behaviour, and genteel Manner; the Ring itself, which he had left me, took up Part of my Attention, it was in my Thoughts, but not as an indifferent Thing would have been.

I went to Mrs. *Durshan*, who was awake, and I told her my little Adventure, together with the Order I had given from her to the Game-keeper.

She did not fail approving of all I had done. A young and so well looking Hunter, (for I omitted nothing of what could render him engaging) a young Gentleman so polite, so sweetly behaved, so well educated, who was hunting with so edifying a Zeal for his sick Father, could not but be very welcome to the Favours of Mrs. *Durshan*, who was very good natured, and could find in my Recital nothing but his Justification, or his Encomium.

Yes, Child, thou didst very right, said she to me, I had thought as thou hast done, if I had been in

thy Place ; and this Action of thine is very laudable : (not by much so laudable as she fancied though, or as I myself fancied ; that was not the Word she ought to have used).

However, the compassionate Mood I saw her in, gave me good Hope of the Success of my Negotiation concerning the Ring, which I mentioned to her, and shewed directly, not doubting but I needed only to mention the Price, to have the Money upon the Spot.

But I was mistaken : My Aunt and I were not affected exactly in the same Manner. She was only charitable and good ; a Disposition that will leave one still in cool Blood, and persuade no one to buy a Ring one has no manner of Need of.

Why sure, thou art a dreaming, said she to me ; why didst thou take this Ring ? What wouldst thou have me do with it ? I could buy it for none but thyself, and I gave thee some finer ones, (and so she had.) No, Child, take this back, added she immediately returning it me with a melancholy Air, take it from my Sight ; it recalls to my Mind a little Ring which I had formerly ; one would think this the Fellow of one I gave to my Son, when he had just finished his Studies.

At this, I made Haste to wrap it up again in the Paper I had fetched it out of, and gave her my Word she should never see it any more.

Hold, said she ; I chuse that thou shouldst propose to this young Man To-morrow, to lend him some Money, (which thou mayst tell him he shall return thee, when he has sold his Jewel ; here is thirty Livres for him ; let him return them or not, I don't care, I give them to him, though you must not tell him so.)

God forbid I should, replied I taking this Money, which came much short of my Disposition. But I resolved to add something of my own to it, that would make it somewhat worthier of the Service I wanted to do him : For, I had Money. Mrs.

Durjan,

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Dursan, who would have me play when there was Occasion, never let me want any.

My only Difficulty was, how I should do the next Day, to offer this Sum to the young Gentleman, without making him blush for the Indigence of his Family, or suspect, in the least, that the pretended Loan was a real Gift.

I then thought of it very earnestly : I busied myself with it, both before and after I was a Bed ; I resolved upon what I should say to him ; and I waited for the next Day, without any Impatience, but at the same Time, without ceasing a Moment to think of that To-morrow.

It came at last ; and my first Thought when I waked, was to think that it was come.

I was with Mrs. *Dursan* upon the Terras of the Garden, where we sat both after Dinner, conversing together, when a Servant came to tell us, that a young Man, a Stranger, who was in the Hall, wanted to speak with me. No doubt it is thy Hunter of Yesterday, said Mrs. *Dursan*, go and return him his Ring, and endeavour to amuse him a Moment ; I shall go back to my Chamber, and I should be glad to see him as I cross the Hall.

I got up with a secret Emotion, which I attributed only to the dismal Necessity of returning him his Diamond, and to the perplexing Compliment I was going to make him for that Sum, which I had ready in my Hand, and which I had made double of what it was.

I received him at first, with the Air we generally have, when we come to tell People, that we have not succeeded in our Attempts for them. He mistook my Countenance, and thought it meant that his Visit was troublesom to me at that Time ; at least, his Answer made me imagine so.

I am ashamed of the Trouble I give you, Madam, and am afraid that I come unseasonably, said he, saluting me in the most respectful Manner he was capable of, or I expected of him.

No, Sir, replied I, you come in a very proper Time, and I expected you : But, what grieves me is, that I have your Ring still, and could not persuade my Aunt to take it, as I gave you some Hopes she would. She has a great many of these Jewels, and says she should not know what to do with yours. However, she would be very glad to oblige a worthy Family ; and although she knows you not, yet, as I told her that the Persons you belong to were at the next Village, that they came into this Country about Business of great Consequence, and that you sold this Ring, meerly to raise a Sum of Money, which your Parents actually wanted ; in short, Sir, as I spoke to her of you in the Manner suitable to your Merit, and told her how much you deserved to be obliged, she thought she ran no Sort of Risk, in doing you a Piece of Service, which she should be glad to have done to herself in a like Case ; and will lend you a Sum, till your Father receives his Money, or till you have sold your Diamond, the Value of which will serve to acquit you ; and I have in my Pocket sixty Livres, which you will be indebted to us for : Here they are, added I.

How ! Madam, replied he with a sweet grateful Smile ; you return me the Ring ; we are unknown to you ; you neither ask me my Name, nor desire any Note from me, and yet offer me this Money ! You are in the right, Sir, said I : I own one might, at first Sight, look upon this as a Piece of Imprudence. But, I don't doubt in the least your being a very honourable young Gentleman. It is plain you belong to good Parents, and I am sure I run no Manner of Risk. Besides, what would your Note and Name avail us, if you was not what I take you to be ? As to the Diamond, I return it to you, only that you may sell it, Sir : You will pay me with the Money it will fetch you ; don't sell it in a Hurry, however. My Aunt says it is worth above two hundred Livres : Take all the Time you shall want to dispose of it
without

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without Loss; and saying this I offered him the Ring.

I don't know, Madam, said he, which we ought to think ourselves most obliged to you for; the Service you are willing to do us, or the Care you take to disguise the Nature of it in our Eyes: For no Body lends Money to Strangers, and you know sufficiently what I mean. My Father and Mother will be as grateful as myself for your Kindness; but I came here to tell you, Madam, that our Uneasiness is over, and that since Yesterday we have found a friendly Lady, who has lent us all we wanted.

Mrs. *Dursan*, who came then into the Hall, hindered me from making him an Answer. He guessed that she was my Aunt, and made her a low respectful Bow.

She, in her Turn, fixt her Eyes on him, and courtessed to him, with a greater Expression of Kindness than I could have expected, and which she probably thought was due to his genteel Person and noble Mien.

Nay, she turned to me and said, Is not this the Gentleman that trusted you with the Ring you shewed me, Niece? Yes, Madam, replied I, but that is over now; the Gentleman won't sell it. So much the better, said she; he would have had a great deal of Difficulty to sell it here: But although I have not bought it, added she addressing herself to him, can I be of no Manner of Service to you, Sir? Your Parents, as my Niece told me, are newly arrived in this Country; if I could find any Opportunity to serve them in their Business here, I should be very glad of it.

I could have embraced my Aunt, I was so well pleased with what she had just said. The young Man blushed, and I took Notice of it; he seemed to me out of Countenance; but I did not wonder at it. He guessed that, on Account of his bad Circumstances, my Aunt had been curious to see what Sort of a Man he was; and we are not fond of being look-

ed at in that Light ; we are ashamed even of being pitied.

However, his Answer was not the less polite and respectful. I shall acquaint my Father and Mother, with the kind Concern you are pleased to have for their Affairs, Madam, replied he, and mean while, I entreat you to remain in this favourable Disposition towards them.

At these Words Mrs. *Darfan* looked like one in amaze ; she even stood silent for a Moment.

Is your Father sick still, said she to him next ? Not so sick as he was Yesterday, Madam, replied he. And what is it brings him hither, added she, still asking him Questions ?

He comes here about adjusting some Family Matters, replied he in a timorous Tone ; he will inform you of it himself, when he has the Honour to see you. But there are some Reasons that will not permit him to shew himself as yet. He is then known in this Place, said she to him ? No, Madam, replied he, but he has some Relations in it.

Be as it will, answered she, laying hold of my Arm to help her to walk, I have Friends in this Country, and I tell you again, that it will not be my Fault if I am of no Service to him.

Having said this she went away, and, contrary to my Inclination, obliged me to follow her ; for, methought, I had still something to say to this young Man, who, on his Part, seemed not to have told me all his Mind, and suspected not I should retire so soon. I saw in his Eyes he regretted my going, and I endeavoured to let him see in mine, that I consented he should come again, if he thought it necessary.

When we were alone, Mrs. *Darfan* told me her Opinion of the Matter thus : This young Man has a noble Aspect, and sure those he belongs to, must be People of Fashion. His very Voice struck me to the Heart, and I thought I heard my own Son speak. What was he saying to thee when I came into

into the Hall? He told me, replied I, that a Friend his Father had found, had supplied him with Money, and that he returned you a thousand Thanks, for what you offered to lend him.

To tell thee the Truth, said she, this young Man speaks of adjusting some Family Matters. I am afraid his Father has fought a Duel formerly: 'Tis most likely he conceals himself for that; and this very Thing will make it the more difficult for him to extricate himself out of his dismal Circumstances.

Somebody interrupted our Conversation: I left Mrs. *Dursan*, and went into my Room by myself. I remained there a good while in a deep Study, without perceiving it; I had offered to return to my Aunt the thirty Livres she had given me for the young Man, but she would have me keep them. He will come again, said I to myself; he will come again. I think I shall do well to keep this Sum; possibly he will be glad to accept it another Time. I was so truly my own Dupe, that I hugged myself with the noble Thought, and was extremely pleased to find this generous Disposition within me.

The next Morning, I thought that the Day would not pass without the young Gentleman's coming again; that was my Notion. And in the Afternoon, I expected every Moment to be told that he wanted to speak with me. However, the Night came on without his appearing, and without perceiving or being sensible of it, I was so vexed at the Disappointment, that my good Nature began to cool apace.

The Day after, not a Soul came to visit me. I had hitherto, notwithstanding my generous Inclination's being abated, kept by me the Money I designed for him. But then indeed there was no bearing on't any longer. Come, said I to myself; I shall lay it up directly in my Box; but still it was my good Nature that vindicated itself, without my being sensible of it.

The second Day, at last, one of Mrs. *Dursan*'s best Friends, a Woman much of her Age, came to see her about four in the Afternoon; and as I was, out

of Civility, waiting upon her back to her Coach, which she had left in the great Walk; let us walk a Moment this Way, said she to me carrying me to a little Wood that stood on each Side of the House, and which had been opened through to make the Avenue. Somebody waits for us there, said she, that durst not follow me to your House, and whom I would fain shew you.

I smiled at this. May I trust myself with you, Madam, said I in jest, and has no Body any Intention to run away with me?

No, replied she in the same Tone, I shall not carry you very far.

And really we were hardly got to that Part of the Wood, when I saw at about ten Paces from us three Persons, who approached us with great Reverence and Civility. I knew one of them again; even the young Gentleman himself: The other was a very genteel Woman of about thirty-eight or forty Years of Age; who seemed to have been exquisitely beautiful, and was still very handsom: But she looked pale, and her melancholy Countenance shewed she had been long involved in Distress, and accustomed to Affliction; besides she was dressed in a shabby old Gown, which had no more than the Marks of having once been fine.

The third was a Man of forty-three or four Years of Age: He looked sickly, was very indifferently dressed, and wore no other Mark of his former Dignity but his Sword.

It was he that came to me first; he made me a Bow, which I returned him, without knowing what this would produce.

Pray, Sir, said I to my young Man who was by him, tell me who I am now with? With my Father and Mother, Madam, replied he; and not to leave you any longer in Suspence, added he, I will tell you that you actually see Mr. *Durjan* and his Wife before you. 'Tis very true, my dear, said then the Lady who brought me thither, here is your Cousin,
the

the Son of that Aunt who gave you all her Fortune, as she told me herself in Confidence: And I must now beg your Pardon for what I have done; for, with the noble generous Soul I knew you had, I never could put a worse Trick upon you, than to have brought you hither.

She hardly had uttered these few Words, but Mrs. *Durjan* prostrated herself at my Feet. I have been the Cause of my Husband's Misfortunes, said she to me, holding one of my Hands and bathing it with her Tears; and it is my Part thus to conjure you to have Mercy on him and his Son.

While she was speaking this, the Father and the Son, both with Tears in their Eyes, and in the most submissive Posture in the World, waited for my Answer.

Lord! Madam, what are you doing there? cried I embracing her, and quite melted to see thus around me this unfortunate Family, making me the sovereign Disposer of their Fate; and soliciting me with trembling Hands to pity their miserable Condition.

What are you doing, dear Madam, said I to her several Times together! I am the best Friend you ever had in the World: You need not humble yourself in this Manner before me, in Order to move me? Do you think I thirst in the least after your Fortune? Can it be mine, and you alive? I accepted the Gift of it with the utmost Reluctance, and I renounce it with a thousand times more Pleasure than I ever could enjoy it.

In the mean Time I reached out my Hands to the Father, who rushed upon it as well as his Son. The Action of the latter, more tender and reserved than the former's, made me blush, notwithstanding the Emotion and Trouble this moving Sight had caused me.

At last, the Mother, who hitherto had remained in my Arms, rose, and left me quite at Liberty. I embraced Mr. *Durjan*, who could only utter incohe-

rent Words : He began a thousand Compliments to thank me, but did not make an End of any.

I cast my Eyes on the Son, after having left the Father : He was my Relation ; and in Circumstances like these, nothing ought to have hindered my giving him the same Tokens of Friendship I had given to Mr. *Durfan* ; and yet I durst not do it. This Relation was different from the other. I did not find my Softening of Heart for him altogether so Praiseworthy. There was between him and me I don't know what an Intercourse which had something too sweet in it, which induced me to be more reserved, and which worked upon and awed him.

Nevertheless, why should I have used him with greater Ceremony than the other two ? What could one have thought of it ? This determined me to embrace him, and I did it, with an Emotion which was not greater than his.

Let us see, first of all, what you would have me to do, said I then to Mr. *Durfan* and his Wife ? My Aunt has a sincere Love for me, and you may depend upon all the Ascendant this can give me over her. I must repeat it again ; the Will she has made in my Favour shall go for nothing, and I shall declare it to her whenever you please. But, Measures must be taken before you shew yourself to her, added I, speaking to *Durfan* senior.

Don't you think it proper I should prepare her, said the Lady who had brought me to them, and own to her that her Son is here ?

No, replied I with a thoughtful Countenance. I know how inflexible she is, with regard to Mr. *Durfan*, and this would not be the proper Method to succeed.

Alas ! Madam, replied *Durfan* senior, you see that her Relenting would be no more than Pardon to a dying Man : I have lost my Health this great while ; it is not for my own Sake I implore her Mercy, but merely for my Wife and my Son, whom I should leave in the utmost Misery and Want.

What

What do you mean by Want! Pray beat this strange Notion out of your Heads, said I to him; you wrong my Character very much. I told you already, and repeat it now, that I will have nothing of what is yours; that I shall make a Declaration of it, and that from this Moment your Condition ceases to depend upon the Success of the Reconciliation we are going to try to obtain from my Aunt; unless she, upon my Refusal of being her Heir, should make a new Will in Favour of another, which I cannot think possible. However, a Thought comes now suddenly into my Head.

Your Mother wants a Chambermaid: She never could do without. She lost one whom you, doubtless, must have known, it was poor *Le Fèvre*! Let us make use of this Occurrence, and try to put Mrs. *Durjan* yonder in *Le Fèvre's* Place. It is you, Madam, said I to the other Lady, that will present her, and give her a Character. You will answer for her Affection for my Aunt, and boldly affirm of her all the Good that can be said on an Occasion like this; the Lady is lovely: The engaging Sweetness of her Countenance will be more than sufficient Sanction to your Words, and this Lady's Conduct will soon make your Encomiums of her good. This is the best Thing that can be done. I am sure she will gain my Aunt's Affection under that Disguise: I don't doubt it in the least. My Aunt will love her, and thank you for having given her such a Treasure; and in her Satisfaction for having found something infinitely better than what she has lost, she will perhaps supply us with some happy Moment, at which there will be no Danger to own our little Cheat to her. It is altogether laudable: It will never be in her Power to disapprove it: She will think it moving, as it is in reality: It will infallibly soften her, and she will no longer be able to resist us, when we come to let her into it. Besides, no Woman ought to blush for standing in lieu of Chambermaid to an offended Mother-in-Law, who never saw her; when it is only a Stratagem to appease her Resentment.

I had scarce made the Motion, when they all seconded and approved of it: They began to thank me anew; my Proposal, they said, shewed so much Frankness, Zeal, and Good-Will for them, that they could not cease wondering at it.

To-morrow Morning, at farthest, said the Lady who was both their Friend and mine, I shall carry Mrs. *Durjan* to her Mother-in-Law's; by good Luck, she asked me to Day, whether I knew not of some sensible Body that might supply *Le Fèvre's* Place. I even promised her to enquire about one, and I now hire you for her, said she in jest to Mrs. *Durjan*, who was enchanted with my Contrivance, and replied, that she reckoned herself to have received her Earnest.

We heard then some Servants, that were in the front Walk: And as we were afraid they should see us, or have been commissioned by my Aunt, to go and see what was the Reason of my not coming back to her, we thought it proper to part directly; the more because it was enough for us, to have agreed upon our Scheme, and it would be very easy to rule the Execution of it upon what should occur, and to advise together every Day, when the Thing was once begun.

We retired accordingly, Mrs. *Dorfrainville* and I, (that was the Name of the Lady that brought me thither) while *Durjan*, and his Wife and Son, got through the little Wood to the End of the Avenue, to wait for this Lady, who was to take them with her in her Way. She had them all three at her House, and made them pass for old Friends of hers, whose Fortune had been ruined by a Law-Suit, giving it out, that she had persuaded them to come and live with her for a few Months, in Hopes of giving them some Comfort.

Thou hast been an Age with Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, said my Aunt when she saw me come in. Yes, replied I, it was not late, and she had a Fancy for a little Walk in the Wood. This satisfied my Aunt, and she insisted no longer.

The

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The next Day, about ten in the Morning, Mrs. *Dorfrainville* was at the Castle. I was myself but just come into Mrs. *Durjan*'s Room.

At last, you have got a Chambermaid, said the Lady to her abruptly; but it is such an one as was never seen before: Were it not for you, I would turn out mine, and keep this for myself; and I must needs love you as much as I do, to give you the Preference, I assure you. She is a careful, ingenious, affectionate, virtuous Woman; the best, the faithfullest, and most valuable perhaps that ever was. I think for my Part, that it would be impossible to find her Equal: And all this is intimated by her Looks. I found her at my House Yesterday, just come off a sixty Miles Journey.

Lord! Whose Service is she now leaving, said my Aunt? How could one part with so good a Servant? Is her Mistress dead? That's the Case, replied Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, who had foreseen the Question, and contrived an Answer to it, without any Scruple. She comes from the House of a Lady who died a few Days ago; and valued her very much; she has told me a thousand Things of her that are wonderful, and had her fifteen or sixteen Years together. Besides, I know who she is, and her Family. She belongs to very worthy People, and in short, I shall be her Security upon all Accounts. She even came with an Intention to stay with me: And she says, that she would not, at least, enter into any of the Families that are proposed to her, without knowing whether I would not take her for myself: But as I am pretty well pleased with mine, and you want one, I shall yield this to you, or rather make you a Present of her, for it is a very great one.

No less than this little magnificent Romance was necessary, to persuade Mrs. *Durjan* to take her, and to cure her of her Aversion for any other Servant but her she had, and could now no longer have.

Well, Madam, when will you send her to me, said my Aunt to her? This very Moment, replied Mrs.

Mrs. *Dorfrainville*; she has not a great Way to come, since she is actually walking on the Terras of your Garden, where I left her. Let her Merit and Stock of good Sense and Reason be ever so great, I would not have her present at the Encomiums given her; she knows not her own Merit so completely as I do, nor is it necessary she should; 'tis needless she should set so great a Value on herself: She would not be a Bit the better for it, added she in jest, and would perhaps be the worse. Now, you know her sufficiently, and we need only send one of your Men to desire her to come.

No, no, said I then, I shall go to her myself, and away I went to fetch her directly. I guessed that she must be uneasy, and that she wanted that one should give her Encouragement in the Beginning.

Come, Madam, said I when I was with her, you are accepted, and waited for; my Aunt admits you into your own House, thinking that she only receives you into hers.

Alas! Madam, you see me trembling from Top to Toe, and I am afraid of shewing myself in this Confusion, replied she in a Tone which was but too great a Proof of what she said, and might have looked very odd in my Aunt's Eyes, if I had brought her in in that Condition.

Lord! What do you tremble for, said I to her? Are you afraid of appearing before the best of Women, who will infallibly doat on you, and will perhaps, e'er the Fortnight is over, shed Tears of Love, and embrace you with all her Heart, when she hears who you are; you don't make use of your Reason. Come, Madam, shew yourself with Confidence, this is a critical Minute, in which you ought not to be perplexed in the least. What have you to fear? You are very sure of Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, and I hope you are so of me too.

Of you! Madam! My God! you make me blush with saying so, replied she: Who should I then depend upon in the World, if not on you? Come, Madam,

Madam, I am ready to follow you ; all my Emotions are now over.

This said, we went into that Room which she had been so much afraid of. However, notwithstanding all the Courage she had pickt up, she courtesied with a Timorousness, which might have been thought excessive in any Body else ; but which, together with that lovely modest Countenance and sweet Appearance she had, was but an additional Charm to her.

For my Part, I smiled like one that was pleased, in Order to increase the favourable Disposition of my Aunt, who was looking at me to see how I liked her.

You are to stay here, Mrs. *Brunon*, said Mrs. *Dorfrainville* to the pretended Chambermaid, the Lady accepts of you ; I cannot give you a greater Proof of my Friendship, than by procuring you to live with her ; I assured her that she would be very well pleased with you, and I am not afraid of having imposed on her.

I dare not as yet answer for any Thing but my own Zeal, and the sincere Endeavours I shall make to please the Lady, replied the fictitious *Brunon* ; and it must be owned that she said this in the most engaging Manner in the World. I wondered not at *Dursan's* having loved her so much ; nor should I have wondered, if any one had fallen in love with her at that very Time.

But then Mrs. *Dursan* the Mother took a Fancy to her presently. I think, said she to Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, that I may, without any great Risk, thank you beforehand for my new Chambermaid. *Brunon* is vastly to my Liking ; I have the best Opinion in the World of her, and I shall be much mistaken if I do not end my Life with her. I shall make no Bargain, *Brunon*, you may trust this to my Discretion. I am told that I shall be satisfied with you, and you will infallibly be so with me. Have you brought none of your Things here ? You are to lye in the Room next to mine ; and I shall order one of my Women to carry you to it.

No,

No, no, Aunt said I, as she was going to ring, I chuse to instruct her myself ; call no Body ; I am going to fetch something which is in my Room, and in the Way I shall shew her her own. She left two Boxes at our House, which I shall send her by and by, said Mrs. *Dorfrainville*. Do so, Madam, replied my Aunt. Well, *Brunon*, added she, you may go ; you are mine now, that is a Thing agreed upon, and I wish you mayn't think yourself the worse for it.

It is not about myself I am uneasy, Madam, replied *Brunon* with her sweet Modesty ; and then she followed me, and as we were going out, we heard my Aunt say to Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, this Woman has been an Angel of Beauty.

At this I looked at *Brunon* with a Smile : Don't you think this short Discourse a pretty good Omen, said I to her ? Her Son is half justified already.

Yes, Madam, replied she, squeezing my Hand, this is a good Beginning. Heaven seems to bless the Resolution you have made me take.

We stood a few Minutes together ; I went out of the Room with her, merely to acquaint her, as I said to my Aunt, with a thousand minute Things, which I knew would please my Aunt vastly, and which I recommended to her not to neglect. She listened to me, quite transported with Gratitude, wondering every Moment, how greatly she was beholden to me for so many Favours : It was impossible to have a livelier Sense of them than she had, or to express them with greater Energy than she did. Her Heart was then diffusing itself in endless Transports of Joy, which she always concluded with caressing me.

The People of the House were going backwards and forwards ; it was not fit they should see us in so familiar a Conversation ; and I left her, after having acquainted her with her Functions, and even set her immediately to work. She was a very sensible Woman, and knew the Importance of the Part she was acting ; and I continued to give her Directions, that guided her in a Multitude of little but very essential Things.

Things. She had all the Charms of Insinuation, without the Appearance of it, and before the Week's End, my Aunt perfectly doated upon her.

If she goes on always in the same Manner, said she to me in private, I shall be bountiful to her, and thou wilt not be sorry for it, Niece?

I intreat you to do it, Aunt, replied I to her; but you are too generous and good natured, not to reward the Zeal and Affection she has for you; for 'tis plain she loves you, and serves you with a sincere Regard.

Thou art in the right, said she, I judge of her as thou dost. Only I wonder, that this Girl never married; or has not even, with the many Charms she must have been endued with, met with some young and rich Man, of a Sphere superior to hers, and quite turned his Brains. This is one of those mischievous Faces, that are so apt to give a World of Trouble to a Family.

Alas! replied I, *Brunon* wanted perhaps but to have passed her Youth in a large Town, to occasion very great Disorders and Passions. My Cousin *Dursan* must needs have had the Misfortune to meet with one of those Faces, added I with a simple undesigning Countenance; but in the Country where *Brunon* lived, a Girl, let her be ever so charming, is buried there in a manner, and is dangerous to no Body.

My Aunt shrugged up her Shoulders at this Discourse, and said not a Word more.

Dursan junior came now and then with his Father to see us. Mrs. *Dorfrainville* brought them both, and set them down at the upper End of the Avenue, whence they got to the Wood, where I went to see them for a few Minutes. The last Time the Father came, I found him so very sick, his Face looked so pale and so bloated, and his Eyes so dead, that I really thought he could not go back, and I was not mistaken.

Dear Cousin, said he, I am no longer to be reckoned among the Living: I feel myself dying. I have been in a languishing Condition, for a whole
Year

Year together; and for three Months last past, my Illness is turned into a Dropsy, which was not suspected at first; and of which I have not been able to stop the Progress.

Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, since I have been at her House, has given me a Physician, and procured me all the Helps that lay in her Power, but 'tis likely it was too late, my Illness having even increased ever since; therefore, I strove to Day to come here, for no other Purpose but to recommend to you, for the last Time, the Interest of my unfortunate Family.

After all I have told you, said I to him, it is no longer my Fault if you are not easy: But, I beg you would shake off that Notion you have of an approaching Death; weak and infirm as you are, you will recover your Health the Moment you are free of your Uneasiness; cheer your Heart a little more; in the favourable Disposition my Aunt seems to be in now for Mrs. *Dursan*, I defy her to refuse you her Pardon, when we come to reveal every Thing to her; and this Discovery can hardly be defer'd any longer; it will perhaps take Place To-morrow, perhaps this very Night; there is now no Hour in the Day but what may bring it on; therefore, be easy; all your Disasters are over. I must retire, I can't be out of Sight a great while; but Mrs. *Dursan* is coming, who will confirm the Hopes I give you, and tell you likewise, how dear you all three are to me.

These last Words slipped from my Mouth, and made me blush, because of the Son who was present; nay, I had not perhaps said any Thing of the other two, had not he been the third.

But then this young Man, overwhelmed as he was with Sadness, stopped suddenly to take my Hand, which he kissed with a Transport that proceeded from something more powerful than Gratitude, tho' Gratitude was the Cloak of it; nor must I have seen any Thing in his Action beyond what he himself professed.

However,

However, I got up, taking my Hand from him with some Concern; the Father would also, out of Politeness, get up to bid me adieu; but whether the Subject of our Conversation had moved him too much, or the Difficulty he had to breathe, together with the Efforts he had just made, to reach the Part of the Wood we were in, had weakened him to an Excess, he was seized with a sudden Stoppage of his Breath, that made him fall again on the Place, where we thought he was going to expire.

His Wife, who had left the Castle to come to us, ran full Speed at the Cries of her Son which she heard alone; I trembled myself to such a Degree, that I could hardly stand. I had a Smelling Bottle of which I made him Snuff the Spirit: He came a little to himself, at last; and Mrs. *Durfan* found him somewhat better when she came; but it would have been Madness to think he could get to Mrs. *Dorfrainville's* Coach again, or be able to endure the Motion of it from the Castle to this Lady's House; there was no Hopes of it, and he told us he thought himself unable to resist it.

His Wife and his Son, both of them as pale as Death, looked on me with a wild Countenance, saying, What shall we do? I took my Resolution abruptly.

There is no hesitating, replied I, Mr. *Durfan* can't be put any where but in the Castle itself; and I shall fetch somebody to carry him thither, while my Aunt is with Mrs. *Dorfrainville*.

To the Castle! said his Wife with an Exclamation; then, to be sure, we are undone, Madam. No, said I, don't make yourself uneasy; I take every Thing upon me; only let me alone, and never fear.

And really I considered, in the Resolution I had just taken, that there was none of the Accidents we had to fear, that might not take a good Turn.

Durfan sick, or rather expiring: *Durfan* impossible to be known again, on Account of his Infirmities and Misery,

misery, could not be rejected by his Mother when she should see him in that Condition ; as he should be no longer the same Son whom she was resolved never to pardon.

However, I ran full Speed to the House, and brought with me a couple of Servants, who took him in their Arms. I ordered a little Apartment that was on the Ground-floor, to be opened ; and he was carried into it. He was so very weak that they were obliged to stop several times in this short Way, and I caused him to be put to bed, fully persuaded that he could not live long.

Most of my Aunt's Servants were then dispersed. We had but three or four of them for Witnesses of this Scene, before whom Mrs. *Dursan* dissembled her Grief, as I had recommended her to do ; they could collect nothing from the Son's Expressions, but that the sick Man was his Father ; but this was no Information, and it suggested a new Thought to me.

Mrs. *Dursan's* Case was very urgent ; he could hardly utter one Word : He stood in need of spiritual Helps, and there was no time to be lost : He found himself so very ill, that he asked for them, and it was next kin to impossible to procure them to him, unknown to Mrs. *Dursan* ; I was afraid, on the other Hand, he should die without seeing her ; and my Reflections upon all this made me conclude, that I must begin by acquainting my Aunt, that there was a sick Person in the House.

Brunon, said I abruptly to Mrs. *Dursan*, don't leave the Gentleman ; as to you, said I to our People, you must retire all of you ; and you, Sir, added I addressing myself to *Dursan junior*, be so good as to come with me to my Aunt.

He followed me with Tears in his Eyes, and I acquainted him in the Way with what I was going to say. Mrs. *Dorfrainville* was ready to take her leave of my Aunt when we came in.

It was not without the greatest Surprise, that they saw me attended with this young Man.

This

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This Gentleman's Father, said I to my Aunt, is actually in the Apartment below ; where I ordered him to be put to bed ; he was come to thank you with his Son, for the kind Offers you have been pleased to make him ; and the Fatigue of the Way, together with a considerable Illness he has had these many Months, have exhausted his Strength to such a Degree, that we thought he would expire in your Yard ; People came into the Garden, to inform me of his dismal State ; I ran to him, and had only time enough to order the Servants to open the Apartment, where I left him with *Brunon*, who is tending him ; really Aunt, I find him so very weak, that I don't think he will live till Night.

Lord ! Sir, cried Mrs. *Dorfrainville* on a sudden, speaking to *Dursan junior*, is your Father so ill as that comes to ? For, she easily judged, that she must imitate my Discretion, and be silent as to the sick Man's Name, since I concealed it myself.

Lord ! Madam, added she, how sorry I am for it ! You know him then, Madam, said my Aunt to her ? Yes, indeed, Madam, replied she, I know him and all his Family ; he is related, on his Mother's Side, to the best Families in this Country ; he came to see me a few Days ago ; his Wife and Son attended him ; I will tell you who they are ; I offered my House to them ; and I am even about putting an End to the sad Affair that brought them into our Quarters. I must own, Sir, that your Father frightened me with his pale livid Face : He has a Dropsy, Madam, and is overwhelmed with Grief besides. I implore all your Goodness in his Behalf. You can never bestow your Favours better, nor on any Subject that has a greater Claim to them ; give me leave to leave you, I must go and see him by all means.

With all my Heart, Madam, replied my Aunt, let's go together, let's go down ; my Niece shall lend me her Arm.

I thought it not proper to let her see him then ; I considered, that by retarding their Interview a little,
Chance

Chance might bring on Circumstances, still more softening, and of surer Success. In short, I judged that we should be overhasty in doing so; and that so much Precipitation, with a Woman so steady in her Resolutions, and of so much good Sense as my Aunt was, might mar our Scheme, and give it too much the Air of a Plot; that Mrs. *Durjan* might look upon all this Adventure as a Series of Facts already agreed upon, and upon her Son's Illness as a meer Farce contrived to move and work upon her; whereas, by deferring for one Day, or even for a few Hours, Things would happen that could not leave the least Room for her Jealousy.

I had ordered that a Physician and a Priest should be called directly. I doubted not but Mr. *Durjan* would receive the Sacrament; and it was in the middle of this terrible and awful Ceremony, that I designed to bring about the Reconciliation between the Mother and the Son: This Moment appeared to me much fitter than that we were in at present.

Therefore I stopt my Aunt; no, said I to her: There is no need yet for your going down: I shall take Care that nothing is wanting to the Lady's Friend; you have much ado to walk; stay a Moment, Aunt; I shall come up again and tell you how he is. If it is thought proper that he should have a Confessor, and receive the Sacrament; it will be time enough then for you to see him.

Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, who ruled her Conduct by mine, was of my Opinion. *Durjan* the Son joined with us, and begged of her not to leave her Room; so that she let us go, after having said a few obliging Things to this young Man, who kissed her Hand with the utmost Tenderness and Respect, and moved her, as it seemed, by this Action.

We found the supposed *Brunon* bathed in her Tears; and I was not mistaken in my Prognostick concerning her Husband: He breathed with so much Difficulty, that it put him all over in a Sweat; and the Physician who was just come with the Confessor I had sent

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for, assured us, that he had but a few Hours more to live.

We retired into another Chamber, till the Priest had heard his Confession; after which we came again into his Room. The Priest who had brought all that was necessary for his Office, told us that the sick Gentleman had desired him to go and beg of Mrs. *Dur-**san* from him, to be so good as come down to him before he received the Sacrament.

Very likely he told you who he is? Said I; but, Sir, did he desire you to name him to my Aunt before she sees him. No, Madam, replied he, my Commission extends no further than desiring her to come down.

I then heard the Patient call me with a weak Voice; we went directly to him.

Dear Cousin, said he to me stopping between Words, follow my Confessor up to my Mother's Room, I conjure both you, and Mrs. *Dorfrainville* to support the Petition he is going to make her from me. Yes, dear Cousin, said I, we are going to attend him; I am even of Opinion, that your Wife, whom she loves, should come with us, while your Son stays here.

In such a Conjunction, I really thought it advisable, that his Wife should go with us.

Very likely, my Aunt would be vastly surprized at the Message we were commissioned to carry to her. I remembered on the other Hand, that the first time she had spoken to the young Man, she had thought she heard the Voice of her Son, as she told me: Besides, I recollected that Ring which she had found so vastly like that she had given to *Dur-**san* formerly. How do we know, said I to myself, that she will not remember these two Articles, and that the Visit we are going, after all this, to desire her to pay the Patient will not bring her at last to suspect, that this sick Man, who so earnestly desires to see her, is really her Son.

Now

Now, in that Case, it was not unlikely she should refuse to come: On the other hand, her Obstinacy in refusing, could not, (though ever so great) hinder her from being vastly moved; and methought, that her beloved *Brunon* coming to improve this Disposition of her Mind, and suddenly throwing herself all in Tears at the Feet of her Mother-in-Law, would infallibly get the better of that inflexible Heart.

What I had suspected did not happen; my Aunt made none of the Reflections I am now speaking of; although the Presence of *Brunon* was not altogether useless to us.

Mrs. *Durſan* was reading when we came into her Room. She knew very well the Clergyman we brought to her, and even trusted him often with Money for Charities.

Ay! is it you, Sir? said she to him; do you come to ask me for any Charity? Is it you that was called to the Stranger who is sick below?

It is from him I come to you, Madam, replied he in a very serious Tone; he desired you would be so good as to come down and see him before he dies; both, that he may thank you for your generous Hospitality towards him, and acquaint you with a Thing which is of Moment to you.

Of Moment to me! replied she amazed. What can he have to say to me that I may be concerned in? He says you have a Son whom he knows, with whom he has lived very long before he came into this Country, and it is of that Son he is willing to speak to you.

Of my Son! said she exclaiming again; ah! Sir, added she, fetching a deep Sigh; forbid him to trouble me on that Subject; tell him I am vastly sorry for the Condition he is in; that, in Case God should take him to himself, there is no good Turn nor any kind of Help whatsoever, but his Wife and Son may expect from me. I have not seen the former as yet, and if she has not been apprized of the State her Husband is now in, let me but know where she is,

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and I will send my Coach to her directly : But if the Patient thinks he owes me some Gratitude, the only Token of it I require, is, that he should excuse my hearing what the Wretch who calls me his Mother desired him to tell me from him ; or if I must absolutely know it, let him be satisfied that you should tell me of it, Sir.

We did not think it proper as yet to speak, and we let the Clergyman give her an Answer.

It may be a Secret that can be revealed to none but yourself, Madam, replied he, and which you would be sorry were trusted to another. Pray, Madam, consider, that the Person who sends me is a dying Man, that he must needs have essential Reasons to speak to none but yourself ; and that it would be very cruel in you, Madam, not to yield to the Entreaties of a Man in his distressed Condition.

No, Sir, replied she, the Promise he may have made to my Son never to reveal the Secret in Question to any body but myself, does not oblige me to any thing, and I have still the Power of keeping myself from the Knowledge of it. Nevertheless, of what Nature soever the Secret may be, which it is of so great Consequence I should know, I consent, Sir, he should declare it to you ; and will freely share it with you. If I do an imprudent thing, I will accuse nobody but myself, and reproach myself alone with it.

Lord ! Aunt, said I then to her ; try to overcome your Reluctance on this Article ; for God's Sake, do ! The Patient below, who foresaw it, desired Mrs. *Dorfrainville* and me, to second the Gentleman's Request with our Entreaties.

Yes, Madam, replied Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, I promised him to bring you down to him, the rather because he assured me you would infallibly reproach yourself with not having complied with his Desires.

Lord ! how I am teized, said his Mother all in Distress ; what a sad Moment for me ! What can that be he would acquaint me with ? What is it makes you

cry, you, *Brunon*, added she, casting her Eyes on her Daughter-in-Law, who was shedding a few Tears?

'Tis because she knew the Patient again, and she is concerned to see him die, replied I for her.

How! Dost thou know him to? said my Aunt, still speaking to her. Yes, Madam, replied she; he has Relations for whom I shall have all imaginable Respect and Tendernefs as long as I live, and I would name them to you, if he did not insist on being unknown.

I don't desire to know what he would keep secret replied my Aunt; but, since thou knowest who he is, and he says he has lived long with *Dursan*, hast thou never seen them together? Yes, Madam, I own I have, replied she; I even have known Mr. *Dursan's* Son from his tenderest Years.

His Son! replied she, wringing her Hands, he then has Children? I think he has but one, Madam, replied, *Brunon*. Oh! that he never had been born! cried my Aunt; what Use can Life be of to him? What will become of him? And what need had I to know all that. You wring my very Heart, *Brunon*; thou tearest it to Pieces; but, hark-ye; hide nothing from me; thou art perhaps better informed than thou carest to let me know; where is his Father now? What was his Situation when thou sawest him last? In what Circumstances of Life was he?

He was miserable, Madam, replied *Brunon*, casting her Eyes on the Ground in a very melancholy manner.

He *was*! sayest thou? Say rather, he *would* be miserable; but tell me all, *Brunon*, is he a Widower? No, Madam, replied she, with a Concern that was observed by none but by us who knew her: I saw them three; their dismal State had infallibly disarmed your Indignation.

No more, said my Aunt with a deep Sigh, I have heard enough. What a Fate! my God! What a Marriage! She is then with him, that Woman whom the

Wretch chose for his Wife, and who is a Dishonour to him ?

Brunon coloured at this last Word, which gave all of us great Pain : But she recovered herself presently, and then replied, with a mild, calm Countenance, not without some Dignity.

I could warrant your Esteem for her, if you could but pardon her want of Fortune and Birth. She is virtuous, Madam, all those who know her may witness it to you ; 'tis true her Virtue was not enough to entitle her to be Mrs. *Durfan* : But I must be vastly miserable myself, if Virtue is not enough, to save one from being despicable.

Lord ! *Brunon*, replied she, how canst thou talk so ? At least, if she was like thee !

I observed that *Brunon* trembled from Head to Foot at these last Words ; and that she looked at me to find what I would have her do ; but while I was advising with myself, my Aunt, who got up on a sudden to go down with us, interrupted so abruptly this favourable Opportunity of bringing on the intended Reconciliation, and gave us so little Time by her quick rising, that it was even lost when *Brunon* cast her Eyes on me. It was not proper to insist then, and I thought it better to delay it a while longer.

Such critical Moments as these, ought to be laid hold of ; and this I saw very well we had missed.

We went down, however. Not one of us had the Courage to utter a Word. As for me, my Heart went pit a pat. The Event we were going to try, began to make me uneasy on her Account. I apprehended this was exposing her to more than she could bear ; but, there was no going back. I had disposed every thing myself to arrive at this Extremity, which I began to dread ; the Blow she was going to receive, was my own Work ; and, on the other hand, it was certain, that there was no Success to be hoped for, without the joint Help of the many Impressions I was ready to heap upon her, as it were.

We arrived at last at the Patient's Room : My Aunt sighed when she came into it ; *Brunon*, on whom she leaned as well as on myself, was pale enough to fright one. I felt my Knees bending under me. Mrs. *Dorfrainville* followed us in an uneasy and gloomy Silence. The Confessor, who walked before us, entered the Room first ; the Bed-Curtains being drawn only on one Side.

He went to the Patient, whom they had lifted up a little, to set him easier. His Son, who was crying most bitterly at the Head of the Bed, retired a little ; it began to grow duskish, and the Bed was in the darkest Part of the Room.

Sir, said the Clergyman to the poor dying Man, I bring to you Mrs. *Dursan*, whom you desired to see before you received the Sacrament. Here she is.

The Son then lifted his weak trembling Hand, and tried to carry it to his Head to pull off his Cap. But, my Aunt who was just come to him at that Moment, reached her Hand quickly to hold his.

No, Sir, no ; pray, remain as you are ; you are but too well entitled to dispense with Ceremonies, said she to him without yet looking at him.

Then we put her in an Elbow-Chair, near the Bed's-Head, and we stood by her.

You desired to speak with me, Sir ; would you have this Company to retire ? Is what you have to say to me, a Secret, added she immediately ? rather listening to what he would answer, than looking at him.

The Patient fetched a deep Sigh, and as her Arm was resting on the Bed, he reached his Hand to hers, and took it, and while she wondered what he was doing, he had time to carry it up to his Mouth, and to kiss it, intermixing these Kisses with a few Sobs, that were stopt and smothered by his Weakness and the shortness of his Breath.

The Mother troubled at this Action, and confusedly informed of the Truth, looked at him with Attention and Fright. What are you doing then, said she to him with a Voice which her Emotion rendered stronger

stronger and louder than usual? Who are you, Sir? Your Victim, Mother, replied he, in the Tone of one ready to breathe his last.

My Son? Oh! unfortunate *Durfan*! I know thee again, and it is enough to kill with Grief, said she, exclaiming, and falling back into the Elbow-Chair, where we saw her turn pale, and remain like one in a Swoon.

She fainted not however; she was not well, to be sure, but she did not lose her Senses; and our Cries, together with the Helps we afforded her, insensibly raised her Spirits and made her come to herself again.

Lord! What Surprize you have exposed me to? *Tervire*! said she to me.

Alas! Aunt, replied I, must I have deprived you of the Satisfaction of pardoning your dying Son? Has not this young Gentleman a Title to your Affection? Does he not deserve you should love him? and would you have us deprive him of your Tenderneſs, added I shewing her young *Durfan*, who fell immediately on his Knees. The tender and already conquered Grandmother languishingly reached one of her Hands to him which he kissed crying for Joy, as we all of us did. Mrs. *Durfan*, who went still by the Name of *Brunon*, the Priest himself, Mrs. *Dorfrainville* and I, contributed all to the softening my dear Aunt, who was crying herself, and saw about her nothing but Tears, that thanked her for having suffered herself to be prevailed upon.

All was not done yet, however. We were still to soften her in Favour of *Brunon*, who was on her Knees behind young *Durfan*. Notwithstanding all the Signs I made her, she durst not come forward, for Fear of doing any wrong to her Husband and her Son, and of being still an Obstacle to their Reconciliation.

And really, we had had no other Task hitherto, but that of awakening the Tenderneſs of an angry Mother, whereas we were as yet to conquer her Hatred, and Contempt for a Stranger, whom she loved indeed, but without knowing her, and under a borrowed Name.

Mean while, my Aunt was ever looking with an Eye of Complacency on *Dursan junior*, and did not take from him her Hand which he had laid hold of.

Get up, Child, said she to him at last, I have nothing to reproach thee with ; alas ! How could I resist thee, when I have not been able to resist thy Father.

The tender Caresses of the young Man, and our Tears of Joy redoubled here.

Son, said she, addressing to the Patient, is there no Remedy, then, that could cure you : Let us send every where for Help ; we have Physicians in the next Town, let them be sent for with all possible Speed.

But, Aunt, said I then to her, you still forget one Person who is dear to your Children, for whom we are all concerned, and who begs leave to appear before you.

I understand thee, said she ; well, I pardon her ! But, I am very old, my Life cannot last much longer ; let me be dispensed with from seeing her. That can be no longer hoped, Aunt, said I then to her, you have seen her already, you know her, *Brunon* will be my Witness that you do.

How ! I know her, replied she ! and *Brunon* says I have seen her ! Where is she then, pray ? At your Feet, replied young *Dursan* ; for she had just prostrated herself before her Mother-in-Law.

My Aunt amazed and motionless at this new Sight, remained a while without uttering a Word, and then reaching her Arms to her Daughter-in-law ; come, then, *Brunon*, said she, embracing her ; come, and let me pay you for your Service ; some of you said, that I knew her, but why did you not say that I loved her too ?

Brunon, whom I shall call Mrs. *Dursan* for the future, seemed so vastly moved by my Aunt's Goodness, that she looked like one out of her Senses ; she embraced her Son, and loaded Mrs. *Dorfrainville* and me with Caresses ; then she ran to her Husband, and fell on his Neck, shewing him his Son, desiring him
to

to live, and pluck up his Courage ; he embraced her himself, expiring as he was, he asked for his Mother, who went and embraced him in her Turn, sincerely vexed to see him so very ill.

He, nevertheless, grew weaker and weaker every Moment ; he told us so himself ; and pressed the Clergyman to perform the Remainder of his Functions : But, as, after what had passed, he needed some time for Recollection, we thought it proper to withdraw all of us, till the Ceremony should be performed.

My Aunt, on her Part, having not been able to go through so many Emotions and Troubles without being weakened thereby, desired us to carry her up to her Room again.

I have wearied myself, and exhausted all my Strength, said she to Mrs. *Dursan* ; I have not sufficient Strength to assist at what is going to be performed ; help me to my Room again, *Brunon* (for she never called her otherwise afterwards,) and we went up with her directly. I even found her so faint, that I proposed she should go to bed, to rest the better. She consented to it.

I was going to ring for another Chamber-maid ; but Mrs. *Dursan junior* hindered me. Do you forget that *Brunon* is here ? said she to me ; and then she went directly about undressing her.

As you please, Daughter, said my Aunt who took this very kindly of her, and would not oppose it, lest she should look upon her Refusal as the Remainder of her former Aversion for her.

When she was in Bed, she sent us all back to the Patient's Room ; and there staid but one Chamber-maid with her.

Her Intention was not to lye in Bed above two or three Hours, and then to go to her Son again ; but, it was decreed that she should see him no more.

She was hardly on the Pillow, when her ordinary Indispositions increased to such a Degree, that she could not rise again, and about ten at Night her Son expired.

My Aunt guessed it was so, from the Hurry Mrs. *Dorfrainville* and I were in (for we went down one after another without Intermission) and from the Absence of Mrs. *Dursan* and her Son, neither of whom came up again to see how she did.

I don't see *Dursan* nor his Mother, said she to me, a quarter of an Hour after *Dursan* the Father was expired; hide nothing from me, Child, have I no longer a Son? I made her no Answer, and fell a crying. God is the Disposer of all, continued she immediately, without shedding one Tear, and with a kind of Calmness that frightened me. I found it dismal, and such as could only proceed from an Excess of Grief and Consternation.

Nor was I mistaken. My Aunt became worse and worse every Day; nothing could fetch her out of the deep Melancholy she fell into; the Fever seized her, and never left her afterwards.

I don't mention to you the Concern of Mrs. *Dursan* and her Son. The former raised my Pity, I found her so vastly dejected. The Will whereby her Husband was disinherited, was not recalled as yet; perhaps she was afraid my Aunt should die without making another, though it would have been none of my Fault; I had already pressed her several Times to do it, but she always put me off to the next Day.

Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, who had also spoken to her about it, staid three or four Days with us. The Morning she went away, we both insisted again on the Will.

Niece, said my Aunt then to me, go and fetch a small Key in such a Place; open this Cupboard, and bring me a sealed Packet you will see at the opening of it. I did what she ordered me to do; and when she had got the Packet;

Be so good as to leave me alone for half an Hour, said she to us: And we retired accordingly. All this passed between us three; Mrs. *Dursan* and her Son were not present: But my Aunt sent for them, when she had desired Mrs. *Dorfrainville* and I to walk in again. We

We judged that she had been writing: She had still an Ink-horn and Paper on her Bed, and was holding with one Hand the Paper sealed up I had given her.

Here is the Will I had made in Favour of my Niece, said she to Mrs. *Durjan*. My Intention, since the Return of my Son, was, to cancel it; she has been torturing me herself these four Days to do so, and I now leave it in your Hands, that you may see with your own Eyes, that I had left her all my Fortune.

This said, she gave it to her; and then taking the other Paper sealed up, which she delivered into the Hands of Mrs. *Dorfrainville*; here is another Paper, continued she, which I beg of this Lady to take into her keeping; and although I doubt not you will readily comply with, and fulfil the little Dispositions you will find in it, added she, addressing herself to Mrs. *Durjan*; I thought it proper again to recommend them to you; and to tell you that they are of great Concern to me, that they are the Emanations of my Heart; in short, that my Heart is most tenderly set upon them, and that you cannot give me a greater Proof of your Gratitude towards me, nor honour my Memory more, than by faithfully executing what I require of you in this Writing, which I trust in the Hands of Mrs. *Dorfrainville*. You will do it still with greater Pleasure, if you reflect that I love you, that I am delighted to think you are going to live more comfortably; and that all these Sentiments which I have now for you on my Death-Bed, are so many Advantages, for which you are indebted to my Niece.

She stopt there, and desired us to let her take a little Rest: Mrs. *Dorfrainville* embraced her, and took leave of her about eleven o' Clock; and six Days after my Aunt died.

You may easily imagine how cutting my Grief was: Mrs. *Durjan* seemed to use her utmost Endeavours to assuage it; but I was very little affected by all she said to me; and although she was grieved herself, methought she was not sufficiently so; her Tears were

not bitter ; they seemed to flow with too much Ease ; and that was the Reason why she comforted me not, notwithstanding all her Efforts to do it.

Her Son succeeded better in it ; he had, in my Opinion, a more sincere Sadness : At least, he regretted his Father with all his Heart, and never spoke of his Aunt, but with the tenderest Expressions of Gratitude ; not thinking, as his Mother did, of the Plenty he was going to live in.

Besides, I saw him earnestly concerned for my Affliction. This last Article was very plain, and it was on that Account perhaps, that I judged of him more favourably than of the rest.

However, Mrs. *Dorfrainville* came to the Castle two Days after, with the Paper sealed up which my Aunt had trusted into her Hands, and which was opened before Witnesses, with all the Forms that were judged necessary.

My Aunt, by this Writing, restored her Grand-son to all the Rights his Father had forfeited by his Marriage : But she did it only on Condition he should marry me ; for, that in Case he should marry another, or I should not like this Match myself, he should be obliged to give me the third Part of all the Effects and Estates she left him, of what Nature soever they might be.

That the Affair of our Marriage should, however, be determined in a Year's Time, reckoning from the Day the Will should be opened ; and that mean while, he should, from that very Day, be bound to pay me a Pension of three thousand Livres a Year, which I should enjoy till our Marriage was concluded, or to the Moment I should take Possession of the third Part of the Inheritance.

All these Conditions are superfluous, said young *Dursan* with great Emotion, while this Article was reading, I will have nothing but with my Cousin.

I cast my Eyes down, and coloured both with Concern and Pleasure, without making any Reply ; but that third of the whole Fortune that was left me in Case

Case I should not marry him, did not tempt me much.

Stay then till the whole is read, said Mrs. *Dursan* to him in a pretty rough Manner, which Mrs. *Dorfrainville* took Notice of as well as myself. I should have been ashamed to have held my Tongue, replied the young Man in a softer Tone; and then they read on.

The uncouth Manner in which Mrs. *Dursan* had just used her Son, very likely proceeded from her being acquainted with the meanness of my Circumstances; notwithstanding the third Part of my Aunt's Estate which I was to have, in Case *Dursan* should not marry me, she saw him in the Way not only of marrying a very rich Match, but even of aspiring to those that were most distinguished by their Birth.

However, she could not forbear, a few Days after, saying to Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, that I had great Reason to regret an Aunt who had been so very bountiful to me. What do you mean by bountiful? replied the Lady, who was quite scandalized at her way of thinking; don't you know that it has been in Miss *De Terwire's* Power, to be still better used by her Aunt? You ought not to forget, that you should have had nothing, had it not been for her, and for her generous Disinterestedness. Don't you look upon her as a Girl who has nothing; since your Son, by marrying her, will marry the Heiress of all his Estates. This is the Opinion he has of it himself; nor can you have any other, without being guilty of an Ingratitude which I cannot think you are capable of.

As to their Marriage, replied Mrs. *Dursan* with a Smile, my Son is so young yet, that it will be Time enough to think of it some Years hence. As you please, replied Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, who deigned not to make her another Answer, and parted from her with a Coldness from whence Mrs. *Dursan* took Occasion of not seeing her any more, and freeing herself from her Reproaches.

This Woman, whose Character we had mistaken, was not contented with deferring the intended Marriage : I was informed that she had caused the most skilful Men in the Law to be consulted, to know whether the last Will of my Aunt could not be set aside and made void ; Mrs. *Dorfrainville* heard of this last Indignity, and told me of it.

Durjan, who knew but durst not tell me of it, was in the utmost Despair ; I had then no Occasion to complain of him ; he loved me beyond Expression ; nor did I hide from him, my reciprocal Love for him. The worse Mrs. *Durjan* used me, the dearer her Son, whom I thought so different from her, became to me ; my Heart rewarded him in this Manner, for his not resembling his Mother.

But that Mother, ungrateful as she was, had a prodigious Ascendant over him. He durst not speak to her so freely as he ought to have done, neither had he Courage to do it. You give me Pain, was all she needed to say, to make him silent ; this was sufficient to make him stop short, and he made no further Reply.

His Mother's Injustice extended farther than endeavouring to deprive me, if possible, of the third part of the Estate, which belonged to me : She even resolved, to drive me away from her House, in Hopes that her Son, ceasing to see me, would also cease to love me so tenderly, and of Course be more easily induced to comply with her Desires ; and here is what she thought proper to do for that Purpose.

I told you that there was a kind of Rupture, or at least a great Coldness between her and Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, and she laid the Blame on me. Miss, said she to me, Mrs. *Dorfrainville* is still your Friend, and no longer mine ; how comes that to pass ? I must ask that of you, replied I, you know better than I what passed between you.

Better than you ! replied she, with an ironical Smile ; you are in jest, I suppose : She would have been more tractable, if you had been so. The Marriage is not in so great a Hurry. I am

I am not the Occasion of it's being so, replied I; but she did not think that you ought to have deferred it, if I accepted of it. How! Madam, said she leaving me, you would quarrel with me too? You even reproach us with the good Offices you have done us? So promising a Temper alarms me for my Son.

I have seen *Brunon* do me more Justice, cried I to her, as she went away; and we hardly spoke to one another again after that Moment. She became so very intolerable to me every Day, that I was obliged to come to a Resolution, three Months after my Aunt's Death, to leave the Castle, notwithstanding the Consternation of her Son, whom I left sick for Grief, and at Variance with his Mother. I could neither see nor acquaint him with the Day of my going, his Mother alledging a thousand strange Reasons not to consent to it. She pretended to wonder much, what Reasons I could have for leaving her; and she told me that her Son, with the Fever he had on him, was not able to bear so surprising an Adieu as mine was.

So much Deceit disgusted me so, that I gave her no Answer on that Subject: But to shew her how little I valued her, I staid three Months in your House, said I taking my leave of her, and it is just I should account to you for it.

Say rather, said she, that I am accountable to you for a quarter of the Pension that was left you, and I am going to acquit myself of that Debt, added she, smiling at my Compliment, which my going away made her put up with. No, Madam, said I to her with some Spirit, keep your Money; I don't want any for the present; and I stepped directly into the Chaise, which Mrs. *Dorfrainville*, to whom I was going, had sent to fetch me.

I don't mention the Anger of this Lady, at the Recital I made her of all the hateful Usage I had been exposed to at the Castle. I had wrote twice to my Mother since my Aunt's Death, and had received no Answer; nay, had not heard the least News of her for several Years past, and this gave me the greatest Uneasiness.

What

What could such a Situation as mine was, bring me to? For, in short, I saw myself sure of nothing; and if Mrs. *Dursan*, who had tried to strike at my Aunt's last Will, should obtain its being declared void, what would then become of me? For I could not with any Honour stay much longer at Mrs. *Dorfrainville's*, who had in the most generous Manner offered me a Retreat; so that I had only my Mother left to whom I could have Recourse. One of Mrs. *Dorfrainville's* Friends, a Woman in Years, was ready to go to *Paris*: I thought it proper to take the Opportunity of her Company, and go along with her; and so I did a Fortnight or three Weeks after my leaving Mrs. *Dursan's* House, who had sent me what was due to me of my Pension; her Son continued to be sick: All I could do was to leave a Letter for him, which Mrs. *Dorfrainville* promised me she would deliver herself into his Hands.

The End of the Tenth Part.

THE

THE
ELEVENTH PART
Of the LIFE of
MARIANNE.

METHINKS I hear you now expressing your Wonder, Madam, and exclaiming thus: How! Part more! Three Parts, one upon the back of another! And why, pray, are you pleased to write the History of another in so much Haste, after you have been so very slow in going on with your own? Is it not perhaps because the Nun wrote it herself, and then lent you her Manuscript, which you now copy?

No, Madam, no, I copy nothing; I remember what my Nun told me, in the same Manner I remember my own Adventures; and so, the History of her Life does not cost me a Whit less Trouble than that of my own, and my Diligence is the Result of my real Information, that's all; my dear Friend, to be sure, you will not believe a Word on't; but you will see it, Madam, you will see it. Now, to the Purpose. The Nun and I met again about the Evening in my Chamber.

Would you have me shorten the Remainder of my History, said she to me? Not but I have Time to finish it this Night; but I am ashamed to be so long speaking of myself with you, and should be glad you would let me only glance upon a great many Things, in Order to come to what is most essential for you to know?

No,

No, Madam. replied I; I beg you would omit nothing; since I have heard what you told me already, methinks I am not so amazed as I was, at the Incidents of my own Life; my Fate does not look by much so sad in my Eyes as it did before: For, if it is a cruel Thing to have lost one's Mother, as I have, it is little less dismal, to have been forsaken by her, as you have been by yours: We both of us have been unfortunate in different Respects; and you have had your Comforts, as I have had mine. 'Tis true, I think hitherto, that my Misfortunes are still greater than yours: But I shall perhaps alter my Mind, when you have told me the whole.

I don't doubt it, replied she; but, let us go on.

I told you that my Journey was resolved upon, and I, accordingly, set out a few Days after, with the Lady I told you of.

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I had been paid one half of my Pension, and this Sum, which Mrs. *Darcire*, (the Lady I was going with) had been so good as to receive for me upon my Receipt, was given very readily. Mrs. *Dursan* even offered to increase it.

We shall not be long without following you, said she to me the Day before that of our Departure; but, if, by some unforeseen Accident, you should want more Money before we are at *Paris*, pray, Madam, write to me, and I shall send you some directly.

This Discourse was attended with a World of Protestations of Love, which had but one Fault, *viz.* their being too polite: I had thought them more real, had they been but more simple; Good-nature is indeed a Stranger to Compliments.

I set out, however, still uncertain as to her real Sentiments, and consequently still uneasy about the Resolution she would take; but, in some Measure to balance that, I was fully convinced of her Son's Tenderness for me.

I will tell you no more of it; I have suffered but too much by the Remembrance of what he then told me, as well as at other Times. I must endeavour at
last

last to forget those Expressions, those Transports and Looks, that countenance so very moving, with which he beheld me, and which methinks I see still. I must think of them no more; notwithstanding the State I have embraced, and whole fifteen Year's Absence hath not been able to efface them out of my Memory.

My Companion and I travelled in a Stage-Coach. When we were about twenty Leagues from *Paris*, at a Place where we stopt a while to bait our Horses, there came a Lady, who asked whether there was a Place for her in the Coach.

She was followed by a Country-Girl, who carried a small Box, with a Bag full of Night-Clothes on her Arm. Yes, said the Coachman to her, there is an empty Place in the Boot.

Well, I shall take it, replied the Lady, who paid for it, and stepped into the Coach directly, after having courtesied to us all, with an Air which, though very kind, had some Dignity in it, and savoured not in the least of Country Breeding. Every Body took Notice of it, but I observed it more than the rest.

She was sitting by an old Clergyman, who was going to *Paris* about a Law-Suit. My Companion and I were riding backwards; there was in the back Part of the Coach an old sickly Man and his Wife; and in the other Boot an Officer, and the Chambermaid of the Lady with whom I travelled, who had besides a Footman who followed the Stage on Horseback.

This unknown Person, whom we took up by the Way, was tall and genteel; she looked then in my Eyes like a Woman of near fifty, though she was not so much; you would have thought she was just recovering of a Fit of Illness, and it was so. Notwithstanding her Paleness and bad Plight, she had the finest Features in the World, the Contour of her Face was admirable, and she had something delicate in her Looks that shewed she was a Woman of great Distinction. Her whole Person had that natural Elegance

gance and Stateliness, which does not proceed from Pride, but from being used to Respect and Regard, from the politest and best Company in high Life.

We were scarce half a League from the Tavern, when the jolting of the Coach began to make our new Companion uneasy.

I saw her first turn pale, and soon after grow sick.

The Company would have had the Coachman stop; but she said there was no need for that, for it would be soon over; and as I was the youngest of those who filled the best Places, I solicited her much to take mine, and I did it with equal Kindness and Sincerity.

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She seemed to be much affected by the Earnestness of my Intreaties; and gave me to understand, that she set a great Value on them, as they came from me. She even mixt something so obliging with her Answer, that it made me insist with still greater Eagerness upon her taking my Place; but I could by no Means persuade her to do it; and her Indisposition went off in Reality.

As she was placed near me, we had now and then short Conversations together.

The Lady whom I called my Companion, and who was pretty old, called me her Daughter almost every time she spoke to me; which made our Stranger think she was my Mother.

No, said I to her, she is a Friend of our Family, who has been so good as to take me under her Care, up to *Paris*, were we are now going; she, to inherit an Estate, and I to meet my Mother, whom I have not seen this great while.

I wish I was that Mother, said she with a kind loving Countenance; and without asking me questions about the Country I was coming from, or mentioning a Word of her own Affairs.

We came to the Place where we were to dine; it was a very fine Day; and as there was a Garden belonging to the Inn, which I thought was pretty enough; I had a Curiosity to see it, and went into it. I even walked there a few Minutes, to refresh myself after having been sitting the whole Morning. Mrs.

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Mrs. *Darcire* (that was the Name of my Companion) was at the Entrance of this Garden with the Clergyman I told you of, while the Officer was ordering our Dinner. The other sick Traveller and his Wife were already gone up to the Room where we were to dine, and they waited for us there.

The Officer came back, and told Mrs. *Darcire* that we only wanted our New-comer who had retired, and very likely designed to dine by herself.

I was then walking in a little Wood, which Mrs. *Darcire* had also a Mind to see. The Clergyman and the Officer followed her, and we had been a full half Hour there, when Mrs. *Darcire*'s Footman came to tell us that Dinner was ready; so that we all went in to go to that Room where I told you the other two Travellers had been waiting for us all the while.

I knew not that our Stranger had left us, as I was not present when the Officer told it. As we were crossing the Yard, I spied her in a Closet that was on the Ground-Floor, just as her Dinner was set before her.

How! said I to the Officer, is it in this Closet we are to dine? We shall not sit very conveniently there. It is not there we are going to dine, replied he; we shall dine above, but this Lady desired to dine alone.

It is not likely she would have done so, if she had been desired to make one of our Company, replied I. She expected perhaps, that we should make her some little Compliment about it, which none of us have done, and I have a good Mind to go directly and make Amends for that Fault.

Accordingly, I let the others go up, and made Haste into the Closet. She was putting on her Napkin, and had not touched any thing as yet of what was brought to her: It consisted of a Dish of Soup on one Side, and a little Slice of boiled Meat on the other.

I own that so frugal a Meal surprized me. She blushed herself that I should be a Witness of it; but, I dissembled my Astonishment.

Lord!

Lord! Madam, said I to her, do you leave us so, shall we not have the Honour of your Company at Dinner? I beg your Pardon, but we shall not consent to be thus without you. By good Luck, I come in very proper Time; you have not touched any Thing yet; and I am sent by all the Company to bring you up to them; no Soul will sit down to Table till you come.

She had got up in a Hurry, as if she would keep me from the Sight of her Dinner. I complied with her, and advanced no further.

No, Miss, replied she, embracing me, don't you take any Notice of me, I beg of you. I have been sick very long, I am still but recovering; I must keep strictly to a certain Diet, which is necessary for restoring my Health, and which I could never observe well in Company: These are my Reasons: Now, you never would have me expose myself, I am sure; you would rather be the first to hinder me from doing so. I sincerely believed what she said; but did not insist the less on her coming.

I can't be persuaded to leave you thus alone; said I to her; come, Madam, and trust yourself to me: I shall take all Care of you, and keep you in Countenance. Dinner is not yet upon Table; we need only tell the People of the House that they must join your Dinner to ours. In the mean while I was taking her by the Arm to bring her along with me; so that I already obliged her to come without her knowing what to reply, notwithstanding the Reluctance she still seemed to have for coming.

Lord! Madam, said she to me, stopping short, and in a melancholy and even woful Tone! How pleasing and at the same Time grievous this Eagerness of yours is to me! Shall I be plain with you, Madam? I am coming from a little Country-house I have about two Leagues from hence. I intended only to have staid there a Month, for the recovery of my Health after a severe Fit of Illness, and brought with me only a small Sum to defray the Expence during that time.

Here

Here I was seized with a Fever, which kept me there longer than my Intention, and left me but just Money sufficient to carry me to *Paris*, where I shall be To-morrow; and I only think of getting thither. However, Madam, you are sensible that what I now tell you is in Confidence, and only for yourself; and I hope you will be so good as beg of the Company to excuse me on Account of my Health.

Although she affected to mention with great Carelessness this want of Money, which she owned to me, and which she would have me look upon as a mere Accident; nevertheless, I was moved by what she had just told me; and I thought there was not by far so much Tranquillity in her Looks as she expressed in her Words. There are Situations, in which we, indeed, put on what Face we please.

Ah, Madam, said I with a lively jocular Frankness, and putting my Purse in her Hand; let me have the Honour to be good for something to you: Make Use of this Money till you are at *Paris*, since you have neglected to write for a Supply; and let us not be punished for your want of that Precaution.

I was mean while untying the Strings of my Purse; take what you want, added I. If you should not want it, you will return it to me when we are in Town, or else you will send it to me the Day after.

She then fetched a deep Sigh; and even shed Tears, which she, doubtless, could not refrain. You are a charming sweet Girl, replied she to me with a Concern which she strove to conquer, you fill me with Love for you; but I can do very well without what you offer me in so obliging a Manner: Give me leave not to accept of it. There is no Soul of any Note in these Parts but knows me very well, and I could send to some of them if I pleased; but it is not worth the while, since I shall be at Home by To-morrow.

It may be an indifferent thing to you to stay alone in this Closet, replied I in the Tone of one that was grieved; but it would not have been an indifferent Pleasure for me, to be a few Hours more with you;
it

it was a singular Favour which I presumed to ask, though I indeed deserved not to obtain it.

Which you deserved not to obtain! said she folding her Hands together. Lord! How could one help doating upon you? Well, Madam, what would you have me take out of this Purse? For your seeming to think that I don't love you, obliges me to comply with your Desire. I shall follow you, Madam; now I hope you are satisfied.

She said this with my Purse in her Hand. I embraced her for Joy; for her whole manner pleased me: It seemed to me affecting and noble, and this short private Conversation had given me a much greater Affection for her. She, on her Part, pressed me close to her Breast with great Tenderness; come, said she, let us dispute no longer, I shall take one of your Louidores, since your Purse is thus at my Command; that will be enough. No, replied I, still in jest, though we were within a Mile of your House, I charge you to take more. Well, said she, I shall take two to avoid Quarrels, now let's go up with all Speed, added she.

I carried her up; Dinner was just put upon Table, and the Company waited for us. She was loaded with Kindnesses by every one; especially by Mrs. *Darcire*, who used her with the utmost Civility.

I had promised her to take Care of her at Table, and I was as good as my Word, at least for Form's Sake: The Company teized me, and was angry with me about it; but I did not mind them. I engaged my Word of Honour to observe this Strictness, said I, the Lady came up only on this Condition, and it is but my Duty I am now discharging.

However I made this Pretence only that I might have the better Opportunity of helping her to what was best, and nicest upon the Table. To humour the Joke, she complained much of being kept under too great a Restraint, but she eat very little in reality.

We were all of us sensible, how great our Loss would have been, had not she favoured us with her agreeable

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agreeable Company : Her Presence, methought, added new Life and Spirits to our Conversation.

Dinner being over at last, we stepped into the Coach again, and Supper passed in the same delightful Manner.

We were but one League from *Paris* the next Day, when we saw a Coach stop near ours, and a Man asking whether Mrs. *Darcire* was not in the Stage ? It was a Land-Steward, to whom she had wrote to come and meet her, and to find her a fine large House, where she might have all proper Conveniencies. She shewed herself directly.

But as we had a few Trunks in the Boot, and that was not a fit Place to take them out, we chose not to get out of the Stage, till we came to a little Village that was not half a Mile off, where our Coachman told us he himself must stop.

While they were busy about fetching our Baggage out of the Boot ; my unknown Lady took me aside into a little Yard, and embracing me, offered to return me the two Loidores I had forced her to take out of my Purse.

You don't know what you are about ; you are not yet at *Paris*, said I, keep them at least till you are at home. Is it not all one, whether you return them to Day or To-morrow ? Do you intend not to see me any more ? I hope you don't leave me for ever ?

I should be very sorry for it, replied she ; but we are now at *Paris* : Being going to enter the Town, it is as much as if I was there already. You talk in vain, said I stepping back ; I mistrust you ; and I leave you this Money merely to oblige you to tell me where I shall find you again.

She could not help laughing, and came to me again, but I drew back a second Time : 'Tis all in vain, said I, give me Security ? Where do you live, pray ?

I should have been as ready to have informed you of the Place where I live, if you had taken your Money again, replied she. My Name is *Darnewil*,
(this

(this was only the Name of a little Country-Seat of hers, and she concealed her true Name from me) and you may hear of me, at the Marquiss *De Viry's*, in *St. Lewis's Street*, in the Marshes, (it was one of her Friends,) tell me now in your Turn, added she, where I shall find you again ?

I don't know the Name of the Place we are going to, replied I, but I shall send some Body to you Tomorrow, who will tell you of it, if I don't come to tell you of it myself.

I heard then Mrs. *Darcire* call me, and I made Haste out of the little Yard to go to her. My unknown Lady followed me ; she took her Leave of Mrs. *Darcire*, I embraced her very tenderly, and then we parted.

We arrived, in an Hour's Time, at the House that Steward I told you of had taken for us.

As the Day was not yet very far spent, I would fain have gone to look out for my Mother, had not Mrs. *Darcire* (who was too much fatigued to attend me, and whose Chambermaid was the only Person I could take with me) persuaded me to stay till the next Day.

I consented to it, the rather because I was told that it was a great Way from the Place we lived in, to that where I was to go, to find that Mother of mine, whom I with so much Reason longed to see and know.

But then Mrs. *Darcire* did not detain me the Day after ; she was so good as to prefer my Affairs to all her own, and at about eleven in the Morning we had taken Coach, to go to *St. Honore-Street*, facing the Capuchin Friars, according to my Mother's Direction, which I had kept, and according to which I had wrote my two last Letters to her, that had remained unanswered.

Our Coach stopt at the above-mentioned Place ; and we asked there for the House of the Marchioness of — (that was the Name of her Husband). She is gone from hence, replied a Porter. It is two Years
her

since she lived here; but, after the Marquis's Death, her Son sold the House to my Master, who dwells in it now.

The Marquis dead! said I all in Confusion, and even seized with a Kind of Fright, which I had little Reason to be: For why should I in the Main have been concerned for the Death of that Father-in-Law, whom I never knew, to whom I never was beholden in the least, and but for whom it was likely enough, my Mother would never have forgot me so utterly as she had done?

However, when I heard he was dead, and had a Son married, I began to be in Dread for my Mother, who had let me remain perfectly ignorant of all these Events: Her Silence concerning them alarmed me, and made me apprehensive of the greatest Misfortunes both to her and my self. In short, this News struck me as much as if it had been attended with a thousand other dismal Accidents, which I dreaded without knowing why.

How long then has he been dead, said I, hardly able to utter the Words? Why, I think it may be now seventeen or eighteen Months, replied the Man; he died six or seven Weeks after he had married the Marquis his Son, who comes here sometimes, and lives at present at the *Place Royale*.

Does the Marchioness his Mother live with him still, said I again? I don't believe she does, replied he; methinks, I heard People say she did not: But you need only go to him to know where she is; very likely you will get some Information there.

Well, said Mrs. *Darcire* to me, let us go home, and we shall go to the *Place Royale* after Dinner: I have some Business that Way myself. As you please, replied I with an uneasy troubled Countenance, and then returned home.

You are very thoughtful, said Mrs. *Darcire* to me in the Way! What makes you so pensive? Is it the Death of your Father-in-Law that gives you this Concern?

No, said I, that could only affect me on my Mother's Account. This Accident gives her, perhaps, Concerns of various Kinds: But what makes me thoughtful at present, is the Want of the Pleasure of seeing her, and of not being sure that I shall find her at her Son's; for we have been just told that it is very uncertain whether she lives with him. This is no great Inconvenience, said she; if she is not there we shall go to her House.

7627 Mrs. Darcire stopt at a few Merchants, to buy several Things, and then we returned home. About three Quarters of an Hour after Dinner, we took Coach again, having with us her Land-Steward, who was just come to see her, and went towards the *Place Royale*; where this Lady would carry me first, to indulge my Impatience, with an Intention to leave me there, if we should find my Mother, and then to go thence about her own Business, and take me back with her in the Evening, if Need should be.

But our Schemes were all in vain, nor were my Anxieties to be so soon at an end. My Brother and Sister-in-Law, I mean the Marquis and his Wife, were neither of them at home. Their Porter told us, that they were gone a Week before to a Country-Seat that was about twenty Leagues from *Paris*. As to my Mother, she did not live with them, and they knew not where she lodged. All they could tell me of her, was, that she came that very Day about eleven in the Morning to see her Son, whose Absence she was not informed of; that she seemed to be much surprized at it, and very sorry for his being gone: That she had come herself from the Country, as she said, and retired without leaving any Direction.

I fell again into those Agonies I have mentioned, and could not help sighing, at this Recital. You say then, that she was sorry for the Marquis's being out of Town, said I to the Porter? Yes, Madam, replied he, 'tis what I guessed from her Looks. But in what Manner did she come here to Day? added I, (from a Mistrust of her Situation, and trying to learn something

thing from what this Man would answer) Was she in her own Coach, or in that of some of her Friends?

As to Coaches, replied he, she has none, by *Force*; she was all alone, and even much tired; for she rested here above a Quarter of an Hour.

All alone, and without a Coach! The Marquis's Mother a foot! said I amazed. Oh! horrid and monstrous! It is not my Fault, and I can't say otherwise, replied he; however, I don't meddle with those Things, and only answer your Questions.

But, can't you name me any Body hereabouts that knows her, said I insisting, or whom she goes to, and from whom I might hear where she lives?

No, replied he, she comes here so very seldom, at Hours when there is so little Company, and stays so short while, that I don't remember to have seen her speak to any Body but her Son; and it is always of a Morning, and even sometimes he happens not to be up when she comes.

Could any Thing be a worse Omen than all this? What shall I do then, and whom shall I apply to, said I with Consternation to Mrs. *Darcire*, who began to have no good Opinion of this? If we enquire diligently, we cannot fail finding her out soon, said she to me: And so, don't make yourself uneasy; this is but meer Chance, and the Effect of the Manner of your coming to *Paris*. Sighing was all the Answer I could make her, and then we went away.

Being then in those Quarters, it would have been very easy for me, to have gone and enquired about the Lady with whom we had travelled; to whom I had lent Money, and of whom I was to hear News at the Marquis *De Viry's*, in *St. Louis-Street*, as she had told me; but I did not think of her at that Time, being wholly taken up with thinking of my Mother, with most dismal Fears concerning her present State, and with the Impossibility there seemed to be of my finding her out.

Mrs. *Darcire* did all she could to calm my Mind, and remove my Fears: But that Mother who came a

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foot to see her Son, whom her Weariness had obliged to rest a while; who cut so dismal a Figure; who was so far buried in Oblivion, that even the Servants of her Son knew not where she lived, that Mother, I say, always came uppermost in my Thoughts.

From the *Place Royale* we went to Mrs. *Darcire's* Attorney; and thence into an House on the Doors of which several Seals had been put, and which belonged formerly to the Person whose Heir she was; she stayed there about an Hour and a half, and then we went home again with the said Attorney, to whom she was to give a few Papers which he wanted, in order to carry on her Law-Suit.

This Man, while we were in the Coach, spoke of a Person who lived in the Marshes, and whom he was to see the next Day about the Estate of Mrs. *Darcire*. This being in the Marquis's Neighbourhood, and the Place where I hoped once to find my Mother, I asked him whether he knew her, without telling him however that I was her Daughter.

Yes, said he, I have seen her twice or thrice before the Death of her Husband, who had charged me with some Affair at that Time: But since he is dead, I don't know what is become of her; I only hear that she is not in a very comfortable Situation.

What State is she then in, said I with an Emotion which I had much ado to conceal? Her Son is very rich, and a very great Man, added I? That's true, replied the Attorney; and he has married the Daughter of the Duke of —: But I think the Marchioness is at Variance with him and her Daughter-in-Law; This Marchioness, they say, was but a very insignificant and poor Country Gentleman's Widow, with whom the late Marquis fell in Love in her Country, and whom he married pretty much Hand over Head, rich and a great Man as he was himself. But now that he is dead, and the Son he had by her has married the Duke De ———'s Daughter, it is probable that this Duke's Daughter, I mean the young Marchioness, is not over-fond of seeing such a Mother-in-Law

in-Law as the old one is, and is not much pleased with seeing herself related to all the petty Squires of her Family, and of that of her first Husband, of whom they say there remains a Daughter, who never was seen, and whom 'tis likely no Body cares to see: This is pretty near what I can infer from all I have heard People say on this Subject.

Tears were flowing from my Eyes, while he spoke thus; it was not in my Power to refrain them, at hearing this strange Discourse, and I was not even able to make any Reply to it.

Mrs. *Darcie*, who was the best natured Woman in the World, and had taken a Fancy to me, blushed more than once at what he had been saying, and even took Notice that I was crying.

What do you call petty Squires, Sir, said she to him, when he had done? The young Marchioness, though a Duke's Daughter, must needs be strangely misinformed, if she is ashamed of the Relations you mention. As I am of the same Country with that Mother-in-Law she despises, I could tell her, that the Marchioness, who is *De Tresle* by her Maiden Name, is of one of the noblest and ancientest Families in our Province; that the Family of Mr. *De Teruire*, her Husband, is inferior upon no Account to any I know; that formerly there was none more considerable for the Largeness of its Possessions, and that, decayed as it is now in this Respect, Mr. *De Teruire* would have left his Widow above twenty thousand Livres a Year, but for the Ill-humour of his Father, who disinherited him, to bestow his Estate on his youngest Son. In short, there is no Nobleman, no Marquis or Duke in *France*, but what would do himself a great Honour, by marrying Miss *De Teruire*, that Daughter who never was seen at *Paris*; whom the Marchioness left in reality with her Relations when she left the Country, and whom no young Lady of this Country will ever excel, either in Person, Character, or Endowments of Mind.

The Attorney, who saw me then crying, and reflected that it was I who asked him News of the old Marchioness, suspected that I might very probably be the Daughter in question.

Madam, said he to Mrs. *Darcire* with some Confusion, although I did but repeat the Words of others, I am afraid I have done an imprudent Thing, Is it not Miss *De Terwire* I now see?

It would have been difficult to hide it from him; my Countenance betrayed me, and left no Room for farther Doubt: Nor did Mrs. *Darcire* hesitate about the Answer. Yes, Sir, said she to him; you are not mistaken; it is Miss *De Terwire* herself. Here is that little Country Girl, whom no Body is curious to see; whom People, doubtless, imagine to be a kind of Rustick, although they should be very happy perhaps to resemble her. I don't believe any Lady, though ever so handsom, would be a Loser by it, replied he, begging my Pardon for what he had said. Our Coach stopt, being now at home, and I answered him only with a modest Bow.

You may easily judge, that the Moment he was gone, I did not forget to thank Mrs. *Darcire* for the advantageous Light in which she had represented me, and for that truly obliging Indignation with which she had taken the Part of my Family, and vindicated it from the Scorn of my Sister-in-Law. But what the Attorney had told us served only to confirm me in my Opinion of my Mother's Situation, and the more unfortunate I thought she was, the more I was grieved, not to know where I could go to find her out.

'Tis true, I knew her not, properly speaking: But that very Thing enhanced my Desire of seeing her. How pleasing and interesting is the Adventure, in finding out an unknown Mother! That very Name carries in it something delightful beyond Expression!

But what still contributed to give me a very great Concern for mine, was to think that she was despised
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and humbled; that her Grief and even Sufferings were so great, Sympathy made me feel her Distress, and my natural Affection transferred, as it were, to myself, all the Affronts I supposed she indured; and methought nothing could give me greater Delight than shewing her, how much I was affected by them.

'Tis likely enough, that my Desire of seeing her would not have been so strong, had I been sure she was happy; neither had I hoped in that Case, to have been so well received by her. But I was coming to her in Circumstances that ensured her Affection to me: I was in a Manner certain of finding her a loving Mother; and I depended upon her Tender-ness, on Account of her Misfortunes.

Notwithstanding the repeated Inquiries Mrs. *Darcire* and I made, we had already been ten or twelve Days at *Paris*, without getting any Intelligence of the Place she lived in, and I was overwhelmed with Grief and Impatience. We spoke of her wherever we went; many People knew her, every Body knew part of what had happened to her, some more, some less: But as I made no Secret of my being her Daughter, and gave myself that Title every where, I easily perceived the Caution with which People used me, and that they did not tell me all they knew. Yet the little I could collect from their Words served sufficiently to confirm my Opinion, of her being in bad Circumstances.

Tired at last with so many fruitless Enquiries about her, Mrs. *Darcire* and I returned twelve Days after to the *Place Royale*, in hopes that my Mother would by this Time have called there again, and might have been informed, of a Couple of Ladies having been there to enquire after her. In that Case, she might probably leave a Direction where to find her, to be given to them, in Case they should call again.

This was, likewise, of no avail. She had not been seen there since. She was told the first Time, that the Marquis would not be back in less than three

Weeks or a Month ; and doubtless, she did not care to come again till that Time was past. At least, Mrs. *Darcire* thought so, and persuaded me of it.

Afflicted as I was, to see my Uneasiness thus prolonged for ever ; I happened to think that we were by the Quarters of our fellow Traveller Mrs. *Darneuil*, whose Direction was at the Marquis *De Viry's*, and with whom you know I had contracted a very tender Friendship ; and to whom besides I had promised to give News of myself.

I then proposed to Mrs. *Darcire* to go and see her, since we were so near *St. Louis-Street*. She consented to it, and the first House at which we stopt to enquire after that of the Marquis *De Viry*, was the very next to it. We were told so ; and one of Mrs. *Darcire's* Men knocked directly at the Door.

No Body answered at first ; the Footman knocked harder a second Time ; and after a considerable Space of Time, there came an old Servant with a grey Head ; who, without allowing us Time to ask any Question, told us that Mr. *De Viry* and his Lady were at *Versailles*.

It is not him we want to speak with, replied I ; we come for Mrs. *Darneuil*. Oh ! Mrs. *Darneuil*, said the old Man ; she don't live here. But are you not Ladies newly come from the Country ? We have been here ten or twelve Days, said we : Well then, be so good as to stay a Moment, replied he ; you shall speak with one of the Lady's Women, who desired me by all Means to let her know when you should come. On this, he left us, and went very slowly to fetch that Woman, who came to the Coach Door to speak to us. Can you tell us where Mrs. *Darneuil* is, said I to her ? We hoped we should find her here.

No, Ladies, she does not live here, replied the Woman : But was it not with you, Miss, she arrived at *Paris* a few Days ago ; and did you not lend her some Money, added she addressing me ? It was I that forced her to take some, said I ; and I should have been vastly glad to see her again. Where is she ?

she ? In the *Fauxbourg*, St. *Germain*, replied the Woman (and this was the very Part of the Town we lived in) but I don't remember the Name of the Street she lives in. However, she commissioned me, in the Absence of the Marquis and his Lady, to enquire where you lived, in Case any Body should come from you, and at the same Time to give you back these two *Louidores*.

I took them. Pray, said I, endeavour to see her To-morrow, and remember where she lives, and let me know of it, by some Body I shall send here for that Purpose in two or three Days. She promised it, and we went away.

When we were just got home, we saw within two Doors higher, a great Mob assembled. All the People were at their Windows: It seemed that there had been an Uproar, or some considerable Accident; and we asked what the Matter was.

While we were speaking, our Landlady, a good jolly well-looking Woman, who was coming from the middle of that Crowd, with the Air of one who had been concerned in the Incident, came up to us. She was full of Action, and shrugged her Shoulders. Part of the Mob surrounded her; and she was followed by a little Man very badly dressed, who had on an Apron, and spoke to her with his Hat off.

What's the Matter, pray, Mrs. Such-a-one; said we to her when she came near us? I shall come and tell you in a Moment, Ladies, said she to us; but I must first finish a little Business with this Man; and she carried him directly to her House.

She came to us again a few Minutes after. I have seen just now the most affecting Sight in the World, said she to us. The Man you saw with me below is the Master of an Inn that is just by our House. A Gentlewoman pretty well dressed, and who by her Conversation and Manners, seems not to be of common Rank, came ten or twelve Days ago and took a Room in his House. I have been speaking to her, and am still in the greatest Emotion on her Account.

You must know, Ladies, that she was seized with a Fever, two Days after she came into this Man's House, who knows her not. He let one of his Rooms to her, and has hitherto given her Credit, without asking her for any Money; although she had promised, the Day after she came into the Room, to give him some. Now, you are sensible, that during her Fever, she must needs have had Helps that required some Expence, and he furnished her every Thing without any Scruple; but the Man is not rich; she is a little better to Day, and a Surgeon who blood-ed her, and waited on her, and who acted the Part of a Physician to her, and an Apothecary who supplied her with Medicines, are now both of them desirous to be paid. They went to her with that Purpose; she could not satisfy them; and they have had their Recourse directly to the Master of the House, who first called them to her. The latter, being concerned to see that she had not wherewithal to pay them, was not only afraid of losing what she owed him, but also what he might continue to advance for her.

In the mean Time, a petty Country Merchant arrived here to Day, who generally lodges at this Man's House. All his Rooms were taken up: There was none but this Gentlewoman's, which he looked upon as empty, because she gave him no Money. He took his Resolution abruptly, and went to her to desire her to provide herself with another Room, because he had just found a Lodger for it, by whom he might depend on being paid, and who would return to take Possession of it as soon as he had ended a little Business which he was gone about. You owe me already a great deal of Money, added he; and I don't come to desire you to pay me. Only leave me some Goods for my Security, and don't prevent me from reaping the present Benefit by my Room.

At this Discourse, the Woman, who is a little better, but still too weak to go out, and move her lodging in this abrupt Manner, desired him to have Patience

tience for a few Days, and not to be uneasy ; for that she would pay him in a very short Time, and even intended to reward him for all his Care. She assured him, that in a Week's Time, at farthest, she would send him with a Note, to a Person from whom he would not return without Money. That he needed only have a little Patience, and that as to Securities she had none to leave him but a few Clothes, that would fetch him nothing, and were absolutely necessary to her ; and that if he knew her, he would be convinced she was not one who would deceive him.

I now repeat to you the very Words she told him before me when I came : But he had already obliged her to get out of the Room, and to lock up a little Box, which he would keep for his Security ; so that the Dispute was now continued in the Hall, to which they came down, and in which this Man and his Daughter were railing at the Gentlewoman, who could not think of going. The Noise, or rather Out-cry they made, had already raised a Mob, part of which even got into the Hall. I was just coming from a Friend of mine, who lives hard by : And as this Man is my Tenant for the House he lives in, which belongs to me, I stopt a Moment, as I went by, to ask the Reason of such an Uproar. When he saw me, he desired me to walk in, and laid his Case before me. The Gentlewoman made him the Reply I have told you, but it was to no Purpose : She cried. I saw her Consternation and Shame, which were much greater than her Courage. She pleaded for herself scarce any otherwise than by her Grief : She did nothing but sigh, and her Face looked pale and altered beyond Expression. She took me aside, to entreat me, if I had any Ascendant over this Man, to induce him to grant her the short Delay she begged of him. In the mean Time she gave me her Word, that he should be paid. In short, she spoke to me with an Air, and in a Tone, that went to my very Heart, and raised my Pity. I even felt within me, a Kind of Respect for her ; the whole Debt amount-

ed only to thirty Livres: If I should lose them it won't ruin me, and God Almighty will repay them to me; nothing is lost with him. On this I told him I would pay them. I made her walk up to her Room again; her little Box was restored to her, and I have brought this Man along with me, to give him his Money at my House. This, Ladies, is the Story, Word by Word. I have told you the Whole, because of the Effect it had on me; and I don't care what the Consequence be. But I never could have been one Moment pleased with myself, if I had not advanced the thirty Livres.

Mrs. *Darcie* and I were much affected by this Recital. It raised our Compassion for that Woman, who, in so woful a case, had been readier to cry than to dispute. We bestowed a World of Praises on the good Action of our Landlady; and would by all Means have a Share in it.

The Master of this Inn is appeased, said we to her: He will have Patience: But, that's not enough; the Gentlewoman, to be sure, has no Money: She is but just recovered, as you say, she is to be a Week longer at this Man's, who will not have any great Regard for the State she is in, nor think of the Care she stands in need of, after her late Illness. Be so good, Mrs. Such-a-one, to give her from us this here little Sum of Money. We gave her about thirty Livres.

With all my Heart, replied she, I'll go to her this Minute, and away she went. She told us at her Return, that she had found the Gentlewoman a Bed: That her Adventure had given her a vast Concern, and that she was even feverish: That as to the thirty Livres we had sent to her, she could not take them without blushing; that she begged of us to consent she should take them only as a Loan; that her Obligation would be much the greater, and her Gratitude still worthier of herself and of us; that she was in reality to receive Money very soon, and would not fail returning what we lent her.

This

This Compliment, far from displeasing us, confirmed us in the good Opinion we entertained of her. We thought that no common Soul would have been susceptible of this honourable and generous Spirit; and we were but the better pleased with ourselves to have obliged her. We were even so much prejudiced in her Favour, that I wonder we did not go and make her a Visit. I had like to have proposed it to Mrs. *Darcire*, that's certain; and she, on her Part, owned to me since, that she also had a Mind to propose it to me.

For my own Part, I pitied very much this unknown Person, whose dismal Circumstances made me reflect on those of my Mother, which however I did not think in any Degree comparable to, or even in the least resembling her's. I only imagined, that though her Circumstances were not suitable to her Rank, yet that they were tolerable in the main, and such as perhaps might be very comfortable to any Woman, in a Condition inferior to hers. This was the worst I thought of her Condition, and even that in itself was sufficient to make one pity her, and think she could not be perfectly easy.

Seeing the Impossibility of finding her out, I resolved not to return for eight or ten Days to her Son, the Marquis's, who must needs be back from the Country within that Time, and at whose House I doubted not but I should hear of my Mother.

Two or three Days after our Landlady had carried the Money from us to this Stranger, Mrs. *Darcire* and I went out between eleven and twelve to go to Church; (it was of a holy Day;) and in our coming home, I thought I saw, a few Steps from our Coach, a Woman whom I knew again to be that Chambermaid, to whom we had spoken at Marquis *De Viry's*, in *St. Louis-Street*.

You remember very well, that I had promised to send a Servant to her two Days after, to know where Mrs. *Darneuil* lodged, which she could not tell me the first Time, and I had been as good as my Word.

But

But they told the Servant that she was gone out; and being absent, I had myself forgot to send there after, though it was my Intention: So, that I was enchanted to meet her so very a propos, and I pointed her out directly to Mrs. *Darcire*, who knew her again as well as I.

This Woman, who saw us at a Distance, seemed to remember our Faces, and stood upon the Threshold of our Neighbour the Inn-keeper's House, into which we judged she was going to enter.

We bid the Coachman stop when we were near her, and she courtesied to us directly. I am very glad to see you again, said I to her; I judge you are going to or coming from Mrs. *Darneuil*, but then you must tell me where she lives.

If you will be so good, replied she, as to stay till I have spoke a Word to a Lady who lodges at this Inn. I shall come back and answer your Question immediately; I shall not stay a Moment.

A Lady! replied Mrs. *Darcire* with Amazement; for she had heard the Master of the Inn say, that our unknown Person was the only Woman he had in his House! Who can she be, pray, added she immediately? And then turning to me before her Question could be answered; possibly it is that Person we are so much concerned for, said she to me, and who had that sad Adventure a few Days ago!

'Tis so, replied the Chambermaid, without giving me Time to answer; I see very well, that you are now speaking of a Quarrel she had with the Inn-keeper, who would have turned her out of his House.

You have hit on't, said Mrs. *Darcire*, and since you know who she is, pray, by what Mischance is she exposed to so strange an Extremity? We judged, from all we were told of her, that she must needs be a Woman of Fashion.

You are not mistaken, Madam, replied the Maid; she was not born to endure Affronts like this, far from it; and she even had a Relapse upon it. I think we should do very well to go and see her, if

it is not against her Inclination. Let's go up to her, my dear, said Mrs. *Darcire* to me.

You may, Ladies, replied this Woman, provided you only let me first go to her by myself, that she may be apprized of your Visit, and I may know if it won't mortify her: Possibly, she will desire me to beg of you to spare her that Confusion.

No, no, said Mrs. *Darcire*, (who was perhaps of a curious Disposition, but who was certainly less curious than good natured) no, we are not afraid of displeasing her; she has heard of us already: A Woman went to speak to her from us a few Days ago, and I am persuaded she will be very glad to see us. However, go to her first, if you think it proper; we shall follow you. Go in first, and tell her, that we live in that great House which is almost next to her Lodging! That it was our Landlady who came, and whom we sent to her a few Days ago: She will know presently who we are.

We alighted directly, and every Thing was done as I have just mentioned. There were but a few Steps to her Room, which was one Pair of Stairs backwards.

The Woman made Haste to her: She had really Reasons to forewarn her, which she would not tell us of. We waited a Moment just by the Room Door, facing which the Bed of the sick Gentlewoman was; so that when she opened it, we saw very plain the Patient sitting on her Bed, and she saw us too, notwithstanding the Darknefs of the Passage where we had stopt. We knew her again at last, and the Surprise she shewed at seeing us fully convinced us she was the Person we imagined.

Another Thing that gave us Time enough to examine each other reciprocally, was, the Door's being left pretty much a Jar.

Lord! Child, said Mrs. *Darcire* to me whispering, Is not this Mrs. *Darneuil*? And while she was saying these few Words, I saw the Patient wringing her Hands together with a melancholy Countenance, and then she

she reached them to me with a Sigh, casting on me languishing and mortified, but yet very tender Looks.

I did not wait for any farther Explication from her, and to free her from all Confusion, by my Caresses and Endearments, I rushed into her Arms in such Confusion, and with so much Hurry and Vivacity, that she melted into Tears, without being able to utter a Word, for the excessive softening of her Heart.

When her first Emotions (mixt to be sure with equal Confidence and Confusion) were over; I had doomed myself not to see you any more, said she to us; nor did ever any Resolution cost me so dear as that has; of all the Circumstances of the dismal State you see me in, none indeed went so very close to my Heart as that.

I redoubled my Caresses at this Discourse; What a strange Notion was this, said I to her, taking one of her Hands, whilst she reached the other to Mrs. *Darcire*; how unaccountable you are! You took us then for People who had no Sensibility, nor any Reason: Lord! Madam, who is the Person that never had Crosses in her Life? Do you think we either mistook or in the least doubted of the Respect and Regard that are due to you: Can a Woman like you (let her Circumstances be what they will) ever cease to be respectable?

Mrs. *Darcire* told her nearly the same Things; nor was there Occasion for any other Discourse: Looking at her was more than sufficient to convince one that she was out of her Sphere.

The Chambermaid had Tears in her Eyes, and stood mute a few Steps from us. You are much in the wrong, said I to her, not to have told us of this the first Time you saw us. I had done it with all my Heart, said she, but I could not disobey the Lady. I have been seventeen Years in her Service; it was she placed me at Mrs. *De Viry's*, I always look upon her as my Mistress, and she would never give me Leave to inform you of the Matter when you should come.

Don't

Don't scold her, said the Patient, I never will forget the Tokens she has given me of her good Nature; would you believe, Ladies, she brought me a few Days ago all the Money she had in the World, while five or six People of the first Distinction, to whom I applied on Purpose, and with whom I have lived as with my best Friends, have not had the Generosity to lend me a small Sum, that would have spared me the very great Streights I have been in, and have been contented with ridding themselves of me, by an insipid and shameful Affectation of Politeness. 'Tis true, I did not take this good Girl's Money: By great good Luck, yours came at that very Time. Your Landlady had even rescued me from the most cutting Part of my Troubles, and I shall acquit myself of all these Debts in a few Days; but my Gratitude will be eternal.

She had hardly said these few Words, when a Footman came to tell Mrs. *Darcire*, that her Attorney was at the Inn Door, and waited below, to give her an Answer about an Affair which admitted of no Delay. I know what it is, said she; he has but one Word to say to me; I shall go and speak to him in my Coach, and come back with all Speed. Don't think any more of what has happened to you since you are in this House, Madam, added she, speaking to the unknown Lady: Be easy as to your present Condition, and think what Use we can be of to you, in your other Affairs; your Situation ought to give a Concern to every honest Heart; and we are too happy indeed, when we have an Occasion to serve those that are like you.

The unknown Lady thanked her only with Tears of Love, and with squeezing her Hand between hers; it must be owned, said she to me after Mrs. *Darcire* was gone, that I am very lucky in my Misfortunes, when I consider who it is that gives me Relief: When I reflect that it is neither my Friends nor my Relations, nor any of those with whom I have passed a great Part of my Life, nor even my Children; for I have

have some, Madam; all *France* knows it, and all those People shun and forsake me. Doubtless, I had perished in the most wretched Manner, among this Crowd of Resources, but for you, Madam, to whom I am unknown, who are no Way indebted to me, and who with the kindest Compassion, and in the most genteel and most noble Manner, will thus all at once stand me in lieu of Friends, Relations, and Children: Had it not been for your Companion, whom I met with you in that Stage-Coach; had it not been for this poor Girl, who served me formerly (give me leave to reckon her; her Zeal and Sentiments make her worthy of the Honour I do her now;) in short, had it not been for your Landlady, to whom I am a perfect Stranger, and who could not go by and see me without being moved with Pity; I had been undone for ever. These are the Persons to whom I am beholden, for not dying in the greatest Wants, and in an Obscurity which is most surprising for a Woman like me; see now what Life is! Lord! how miserable this World is!

In the Name of God! Madam, replied I to her, as much moved as I possibly could be, begin to forget all these dismal Scenes, as Mrs. *Darcire* so earnestly begged of you to do; I will repeat the same Thing to you: Come; Let us enjoy the Satisfaction of seeing you easy: Pray, comfort us under the Sadness you have occasioned us.

Well, I have done, Madam, said she to me; you are much in the right; there is, indeed, no Misfortune nor any Sorrow whatever, but what so much Generosity must entirely banish. Let us talk of yourself, Madam; Where is that Mother you came to meet again, and whom you had not seen for so many Years, tell me something of her? Have you not been with her yet? Is she absent? Lord! Madam, how tenderly she must needs love you! How happy she must think herself in a Daughter like you! God gave me one; but it is not of her I have any Occasion to complain, far from it! She could not utter these
last

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last Words, without the utmost Concern and Oppression of Heart.

Alas, Madam, said I, fetching also a deep Sigh ; you talk of the tender Love of my Mother for me ; but what would you think of it, if I should say to you, that I dare not flatter myself of having any Share in her Affection ; and that I shall think myself very well off, if she is not sorry to see me, although it is almost twenty Years since she has seen her Daughter : But I am not now the Matter in Question : We shall talk another time of my Concerns : Pray, let us come to yourself again ; you have here very bad Attendance, I suppose ? You want a Nurse, and I shall commission the Master of the House, in my going down, to provide you with one this very Day.

I thought she was going to answer to what I said ; but I was vastly surprized to see her shed a Torrent of Tears on a sudden : And then recalling the Number of Years which I had passed remote from my Mother ;

It is twenty Years since she lost Sight of you ! said she exclaiming, and with a pensive dejected Countenance ; Lord ! I can't hear of it without the utmost Grief ! Blessed Heaven ! how many cruel Remorses she must feel in her Conscience, as well as I ! But, pray, tell me, Madam, added she, without giving me time to reflect, why did she neglect you to such a Degree ; tell me the Reason of it, I beg !

It is, replied I, because I was two Years old at most when she married again, and three Weeks after her Husband carried her to *Paris*, where she was brought to Bed of a Son, who, to be sure, must have blotted me out of her Mind, or at least out of her Memory. And ever since she went from me, I have had no Friend by her, that have spoke to her of me ; I never had but three or four of her Letters in my Life ; and it is not above four Months, since I was with an Aunt who is dead, who harboured me in her House, and with whom I have lived six or seven Years, without ever hearing once of my Mother, to whom I wrote
several

several times to no manner of Purpose. I have looked out for her here by the last Direction I had of her; but, for these two Years almost since she lost her second Husband, she lives no longer in the Place where I hoped to find her. She does not even live with her Son, who is married. He is actually in the Country with the Marchioness his Wife, and his People could not tell me where his Mother is; although she was seen at his House not many Days ago; so that I cannot for my Life find her, notwithstanding a thousand repeated Enquiries I have made, and am still making after her. But what redoubles my Anguish, is, that I have great Reason to suspect that she is in narrow Circumstances. I hear that this Son of hers whom she loved so tenderly, who had engrossed all her Affection, is unworthy of her Tenderness, and does not use her very kindly: At least, it is certain that she hides herself; that she flies from the Sight of all the World; that nobody knows the Place she has retired to; and my Mother ought not to be thus unknown to every living Soul: This can be the Case of none but a Woman in Streights, who perhaps has much ado to live, and cannot bear the cutting Thought of being seen in her obscure and low Condition.

I could not forbear crying in the Conclusion of this Discourse: Whereas my unknown Lady, who was crying before, and had had her Eyes fixt on me all the while I spoke, seemed to have restrained her Tears in Order to bestow a greater Attention upon what I was saying; her wild Looks had intimated some Concern all the while, and she had not, methought, breathed but with great Agitation.

When I had done speaking, she continued to be as I have just mentioned. She answered me not, and held her Peace like one stunned: This wild Air of hers struck me; I was moved by it myself, it made me partake of the Disorder intimated by her Looks; and we viewed each other mutually for a great while, in a most profound Silence; the Motive of it, though unknown to me, began already to stir within me by a kind

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kind of Anticipation, when she broke it with a trembling Voice, to ask me one more Question.

I think your Mother is not unknown to me, Madam, said she. Pray, where lives that Son of hers to whom you went to enquire after her? At the *Place Royale*, replied I, with a Voice still more altered than hers was: And his Name, added she with Precipitation, and like one whose Breath is exhausted? The Marquis *De* — replied I trembling from Head to Foot. Oh! My dear *Terrire*! cried she aloud and dropt into my Arms! At this Exclamation, which informed me directly of her being my Mother, I gave a loud Shriek, that frightened Mrs. *Darcire*, who had just left her Attorney, and was coming to us again at that very Instant.

Being uncertain what might be the Occasion of my shrieking in an Inn like this, which could hardly harbour any other but People of a mean Kind, or at least of very low Circumstances, she cried out herself to make People come up, and have some Help in Case of Need.

The Landlord and his Daughter came, indeed, and were both frightened at the Noise she had made: Mrs. *Darcire*'s Footman followed them: They asked her what was the Matter; I don't know, replied she, but do you follow me, I have just heard a Screaming that came from the Room of your sick Lodger, with whom I left the young Lady I brought here with me; and I chuse that you should come up, at all Events; so that they attended her, and came together into the Room, where I was quite speechless. I was weak, pale, and in a kind of stupid State; in short, I cried for Joy, Amazement, and Grief.

My Mother was in a Swoon, or at least, had given no Sign of Knowledge since I held her in my Arms; and the Chamber-maid, to whom I was of no Help, was doing all her Endeavours to make her come to herself again.

What is the Matter here, said she to me coming into the Room? What has happened to you, Madam?

I could

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I could give her no other Answer at first, but my Sighs and Tears, and then lifting up my Hand, I shewed her my Mother, as if this Gesture ought to have let her into the Matter; what is all this, added she? Is she a dying? No, Madam, replied the Chamber-maid, but she has just known her Daughter again, and she fainted away directly; yes, said I then, striving to recover my Speech, 'tis my Mother.

Your Mother! said she hastening to her, to afford her some Help! How! The Marchioness of —! Strange Adventure!

A Marchioness! Said the Innkeeper in his Turn, putting his Hands together with Amazement! Lord! The dear Lady! Why did she not inform me of her Quality? I never had ventured for my Life to give her the least Uneasiness!

However, our Endeavours insensibly made my Mother open her Eyes, and recover her Senses. I pass in Silence our mutual Caresses and Endearments. The moving Circumstances in which I found her again, our beginning Acquaintance, and the Novelty of the Pleasure I had in seeing and calling her my Mother; nay, the long Oblivion she had left me in, all her Wrongs with Regard to me, and that kind of Revenge I was taking upon her Heart by the Tenderneſs of mine, all, in short, contributed to render her dearer to me, than she would ever have been perhaps, had I always lived with her; ah! *Tervire!* My dear dear Daughter! How guilty these Transports of thine make me!

Nevertheless, we both paid very dear, for the Satisfaction we had of being thus together. Whether the Violence of the Motions she had experienced had caused too considerable a Revolution in her; or whether the Fever and her Grief had already weakened her too much; we found a few Days after that she had on the whole right Side of her Body a Palsy, which soon got to the other Side, and never left her to the End of her Life.

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I propos'd that very Day to have her carried to our House. But her Fever which had grown more violent together with her extreme Weakness, would not permit us to do it, and a Physician, whom I had sent for, forbid it too.

I thought of no other equivalent Shift, but to come and lodge with her, and be constantly in her Sight. I desired the Chambermaid, who was still with us, to call the Master, that I might ask him for a Room next to my Mother's; but he assured me that his House was actually full. I then shall have a Bed made by yours, said I to her? No, replied she; that's not possible; don't you think of it any more: You see this Room is by much too small: Preserve your Health for my Sake, dear Daughter; you never could rest a Moment here; it would be an additional Uneasiness to me; and I should perhaps be the worse for it. You live just by, I shall have the Comfort of seeing you as much as you please, and a Nurse will suffice for me.

I insist'd very warmly; I could not consent to leave her in this wretched dismal Lodging; but she would not listen to my Intreaties. Mrs. *Darcire* sided with her, and it was decreed, against my Inclination, that I must be satisfied with coming to see her, till she could be transported somewhere else: But then, I was no sooner up, but I went to her Room, and never left it till late at Night. I even dined there most commonly, and very badly too: But I saw her, and that was all I cared for.

Her Palsy would have given me great Affliction, had they not made me hope she would recover of it: They were mistaken, however.

She told me her History the Day after we had come to know one another.

It was not in Reality above eighteen or nineteen Months, since the Marquis her Husband died of a Crowd of complicated Infirmities. She had been very happy with him; and their good Understanding had

had not been interrupted a single Moment, during the whole twenty Years they had lived together.

The Son she had had by him, that Object of her fond Love, who was genteel in his Person, but whose Heart and Mind she had neglected to improve, and whom she from an Excess of Weakness and Complaisance, had suffered to imbibe all the most silly and most despicable Prejudices of Pride and Vanity; that Son in short, who was one of the richest Matches in *France*, was about nineteen Years of age, when his Father, who was very wealthy, and wished much to see him married before he died, desired the Marchioness, whom he never failed to consult in every thing, to speak to the Duke of —, for his Daughter.

The Marchioness, who adored this Son, as I told you just now, and cared for no Soul but that Idol, not only approved of her Husband's Design; but even pressed him to promote the Execution of it.

The Duke of —, who could not have chosen a Son-in-Law more suitable to him in every Respect than this was, gladly accepted of the Proposal, adjusted all Matters for that Purpose, and a Fortnight after, our young Couple were married together.

They were scarce married, when the Marquis, (I mean the Father) fell dangerously ill, and died six or seven Weeks after. The whole Fortune came from him; for you know that my Mother had none, and that when he married her, she lived only upon my Father's Pension, of which I already told you the Value, and upon a few Spots of Ground which she had brought him in Marriage, and which were almost of no Value at all.

The Marquis, 'tis true, had acknowledged by the Contract to have received of her a considerable Portion, with which she might have lived very comfortably, had she not altered any thing in her Condition; but her Tendernefs for the young Marquis blinded her; and she wanted perhaps to be punished at last, for the guilty Omission of all her Duties towards her Daughter.

She

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She then had the Imprudence to renounce all her Rights in Favour of her Son, and to be contented with a very moderate Pension, which he had agreed to pay her, and which she was the readier to be satisfied with, because he obliged himself to have her in his House, and supply her with every thing.

Accordingly, she went to live with that Son, two Days after her Husband's Death ; and was kindly received by him at first. The first Month passed without her having any Occasion to complain of the Usage she met with ; but had at the same time no Reason to extol it : It was that kind of cold, though civil Behaviour, which the Heart can never relish, although one could never explain or make other People sensible of the Defects of it.

After the first Month, her Son insensibly began to neglect her more than usual. Her Daughter-in-Law, who was proud and scornful by Nature ; who chanced to have seen some Gentlemen of my Mother's Country come to see her in very indifferent Dresses, who thought she was herself much inferior to the Honour the late Marquis had done her in marrying her ; became colder and colder to her, suppressed every Day Regards hitherto never neglected, and slackened in her Duty to such a Degree, that she became quite intolerable.

But then my Mother, who wanted not Spirit on her Part, was greatly offended at her Behaviour, and one Day reproached her with it.

I don't insist upon your having any Respect for me, as for your Mother-in-Law, said she to her, you may be undutiful to me as much as you please, it is of greater Concern to you than to me, and I leave it to the Publick to vindicate me on this Account: But I never will suffer you to use me with less Politeness than you would dare to use your Equal. I forget Politeness towards you! Madam, replied the Daughter-in-Law going to her Closet ; this is a most terrible Reproach indeed, and I should be in Despair to have deserved it: As to the Respect due to you ; I hope that

that Publick which you thus threaten me with, will not be so very difficult on that Point as yourself.

My Mother went out quite exasperated with this ironical Reply. She complained of it to her Son a few Hours after, and had no Reason to be better pleased with him than with his Wife. He was contented with making a Jest of this Quarrel, which he said was a meer womanly Strife, which they would both of them forget the very next Day; and which he ought not to meddle with.

The disdainful Manner of the young Marchioness towards his Mother, were no News to him, he was already informed of the little Value she had for her, and of the difference she made between the Peti-country-Nobility of that Mother, and the high Quality of the late Marquis his Father: He had heard her joke more than once on that Topick; and was not scandalized at it. Ridiculously pleased with the Justice this young Fool did his Father's Extraction, he readily gave that of his Mother over to her silly Jokes; nay, he perhaps despised it himself, and did not think it worthy of him: for, who can tell, how many extravagant and impertinent Conceits may get into the Head of a young giddy Man of noble Birth, who never had any but false Notions? What Miseries of the Mind is he not liable to?

In short, my Mother, whose Part nobody cared to take; who had no Relations to side with, nor any Friends to be concerned for her (for have we or can we have any zealous and resolute Friends, when we have no Fortune left, when we no longer cut any Figure in the World, and all the Consideration we have to expect in it, is as it were, at the Mercy of the good or ill Nature of People on whom we have bestowed all we had, and whose Gratitude or Ingratitude are to decide of our future Fate?

My Mother, I say, thus forsaken by her Son, scorned by her Daughter-in-Law, slighted in the House, where she was become the general Laughing-Stock,
and

and exposed on every Occasion to the insolent Carelessness of the very Footmen, for the Things that concerned her personally; left her Son's House one Morning, and retired into a very small Apartment which she had caused to be taken by the Chambermaid I have just mentioned to you, who never would leave her, and for whom she had, in her Agreement with her Son, provided a Pension of three hundred Livres, of which this Woman had not received a Penny eight Years after.

My Mother, when she went, left a Letter for the young Marquis, in which she informed him of the Reasons of her retiring, that is, of all the Indignities that forced her to do it; and she desired him at the same time to pay her two Quarters of her own Pension, of which he had not given her any thing, so that that half of it was become absolutely necessary to her, to buy a Multitude of little Things, which she could not be without in that House, where she was going to live or rather to linger. She also desired him to send her the Remainder of the Goods she had reserved to herself at coming into his House, and all which she could not carry to her Lodging the Day she went to it.

Her Son received the Letter only at Night, as he came from a Hunting-Match: At least, he said so to his Mother, in a Visit he paid her the next Day; and added, that the Marchioness would have come with him, had she not been indisposed.

He would have persuaded her to return to his House; and said, that her going from it, was nothing in his Eyes but the Result of an Ill-temper which had no Foundation. All the Grievances she mentioned in her Letter, were meer Trifles in the main, that deserved not her Notice; and then why did she thus make herself pass for the most difficult and most passionate Woman in the World, with whom nobody could live; and a thousand other such Discourses as little fit to persuade.

But then she did not listen to them, and demolished all his Arguments, with an Energy which he could not evade, otherwise than by stiling all she said Illusions, and by affecting not to understand them.

After having shrugged his Shoulders and put his Hands together a thousand Times out of Amazement; the Result of his Visit was, that he promised her when he went, to send her the Money she wanted, together with all the Goods belonging to her; which, however, were partly changed and replaced by others of inferior Merit and Value; and thus became almost of no Benefit to her, when she was obliged to sell them for her Subsistence, in the urgent Extremity she was reduced to afterwards: For, that Pension of which she had begged that two Quarters should be paid to her, and upon which she only received the third Part of the Sum, always continued to be paid so negligently, that she was forced at last to leave her Apartment, and successively to pass from one Room ready furnished to another, according to her gradual Want of Exactness in satisfying the People of whom she had them.

It was at the time of those dismal and frequent Removals, that she dismissed that faithful Chambermaid, to whom nothing of all this had been able to give a Disgust for her Service. She parted with her much against the Grain, and placed her at the Marchioness *De Viry's*.

She was in this Situation likewise, when an Officer's Widow, to whom she had formerly done an important Piece of Service, offered to carry her for a few Months, to a little Country-Seat she had at twenty Leagues Distance from *Paris*, and where she was going to live.

My Mother, who followed her to the Country, fell sick there; her Illness, notwithstanding the Assistance of this Widow, who was more generous than rich, cost her almost all the Money she had brought with her. So that, having been two Months and an half in that Country, and being recovered a little, she took the

the Resolution to go back to *Paris*, to see her Son, and get of him above three Quarters of her Pension, that were due to her, or to have Recourse to the Law against him, if the Inhumanity of this ungrateful Son should force her to do it.

The Widow's Country-house was but half a Mile from the Place where our Stage-Coach used to stop; my Mother came to meet it as I told you, and found us there, Mrs. *Darcire* and me. We met thus together; she was not able to be at any Expence; her Intention was to live apart, and eat by herself: And to avoid giving us the Sight of a Woman of Quality in Want, she thought it proper to change her Name, and took another which hindered me from knowing her again. Let us now resume the Thread of the History.

Eight Days after our knowing each other again at the said Inn-keeper's, we thought it was time to go and speak to her Son, and that he would certainly be returned from the Country. Mrs. *Darcire* would still attend me thither.

We then went to him, in Hopes he would dine at Home, with a Letter from my Mother, which informed him of my being his Sister; and in Order not to miss him, we took Care not to arrive at his House sooner than between one and two. But it was not deemed we should meet him so soon; the Marchioness was come to Town alone; and the Marquis was not expected till two Days after.

No Matter, said Mrs. *Darcire* to me, ask for the Marchioness; and so I intended. We went up to her accordingly; and a Servant went mean while to tell her that Miss *De Terwire* was coming with another Lady; and as we were ready to come in, we heard her say that she knew not who we were.

She had with her a pretty numerous Company, which was to dine there probably. She advanced towards me who was going to her, and looked at me with an Air that meant, what does she want of me?

For my Part, as I was not at all worked upon by the Rank she had at *Paris* and at Court, nor by her Titles, and the Pageantry of her House, as I plainly saw in her my Sister-in-Law, and nothing else; and I had sent up my Name, which I had Reason to think she had at least heard of, since it was that of her Mother-in-Law, I went to her in a free and calm, but polite Manner, to kiss her.

I saw her almost hesitating whether she ought to let me take that Liberty (I only guess so, from her Looks which seemed to intimate what I tell you). She durst not, however, upon second Thoughts, refuse to answer my Politeness; and the only Expedient she imagined to do it insignificantly, was to make but a slight Inclination of her Head, which she against the Grain and carelessly seemed to grant to my Advance.

I was sensible of all this; and notwithstanding my being a Stranger to the *Grand Monde*, her heedless haughty Countenance, intimated to me the little pitiful Vanity her Mind was full of. Our own Pride soon acquaints us with that of others; and Pride in general is always awkwardly cunning! Besides, I was informed of her Haughtiness: I was already prejudiced against her.

Add to all this another Thing, which is not so very indifferent in a Case like this; viz. that I had then in the Opinion of all the World, a very noble Countenance; I had a genteel Carriage, and nobody could, at seeing my whole Gate, have a Reluctance to acknowledge me for his Relation or Kindred.

Madam, said I to her, I judge from the Surprise you are in, that my Name was not faithfully brought in to you; you cannot be a Stranger to it, they call me *Tervire*.

She continued to look at me without answering; I doubted not but this was another haughty Trick of hers; and I am the Marquis *De —*'s Sister, added I immediately.

I am

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I am very sorry he is not here, Madam, replied she desiring us to sit down, he will not be in Town till two Days hence.

I was told so, Madam, said I, but my Visit is not for him alone, and I came also to have the Honour to see you. (It was not without the utmost Reluctance I concluded my Answer with this Compliment; but, we must be civil for our own Sake, although the Persons we speak to, oftentimes deserve not we should be so for the Sake of themselves) and besides, added I, I come about an Affair which admits of no Delay, and is of Moment to both my Brother and myself, and even to you, Madam, since it is concerning my Mother.

It is not to me, replied she with a Smile, that she uses to address herself about her Affairs; and I think, Madam, that, as to that, 'tis better to stay till the Marquis is come back; you will discuss that Matter with him. Her Indifference upon this Subject provoked me; I saw by the Faces of all those that were present, that we were listened to with some Attention; I had just named myself; the cold Airs of the young Marchioness seemed not to make a very great Impression on me; I spoke to her in an easy resolute Tone, which began to make me look notable, and rendered the Company curious of hearing the Sequel of our Conversation, for Men are of that Disposition; so that in Order to punish the Marchioness for the little Concern she had in my Mother, I abruptly took the Resolution, to enter upon a Discussion which she seemed to shun as a Thing either tiresome, or quite foreign, and perhaps also shameful to her.

'Tis true, those that were to be our Witnesses, were her Friends also: But I judged that their ill-natured and curious Attention, disposed them in my Behalf, and that it was going to stand them in lieu of Equity.

Besides, I was very sure that they knew not the horrid Situation of my Mother; and methought I could defy

defy them, of what Disposition soever they might be, whether reasonable or unreasonable, not to be scandalized at it, when I should come out with it before them.

Madam, said I then to her, the Affairs of my Mother are as plain and easy to be understood as can be; she only asks for some Money, and you know, Madam, that she cannot do without it.

I have just told you, replied she, that it is to the Marquis you are to speak, that he will be here in a short Time, and that I never meddle with their Agreement upon that Subject.

But, Madam, replied I turning my Head another Way as well as she, all this Agreement consists in acquitting a Pension, the Payment of which has been neglected for almost a whole Year together; and you may very well, without any Inconvenience, meddle with the Troubles of a Mother-in-Law, who loved you so far as to give you all she was possessed of.

I have been told that she has received herself from the late Marquis *De* —, all what she has given you, replied she in an ironical jeering Tone, and I don't think myself obliged to thank your Mother, because her Son is his Father's Heir.

Pray, Madam, remember that that Mother is at present also called yours as well as mine, replied I; you mention her as a Stranger, or as one to whom you are sorry to be related.

Who tells you that I am sorry for it, Madam? replied she; what would my being so avail me? Would she be a whit less my Mother-in-Law? For she is become that to me, and the late Marquis *De* — has been pleased to give her for a Mother to his Son.

Sure, Madam, you have not well considered of the strange Things you are now saying, replied I looking upon her with a kind of Pity? What means the Reproach you make to the late Marquis *De* — of his Marriage? For, in short, if he had not been pleased to marry my Mother, his Son, I presume to think, would

would never have been existent, and would not be actually your Husband; would you have him never have been born? One would think it almost; but you certainly do not understand it so: I am persuaded my Brother is dear to you, and that you are very glad he lives; but, you only mean, that you should be glad he had a Mother of greater Quality than his is, is it not true? Well, Madam, if this is all your Grief; let your Pride be very easy upon it; the Marquis was richer than she, I own, and you may complain of him as to that as long as you please, I shall not so much as think of vindicating her on that Head. As for the rest, Madam, be convinced, that her Birth was every whit as good as his: That he did himself no manner of wrong, when he married her, and that the whole Province will witness it to you. I wonder my Brother did not inform you of it himself, and Mrs. *Darcire* whom you see now, with whom I came to *Paris*, and whose Name is well known there, I am sure, will not refuse to testify the same Thing. Therefore, Madam, added I, without giving her time to answer, know her again with all Confidence for your Mother-in-Law, you will run no manner of Risk in doing so; be not afraid of paying her the Duty of a Daughter-in-Law, which you have refused her hitherto. Make her Amends for the Injustice of your former Disdain, which must needs have displeased every Witness of it; which has infallibly been a Constraint to yourself, and would still have been very unjust, although my Mother had been a thousand times of lesser Quality than you took her to be. Believe me, Madam, assume with Regard to her Ways and Sentiments worthy of yourself, of your Education, and Good-nature; and agreeable to the many Testimonies she has given you of her tender Heart, by the Confidence with which she relied upon both her Son and yourself, for what would become of her for the Remainder of her Life.

You

You would indeed make very excellent Sermons, said she then, rising with an Air which she endeavoured to render careless and absent; and I should listen to the Sequel of it with all my Heart; but that may be put off, I think. We were just told that Dinner was ready to be put upon Table: Do you dine with us, Ladies?

No, Madam, replied I, getting up myself with some Indignation, I return you Thanks, and have but one Word to add to what you are pleased to call my Sermon. My Mother who kept nothing to herself, and whom you have both of you forsaken and given over to the most horrid Streights, who has been obliged to sell, for her Subsistence, the frippery Goods you sent her in the Room of those she had kept, that Mother, in short, who never suspected her Son, nor you, Madam, of any want of Gratitude, who has consented for a very indifferent Pension, which was agreed upon, to renounce all her Rights, because of the good Opinion she had of his Heart and of yours; that Woman, whom you had both of you invited to come into your House, to be served, loved, and respected there as much as she deserved, who nevertheless met there with nothing but Affronts, Rebukes, Scorns, and Insults, and whom you have forced, by this Means, to quit your Society, to go and live somewhere else, of a small yearly Income, which you neglect to pay her, which she never had looked upon as a Resource, although it proves the only one she has now left, and the smallness of which is so great a Proof of her relying upon you; that unfortunate Mother-in-Law, so severely punished now, for having indulged her Tendernefs, that Mother, whose Interest gives you so very little Concern; I now come to tell you, Madam, that she was Yesterday in an absolute want of every Thing; in short, in the utmost Streights, that she was found so far reduced, as not to know whom to apply to for a Shelter and bare Subsistence; that she is actually sick, and lodges in a
wretched

wretched Inn, where she has but a small dark Room, which she had not wherewithal to pay for, and out of which she was ready to be turned half-expiring, had it not been for a Woman in the Neighbourhood that was going by, who knew her not, and pitied her: I say, pitied, for another Word would not do, and it is no longer possible to mince the Matter. And really you cannot think what a vast Effect this Word made upon those that were present; although the very same Term, which worked so powerfully upon them, had perhaps wounded their nice Ears, and appeared to them ignoble and shocking, had I not understood, I don't know how, that in order to divest it of its original Baseness and render it pathetic, I was to lay a great Stress upon it, and seem to overcome the Reluctance and Confusion with which I made Use of it myself.

But then I saw them all lift up their Hands, and by several Gestures give Tokens of their Emotion and Surprise.

Yes, Madam, continued I, this was the real Situation of your Mother-in-Law when we went to see her. Her Linen and Clothes were ready to be sold, or at least kept for a Security, when the Woman I am speaking of, paid for her, without knowing who she was; out of meer Humanity, and without pretending to have lent her any Thing.

She is still in the same Inn, out of which her dismal State would not permit us to transport her. That Inn, Madam, is in such a part of the Town, in such a Street, and at such a Sign: Advise with yourself upon it, nay, with these Gentlemen who are your Friends; I will have no other Judges between you and the Marchioness your Mother-in-Law; and see now if you can still have the Courage to say, that you don't meddle with her Affairs. My Brother is absent, here is a Letter which she writes to him, which I brought him from her, and I leave it with you, Adieu, Madam.

A Bell

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A Bell that called my Friend the Nun to her pious Exercises, hindered her from making an End of that History, which had very luckily taken me off from my melancholy Thoughts. It lasted much longer than she thought herself, and I shall speedily send you the End of it, together with the Sequel of my own Adventures.

The End of the Eleventh Part.



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